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(See Page **13.***)*

THE CHURCH.

VOL. V.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Ephesians* ii. 20.

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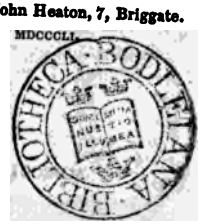

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

The idea of a Preface to such a miscellaneous book as a Magazine seems almost absurd. Yet we willingly comply with an annual custom, which has some advantages. As a yearly manifesto of Editorial plans, after a journal has been established upwards of eight years, it is quite unnecessary, but as a somewhat social communication with our readers, and a brief advertence to some points of general interest, it is pleasant on both sides.

We had hoped the Specimens inserted in other Periodicals would have brought a considerable accession to our circulation; it was, however, but small; and we would, therefore, remind our readers that we still need their kind aid in extending the number of subscribers, and, indeed, in retaining our present standing, since deaths, removals, &c. would of course soon actually diminish our present number. So far as we can ascertain, "The Church," unlike some penny periodicals, is circulated almost exclusively amongst those who *pay* for it. At the same time it is seldom taken in great numbers by any church or congregation, unless some one undertakes to obtain and distribute them. The poor, especially in country places, are not in the habit of ordering periodicals, though glad to pay for them if they are procured for them. Wherever a minister or other intelligent christian undertakes this, the *number* sold is increased many-fold immediately. This indicates the kind of aid needed in our humble effort to do good to the many.

The Notes of Mr. Foster's Sermons, which we have found to be so highly prized, are finished. We have been promised more from another quarter, which we hope soon to receive; these will either be published in a cheap volume with the others, and with some already published in the *Baptist Record*, or they will appear first in "The Church."

We have always regretted that our large circulation compelled our going to press too early to avail ourselves of the Missionary Intelligence for the month, as we should feel it a privilege to aid in any way our invaluable Society. Our readers will see, by our advertisement, that the *Juvenile Missionary Herald* is now placed in the hands of our publisher. The Secretaries of the Society will, indeed, retain the control and general management; we are confident, however, that the young friend who has aided in furnishing the matter in "The Church" and "The Appeal" *most interesting to the young* (besides much other sub-editorial work), and who will render similar assistance in conducting the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*, will be able to make this little magazine much more interesting to the young than ever. We would press it on the attention of *families* and *Sunday schools*, if they have not hitherto taken it, to commence immediately. If they have given it up, let them, then, afford the *Juvenile Missionary Herald* one trial more.

In public events we have had a somewhat exciting, if it can hardly be called an eventful year. It commenced amidst the upstir caused by the Papal Aggression, a subject on which even our own Denomination was divided in opinion, as well as our ablest Statesmen. Then came the Great Exhibition, the Kaffir War, and the arrival of the noblest European patriot, the Great Kossuth, on our shores. While we write, almost every town in the kingdom is resounding with his well-deserved praise. May a kind Providence still make him the giver of Civil, Religious, and Commercial Freedom to Hungary! On the Continent it appears to us that the tide of Absolutism is beginning to turn,—not, indeed, willingly, but by force of circumstances. Virtual bankruptcy in one country, disappointed ambition in another, a general feeling pervading the middle classes of Europe that such extreme despotism must overthrow itself, and the vast number of suppressed republicans, ready at any time for revolution, make us fear before many years, perhaps soon, another

violent attempt to set things right. The perfidy, nay, the shameless perjury, of all the sovereigns of Europe in 1848, who were affected by the Revolutions, most of them worse even than our executed or banished Stuarts, forbid the hope of a peaceful adjustment with men whose most solemn oaths are mere instruments of deception and kingcraft. We regret to add that the universal infidelity of the more active minds in all continental nations, infidelity generated by the impostures of Popery and the secular character of State-churches, prepares men to contend with a *ferocity* to which happily our countrymen are strangers. The despots establish some creed or creeds from policy. The infidels would tolerate all creeds from contempt. The kingdom of Christ will yet have to conquer by humility, spirituality, benevolence, and suffering. In Protestant Prussia, and still more in Republican France, Baptists are much obstructed and even persecuted.

Ecclesiastical matters at home have mended but little. The Bishops have, indeed, been exposed as gormandizers of wealth to an extent which their enemies had scarcely supposed, and Puseyites are zealously driving at a degree of liberty and self-government, to realize which they must *quit* a State-church. Amidst all this, *new churches* are building apace, and being endowed *voluntarily* too. The Church is gaining *in this way* faster than Dissent, and doing it amongst increasing populations; let Dissenters ponder this well. It is, indeed, voluntaryism, but voluntaryism generally for Baptismal Regeneration, and all the *worst* features of the Prayer-book and Episcopacy,—the portions of it which most annoyed a Newton and a Scott.

In the great work which, in importance, infinitely outweighs all things besides, no conspicuous progress, that we remember, has anywhere been made. The Methodists have lost *very* largely, owing to the inexorable tyranny of the Conference preachers. The State-church conversions have rather been from a lower to a higher degree of superstition. The Independents and Baptists have not enjoyed any noticeable reanimation in religion; though our Association returns to the Union are better than for some years past. We fear, however (and yet hope), that, from some causes, many are not joined to our churches who, some years back, would have joined them. If so, although thankful for their piety, there is need for great searchings of heart, to ascertain the cause, and apply the fitting remedy.

CONTENTS.

Original Articles.

	PAGE.
New Year's Address to our Churches. By the Editors	1
Fragmentary Notes of Village Sermons. By the Rev. John Foster. No. 13 to 19	4, 29, 57, 85, 113, 141, 169
Milk for Babes. By the Rev. Cornelius Elven	7
An Apostolic Requirement. By the Rev. James Smith	9
Our Frontispiece	13
The Prayer of Moses. By the Rev. James Smith	32
The Apostolical Method of Preaching the Gospel. By the Rev. Stephen Davis	34
Paradise and Bethlehem; or, The First and Second Adam	37
The Spirit and the Success of the Primitive Churches. By the Rev. W. Bontems	59
A Source of Comfort. By the Rev. James Smith	63
The Desert; or, The Tempter and the Tempted	89
A Good Character. By the Rev. James Smith	92
The Fear of Death. By the Rev. James Smith	116
"Search the Scriptures." By the Rev. S. Lillycrop	118
A Pleasant Journey. By the Rev. Cornelius Elven	120
Persecution for Conscience' Sake. To Dissenters	146
The Prayer of Faith. By the Rev. James Smith	148
Days of Visitation. By the Rev. W. Walters	117
Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?	173
Family Prayer. By the Rev. James Smith	176
An Example to Deacons	178
The Pilgrim's Watchword. By the Rev. John Berg	197
A Spiritual House. By the Rev. J. Jenkinson	200
The Objects to be Pursued. By the Rev. James Smith	202
The Great Healer. By the late Rev. J. H. Evans	205
The Dangers and Temptations of Traveling. By the Rev. Dr. Cheever	225
The Tried Saint. By the Rev. James Smith	228
The Consolations of Religion	231
The Coming of the Messiah; a Sketch of a Sermon. By the late Rev. Andrew Fuller	253
The Way to Succeed. By the Rev. James Smith	259
"Follow me"	262
A Word for Ministers. By the Rev. James Smith	281
To Deaf Christians. By the Rev. Cornelius Elven	283
The Fading Leaf. By the Rev. B. Arthur	286
A Grateful Acknowledgment. By the Rev. James Smith	309
Charity—A Micrograph. By the Rev. Dawson Burns	311
The Sufferer's Complaint	314

Poetry.

The Time to Die	12
My Hope is the Cross. By the Rev. J. Jenkinson	38
Christian Prospects. By the Rev. W. Maclure, of Nassau, New Providence	66
The Mother's Sacrifice. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney	95
Look Above!	95
Leaning on the Saviour's Breast. By the Rev. J. Jenkinson	123
The Dying Christian	151
The Sower to his Seed	180
Way-worn Pilgrim	180
The Old Man	207
Meeting in Heaven	232
The Butterfly	233
An Evening Thought	263
Christian, Pray!	288
Speak not Harshly	288
The Soul's Record	315

Biblical.

Calvin's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans	39
The Life of Christ	67
Hints for Studying the Bible. Nos. 1 and 2	96, 124
Geology and Genesis. Nos. 1 and 2	181, 208

PAGE.
The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.. 234
On the Word for "Baptize" in the Syriac Version of the New Testament 289
The Inspiration of the Bible 290

Tales and Sketches.

The Baptism of Fire. By H. W. Longfellow 14
Religion and Business 16
The Drowning Child 18
The Family Altar 40
Common Faults at Prayer-Meetings .. 41
The Two Givers 42
Past Mercies 42
A Cure for Low Spirits..... 68
God uses Means 70
The Family Altar 71
"I can't get acquainted with the Members of the Church" 72
"None of us Liveth to Himself." By the Rev. John Todd 97
The Dead Speak 99
"Give Wisely" 99
Have a Place for Prayer 100
A Story of the Olden Time. By Old Jacob 125
The Power of the Christian Church as an Organization. By Elihu Burritt 131
Remembering the Dead 132
Pay your Minister. By Mrs. H. C. Knight 152
The Sabbath School Teacher's Prayer 153
The Father and Three Sons 155
The Young Soldier and the New Testament 182
The World Moves on 185
The Dying Child's Request..... 186
The Christian Traveler. By a Canadian Merchant..... 209
"She hath done what she could" 212
That One Word 214
Sandy Wright and the Poor Orphan.. 235
Kind Words to the Erring 239
A Word to the Bereaved 240
Juana Mendia—the Creole Girl. By the Rev. F. Crowe..... 264
The Prayerless Home. By Professor Alden..... 266
The Preaching of the Grave 267
"Where are the Nine?" 269
The Little Beggar Girl. By Lucy Linwood 293
The Child Angel 295
The Actress..... 296
A Contrast 297
Old Moses..... 316
The Accepted Time. By Dr. Krummacher 318
"Good Night, Mother" 319
Alone with God 320

Correspondence.

The Sabbath Question 18, 43, 72
Testimony of Plutarch to the Meaning of "Baptizo." By the Rev. Dr. Gray. No. 1 to 3 ..... 46, 74, 104
Ought the Birth and Death of Christ to be made the Subjects of Annual Religious Commemoration? 101, 156, 215
"Them that were entering in ye hindered." Are any hindered now? .. 132
Church Members Voting by Proxy .. 187
"A Baptist Mother's Lament over her Burnt Child" 242
Specimen of Baptismal Regeneration 243
Woman in the Church 269, 298
Temperance—Professors of Religion 270
The Jamaica Mission 300
The Inspiration of the Bible 321

Notices of Books.

Henderson's Scripture Lessons 20
Conder's Lectures to the Working Classes on Christianity..... 21
Conder's Protestantism for 1850..... 21
Green's Domestic Worshiper 21
Brock's Sacramental Religion subversive of vital Christianity 21
Green's Sunday School Teacher's Pocket-Book for 1851..... 21
The Christian Garland..... 21
Pottenger's Consequences of Atheism 22
Recent Publications .. 22, 50, 78, 107, 135, 190, 217, 303
Baker's State-Church 48
Pottenger's Tract on Infidelity 49
Hinton's Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures 49
Brown's Duties of Dissenters in the Present Crisis 50
Smith's Refreshing Dew Drops..... 50
The Baptist Children's Magazine 50
Our State-Church 77
The Mother's Friend..... 78
Hall's The Crisis 78
Leask's The Last Enemy..... 78
Richard's The Pew and its Rent 78
Some Passages from the Life of a Convert from Anglo-Catholicism to the Truth as it is in Jesus..... 106
Murch's Voice of Scripture on the Worship of God in Public 107
Stanford's Friendship with God..... 107
Edwards's Supremacy of the Pope.... 134
Barnes's Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Gospels 135
The Public Good 135
Walters's Danger and Destructive Tendency of Novel Reading 135
Moore's Life of Alex. Carson, LL.D... 158
Wylie's Modern Judea compared with Ancient Prophecy 158
Paterson's Bulwarks of Protestantism 158

PAGE.

Rowlandson's Basket of Fragments and Crumbs 158
Du Veil's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles 189
A Manual of the Baptist Denomination for the Year 1851 189
Underhill's Distinctive Features of the Baptist Denomination 189
Barnes's Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Acts of the Apostles, and on the Epistle to the Romans 190
The Papal World 190
Gutta Percha, its Discovery, History, and Manifold Uses..... 190
Hewlett's Rival Claims..... 217
Cox's Life Reviewed and Death Surveyed 217
Pottenger's Truth or Falsehood of Christianity 217
The Band of Hope Review..... 217
Crowe's Gospel in Central America .. 243
White's Sacred History 243
Dobbin's "Feed my Lambs" 244
Barnes's Christianity..... 244
The Church of England in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. 272
The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal 272
Craps's Sustentation of Christian Ministers 272
Notes on Passing Events, and Letters to a Romanist 272
Neander's History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church .. 302
Hinton's Test of Experience 303
Webb's The Age and the Ministry .. 303

A Page for the Young.

The Mother's Last Lesson 22
William Cowper..... 50
The Great Blessing—what is it? 78
A Mother's Legacy..... 80
The New Book 108
Little Fisher Willy. 135, 189
Who is our best Friend? 190
The Timely Warning 217
The Transparent Slate. A Story of Temptation 244
The Dying Child 272
William Hunter, the Martyr Boy 274
My First Lie 303
The Idle are always Unhappy 305
Don't Waste your Time..... 324
The Closing Year 325

Obituary.

Rev. J. Davis, of Whitestone, Herefordshire 23
The Rev. Thos. Miller, of Oakham .. 52
Mr. W. H. Stace, of Folkestone..... 52
Mr. W. S. Edwards, of Nottingham.. 52
Mr. Lewis Smith, of Aldwinkle..... 81
Mrs. Wigner, Lynn, Norfolk 109
Mr. Godfrey Berry, Lockwood 110
Mr. A. C. Macpherson, of Armley, near Leeds 162
Mrs. Mason, of Wells 163
Miss M. N. Robinson, of Rochdale .. 220
Mr. Joseph Roo, of Horsforth 247
Mrs. Coleman, Ringstead, Northamptonshire..... 276

Miscellaneous.

A Question for Church Members 24
Fear of Ridicule..... 24
The one cherished Sin 25
Our Refuge in Temptation 25
The Efficacy of Prayer consistent with the Uniformity of Nature 52
A Secret worth Knowing 53
Nothing is Lost 53
Trust in God 54
The Importance of the Means of Grace..... 82
The Book of Wonders 82
Holiness of Heaven 82
Where shall I Pray? 83
Friendship with God..... 110
The Evangelization of the World.... 111
The Best Study 111
God's Constancy..... 138
The Importance of Moments 138
The Way to be Safe and Happy 139
The Way to Discover the Truth of Christ's Words 164
Earthly Duties 164
The Holy Spirit in the Churches 164
An Indian's Gift to Christ 165
Be not too Fastidious..... 165
The *Gospel* 165
Philosophy and Religion 165
The Heart 166
Prayer 166
Access to God 192
Cure for a Passionate Temper 193
Do we know how to Pray? 193
The One Subject 193
The Claims of the Bible..... 222
Our Duty in the Present Times..... 222
The Position of Baptists as a Denomination 223
The Ejected Minister 249
Leaning upon Jesus 249
Marvellous Light 250
Obligation and Inability 250
A Hint to Complainers..... 251
The Christian Slave and his Enemy.. 277
Gray Hairs 278
Here my Mother knelt with me..... 278
Affliction 278
The Testimony of Baptists as a Denomination 306
The Claims of the Young 306
Best as it is 307
Faith in Darkness 307
A Cure for Anxiety 325
Prayer 327

Intelligence.

	PAGE.
The Papal "Aggression"	25
American Slavery	26
New Series of the Eclectic Review, and great Reduction of Price	27
Archbishop Whately on Infant Baptism	28
Young Men's Missionary Association	28
Newspapers for Missionaries	28
Stoke-on-Trent	28
Baptist Chapel, Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester	28
Baptist Foreign Missions 54, 193, 223,	224
Important Caution to Dissenters	56
Pudsey	56
Dundee	56
Leith	56
Shrewsbury	56
Elgin, Scotland	56
Rishworth, near Halifax	56
The Papal Movement	83
The Cholera in Jamaica	84
New Baptist Chapel, Leeds	84
Sheffield	84
Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare	84
The Papal Measure	111
The Anti-State-Church Movement	112
Baptist Union	112
Riddings, Derbyshire	112
Eye, Suffolk	112
The Prussian Baptists	139
Proposed Chapel at Shirley, near Southampton	140
Prize Essays on the Present State of the Manufacturing and other Working Classes	140
Halifax	140
Combmartin, North Devon	140
The Rev. T. Moore and his Orphan Children	166
The May Meetings	167
Weekly Tract Society	167
Halifax—Formation of a Second Baptist Church	167
Baptist Chapel, Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester	168
Staines, Middlesex	168
Banbury, Oxfordshire	168
Evesham, Worcestershire	168
Bradford, Wilts	168
Waterbarn, near Bacup	168
Wesleyan Reform	196
Blisworth, Northamptonshire	196
Huddersfield	196
Shotley-Bridge, Durham	224
Lincoln	224
Accrington	224
Canterbury	224
Religious Liberty on the Continent	251
The Peace Congress	251
The Wesleyan Conference	251
The Regium Donum	252
Stepney College	252
Horton College	252
Southwark	252
Bacup	252
Pembroke Dock	252
Sweden	278
"Sidney Smith and the Bishops"	279
Ryeford, Herefordshire	280
Trowbridge, Wilts	280
Young Men's Missionary Association	307
Stepney College	308
New-Park-Street Chapel, Southwark	308
Tamworth, Staffordshire	308
Hamburgh	327
Dunmow	328
Birmingham—Graham-Street Chapel	328
Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire	328
Mildenhall	328
Ross, Herefordshire	328
Glasgow	328

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JANUARY, 1851.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO OUR CHURCHES.

BY THE EDITORS.

The Editors of "THE CHURCH" hope it will not be deemed assuming, if, in a periodical devoted to the furtherance of the churches in the knowledge and love of Christ Jesus, they address to them, at the commencement of the new year, a few words of a *devotional* and *practical* character. Probably addresses and sermons of this kind will be generally delivered to you by the pastors with whom the Great Shepherd has blessed you. We have nothing novel to advance; but we desire, as always, to co-operate with them in using this annual occasion as a means of *spiritual improvement*. It aids, moreover, the feeling of *fellowship* among us, and that, too, in the best way, and is also somewhat encouraging and pleasing, to know that our brethren have been everywhere invited to reflect and act upon truths of which we all feel the importance; and a *penny magazine* is almost the only medium through which the great body of our members can be addressed.

Permit us, with these views, brethren, to mention, first, the naturalness and usefulness of *churches*, as well as individuals, commencing the year with honest, unsparing, self-examination and prayer. Our Heavenly Father assuredly intended the *times and the seasons* not only for our temporal convenience and good, but at least equally for our spiritual advantage,—to suggest the enquiry, how far our growth in grace has been correspondent with the progress of Time. All will agree in this; but is it too much to suggest, that *the commencement of the year* should, both by members and ministers, be specially devoted to prayerful consideration of the state of the churches, in every point of view, and to whatever action such examination may lead to.

The total numerical returns from the churches exhibit, indeed, a slight improvement upon the past, yet few of our churches, we apprehend, can review the year gone bye, and the state in which they begin another, without much cause for *humiliation*. We sympathise not for a moment with certain individuals, too common amongst us, who are for ever complaining and finding fault, and thereby discouraging and *hindering* the well-disposed, while they themselves *pray* little for a blessing on church or people, and, probably, *do* least of all to improve things. Still all *solid* improvement must begin in knowing and feeling our need of it. The more we really humble ourselves before God, the more we shall be exalted in due time. Let us, then, in a *lowly spirit* examine our church spirit, conduct, *and exertions*. Ministers would often do well to confer with some

of their most devout, prudent, and earnest members as to points of possibly increased *adaptation* to usefulness. It is, we know, a delicate matter. Yet we could be no losers by obtaining honest and prudent suggestions, liable as we are to hear but applause on the one hand, or carping censure on the other. Deacons, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, might, in like manner, confer with each other, in frankness and humility, as in the sight of their Lord, on their past mode of discharging their respective duties. All the members, too, whether engaged in any special office or not, could enquire how far their visible conduct before men had aided or hindered the life and power of godliness in the church and congregation. In a word, let the church examine its combined action as a whole; its influence upon its own members, and its influence on the world; and, while unfeignedly thankful for all the grace already enjoyed, let its great object be to learn its need of more.

Secondly, brethren, the new year should be a time for the *renewing of love*. If the *sun* ought not to go down upon our wrath, much less the *year*. "Let all your things be done in love" (1 Cor. xvi. 14), is the grand rule for christian churches. Dear brethren, has love been violated among you during the year? Are there yet parties and factions among you? If not open variance, is there coolness, contempt, or intentional neglect? Are there *two* sections in your community,—one sure not to cooperate heartily in what is proposed by the other, or, perhaps, even thwarting it? Are there individuals who *will* take a wayward course, and disagree with or domineer over all? Are there *minorities* unwilling to yield with that cordial good-will to the majority which alone can secure the effective and christian working of congregational church-government,—or are there *majorities* triumphing in their *numerical* power instead of soothing and conciliating by every possible concession? Are these things, or things like them, amongst any of our churches? Oh, brethren, let the new year be a time of *universal reconciliation*. Be assured hundreds of your fellow-christians who read these remarks will earnestly pray, "Lord, heal the breaches amongst brethren. Let thy love and thy Spirit fill all our churches!" Frankly own your personal and mutual failings. Give the right hand of fellowship to your brethren; but give the heart of fellowship with it. Stand not upon self-justification, but try to surpass each other in *self*-accusation rather and in sacrifices; so will peace revisit your own bosom and that of the church, and the blessed Spirit of peace, joy, and love return to you both.

Thirdly, is there not a general want in our churches of *lively* piety,—of *happy* experience of divine things,—of *fervency* of spirit in serving the Lord,—of that *relish* for religious thoughts, conversation, and worship, which converts all our religious enjoyments from formalities into realities? Are not our services and our societies too much mere routine? Is not the world, in its numberless forms, the lord, not only of its necessary portion of our time, but of our hearts and our leisure too? Brethren, full well we know that all we have suggested is but too possible, and full well we know, too, that our most delightful life on earth must result from the opposite of all this. Ours is an intellectual, a sceptical, a formal, a money-worshipping, a heartless age; its influence deadens the life of our churches. How *can* the Lord Jesus be present with his Spirit and his soul-reviving graces, where *He* is not practically the chief good,—the delight of his people? How can "He do many mighty works" amidst so much practical unbelief? Brethren, let us stir up one another to begin our new year by seeking a renewed presence of the Lord with our spirits and our assemblies. It is not willingly withheld by him. He still loves his little flock. He still loves to meet us *apart* as he did the women,

Peter, James, and the disciples going to Emmaus; still would delight to be in the *midst* of us on the weekly return of his Resurrection-day. May we not obtain this supreme joy and blessing? May we not help each other in obtaining it? Yes, we may. Oh, then, let the prayer be heard this year throughout all our churches, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Fourthly, we shall certainly do well to consider what well-advised plans can be adopted by *us* to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. We see Puseyism and Popery, of late, outstripping all the Dissenting churches in their efforts to diffuse their pernicious doctrines. Shall not their church-building zeal, their laborious exertions in domiciliary visiting of the poor, their sacrifices of time and money, and all to supplant the reign of Christ in men's hearts by the reign of the priesthood,—shall not this stir us up to far more self-denial and labour to advance the true knowledge and love of our blessed Lord? Baptists have not done their part of late years in opening new places, and planting in them at once, when practicable, self-supporting churches. Our Independent brethren have surpassed us in this. *Within* our respective congregations, too, is each one *doing* what he can? Frequently we have to lament that, while the work of God in our churches, in our country, and in our Foreign Missions, is needing money, those to whom God has given more, content themselves with doing little beyond their poorer neighbours. On the other hand, some give *only* their money, when their *time and exertions* are equally wanted, and, perhaps, indispensable to the successful employment of their own contributions. A wealthy, generous, and *unassuming* contributor of large sums is a great comfort and blessing in our churches; but he is a much greater one when he adds to his gifts personal efforts also. There is one means not only of getting good, but also of *doing* it, so clearly within the power of all that it deserves special notice. We mean that of as *regular attendance* on the services of our places of worship, as health and family duties permit. We have often thought, on "ordinance Sundays," how is it that, with so many *members* as are now present, the congregation is not *generally* larger? *Could* not the effort be regularly made? and why not? Think, beloved brethren, we entreat you, of the effect on the mind of the minister, when he sees his people all ready to join in the first acts of worship, and of the opposite effect of having to wait to begin the service because too many are yet absent. We have witnessed with pain, in some places, persons even standing outside till they heard the singing begin! Think, too, of the effect on the mind of one who casually enters the place of seeing it half empty, and the different effect of seeing several pew doors opening at once to welcome him. May we here mention a truly admirable arrangement which we witnessed this year in an Independent chapel? The *deacons* took it in turn to stand or sit near the doors till the singing before the sermon, and not only guided strangers with christian urbanity to a suitable seat, but also had the advantage of brief and friendly recognition of such members and friends as came before service commenced.

Fifthly, let us not forget our *denominational mission* to the church of Christ itself. While we ought not to wish to withdraw sheep from the folds of our brethren in a proselyting, self-aggrandizing spirit, yet we ought to wish their churches to become "even as ours." Our *peculiar* charge in the vineyard of Christ is to *witness* for the simplicity and purity of his institutions. The recovery of the ordinance of christian baptism from superstitious abuses is intimately connected, as a means, with the preservation of spiritual and evangelical christianity. Recent controversies, both in the Church of England and amongst Dissenters, have done

much to convince thinking and good men of this. Probably there have not, for a long time past, been so many amongst other denominations who have either *practically* renounced Infant Baptism, or entertain the strongest doubts respecting it. Let us, then, sow the seed where the ground is thus prepared for us; let us reap the fields which are already "white unto harvest." At the present crisis we shall be expected to add, that Baptists ought to push into the foreground their *principles of church polity*;—calmly—in the most christian tone and spirit—by brotherly expostulation with our fellow-Protestants, as well as by unqualified denunciation of the grosser forms of antichrist,—yet perseveringly and decidedly, let us seize the present opportunity, as one in which the minds of men are more than usually alive, both to suspect semi-papal church-systems, and to look with more favour on a system distinctly and unequivocally antagonistic to Popery. The cheap tract we regard as peculiarly useful for such purposes. It reaches, at no great cost, those who would not hear our sermons or lectures, and leaves the Lord's-day so much more free for the *great topics* of the christian ministry.

And now, brethren, in conclusion, may we express our hope that these very plain, almost trite, observations will aid in disposing our brethren to commence the year in a spirit which, through the Lord's blessing, shall render it a prosperous one. Our readers know that we are anxious for Baptists to fulfil their peculiar denominational duty with vigour,—anxious for them to be like their forefathers, earnest in protesting against State Churches and Papal superstition, whether Roman or Anglican,—anxious even for them to fulfil their duty as *citizens* worthily of that *independence* in thinking, which their distinctive tenet so naturally fosters; but unspeakably more solicitous are we that our "*churches, walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, should be multiplied.*" If the month of January be used in accordance with the suggestion we have ventured, in how many cases might a higher tone of piety and more zeal to do good pervade our churches throughout the year. We are, brethren, yours in the faith, love, and service of our common Lord,

THE EDITORS.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 13.

"For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things," &c.—1 *John* iii. 20, 21.

Creation is a very astonishing scene of vice and virtue. In some parts there is nothing but good; in others nothing but evil. Some beings are represented as haters of God,—completely reversing every sentiment of religion,—*hating* "the Lord their God with all their soul, and heart, and strength,"—and their conduct corresponds with this feeling; they maintain a hopeless contest; this shews their great malignity; they fight to lose; they resist to sink lower. But in another region there are beings altogether good,—no mixture of evil. Christians promise themselves such a state. There are many beings who never felt a tendency to sin. But here on earth it is a mingled state. You may turn in every direction to find perfect persons, and all in vain. It is more easy, perhaps, to *meet with perfect depravity*; there are many men just like devils. Have

you not known persons who seemed not to need much change to make them devils? "All but that body," you would say, "and there would be a devil!" But one thing is certain, all these beings are accountable. A spirit of judgment pervades the universe. God cannot exist without this. He is the standard of perfection, the best authority. It is impossible he can be present otherwise than as a Judge. He cannot be confounded by what he hears and sees of devils and angels. It is a striking consideration that God exercises judgment in every other world, and not less exercises a clear and perfect judgment of every creature in this place, and that no discoveries will alter his judgment unless men are made better by grace, or worse by their own depravity. If there be men free from this constraint, the thought that God judges them, we are perfectly sure what they are; men are sure to make a bad use of liberty against God. If men feel no sacred chain, if the words of Sinai have no effect upon them, we are sure what they will come to. In spite of some fear, men will get worse; but if there is no fear, no dread of God, we are perfectly sure they are only fit for the worst world; and there is plenty of room for them, since they have taken the same course of rebellion against the almighty Sovereign. Thus we are surrounded by law and judgment.

It is the main object of religion to make us feel that all is good and evil towards God. Every thought, motive, and feeling bears some relation to God; to forget this connection is the sure way to be ruined. But, then it might be expected that God would do something to keep himself in the memory of his creatures, by something that might act and speak in his name. Now God cannot do it by shewing himself. Once on Sinai he shewed symbols and emblems of his presence; but those fires are extinguished till the same kind of fires consume the world and sweep all away. But God in general has not thus manifested himself. No man ever saw this awful power; whatever he has seen or heard through infinite space, he never saw God; though there are many things to remind him of God, an infinite number to a devout man. But, then, he has given something as a representative, and this is called Conscience. We should not make light of it. It is a relation of the King of Heaven; we should not be in its society without a solemn regard to it. It has been called "*God in man.*" It is the second "*great light,*" the moon of the soul. Conscience has no existence but as reflecting the mind of God. We early know what Conscience is. It would be a miserable thing to be a stranger to Conscience. Though we have heard of some men who never felt the pains of Conscience, a wretched and dreadful condition. Yes, some men have attained this horrible exaltation of evil. But, in general, men know something of the power of Conscience. It is that which tells us what is right and wrong in reference to ourselves. It has no reference to others: it simply refers to the operation of feeling and judgment on ourselves; and it asserts its right to look and examine everything in man. It is placed there *not to let all pass for right.* Indeed, there is no Conscience where a man feels like that. But in heaven Conscience has no business to find fault. What a glorious condition that is! No wonder God is not loved, when his representative gives so much trouble. Men feel like Ahab when he met Elijah. "Thou hast found me, O my enemy!" A grim sight! A man would rather see anything else than that, or meet anything—the most furious wild beast—rather than meet Conscience with that aspect (a man may say) I saw last night, perhaps. 'Tis as if there were two souls in the mind, one taking account of the other. Have not you felt it so? It is a strange circumstance, but so it is, when the mind would be all harmony, this one thing rises up and will not let *the peace take place.* A man intends to perform some deed, when

something comes up, not silently, but quickly, and says, "*That is wrong,*" —some strange mystical power says, "*It is evil.*"

Though all mankind have this Conscience, it is no infallible guide of itself. It must follow the Judgment. Therefore it is possible—necessary —if the Judgment is perverted, so will be the Conscience. If it thinks that is good which is evil, Conscience will do so too. How many melancholy proofs of this among the heathen, with whom almost every abomination is a duty. You recollect Paul's references to his past life:—"I thought I ought to do many things against Jesus of Nazareth." His conduct shewed what a sad condition his Conscience was in, since, when he became a follower of Jesus Christ, he spent the remainder of his life in doing just the reverse. How important is a Judgment enlightened and true! How dreadful to have a Conscience that by some dreadful, horrid disaster, has become conformed to Satan and the world, that prevents all disturbance and fear, by soothing the soul! Conscience may speak the truth, but not so mightily as it should do;—this is a most common result. It does not so often pronounce the reverse to the truth, but makes much too little of it. Thus it seems to have been with our first parents; it was but a little thing! This is one of the most common offences of Conscience, altering things, by changing the degrees of goodness or badness. Now, to this end is the Revelation of God, that our Consciences may be kept in communion with God. How could this be but by Revelation? A great deal of grace is requisite not to call "evil good, and bitter sweet." These are the very terms employed by the prophet. Conscience is liable to be perverted by the very things against which it is intended to guard. It is depraved by many things,—by example; the Judgment, indeed, is depraved by that. But, besides this, the habit of seeing sin, tends to lessen our fear and abhorrence of it. The want of retirement and reflection is another cause. If men are always in a bustle, always acting, thinking, and talking of things that have no relation to Conscience, Conscience must become rusty; it cannot feel the presence of God but by frequent retirement. It is injured by *self-love.* How often is this our case! We do not disapprove in self what we should in any other mortal on earth. We look (as they say) through that end of the glass that makes it less. All the world knows this is the state of human feeling. *Sinful habits* do mighty things to wear out Conscience, at least, the *habit* of Conscience; and without the habit it is of little use, though it may sometimes rise like a man from the dead. For Conscience not to be habitual, there might as well be none at all; if it only comes a spectre to frighten a man, it is of no use. *Irreligious opinions* weaken the force of Conscience. This has been the case of late years. Men have rejected the Bible and the existence of God because they were plagued by Conscience; that is the reason, the philosophy of it all. But opinions not so bad, any thing that tends to lessen abhorrence of sin, will produce such an effect. To destroy Conscience, men need only trample on it often; they will reduce it to silence, except in a thunder-storm or sickness; then it will rise up like a giant armed. But, in general, let men refuse to hear it, and its voice will become weaker. No mortal has absolutely a complete Conscience, any more than an absolutely complete Judgment. Every man has too much of the original nature. No such thing grows on earth. So much more we need to take care of it. All Consciences seem to have taken opiates. The fruit of the forbidden tree has been a drug to make Conscience sleep—that seems the use of it. Compare any man's Conscience with the declarations of God.

The determinations of Conscience, when the mind feels most, are sure *to be most correct.* We may be sure the strongest feelings are never too

much for the sin. The Conscience *may*, indeed, scruple to do what is quite lawful; as, in Popish times, to eat meat on Friday was considered a great sin; so much the worse for them, when Conscience had so much to attend to, that they should so employ it about things of this sort. But, except in cases of superstition or delusion, Conscience never feels too much. No one yet had too dreadful an estimate of sin. The most certain way to have a Conscience highly refined, is to think often of God, the greater Judge. If men try to get rid of Conscience, there is another Judge they cannot escape. Shall you mend yourself by the change? No; when sent to that Judge, the other judge will seem to have exercised a guilty levity.

If Conscience accuses us, we shall certainly stand guilty before God. God remembers all that Conscience has forgotten or mistaken; for "God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things."

Should we not wish to be taught by what means to be justified before God—not by any works of our own? This subject gives value to the atonement of Christ. By his blood and righteousness alone can our Consciences be pacified.

Fishponds, June 21, 1818.

MILK FOR BABES.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"A bruised reed He will not break."—*Isaiah* xlii. 3.

Only think of the great apostle of the Gentiles, giant as he was in the mysteries of the kingdom, stooping to tend the lambs of the flock, to be a "teacher of babes." Hence he says, 1 Cor. iii. 2, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." In humble, though distant imitation of this profound "master in Israel," we have a word to say this month to those sincere though doubting disciples who are unduly and painfully anxious about the *commencement* of the work of grace upon their hearts. Reflect then, we say to such, how it would astonish you to hear an individual affirm he did not believe in his own existence, because he had no personal consciousness of the moment and circumstances of his birth; or another, standing in the midst of a waving corn-field, expressing his doubt of its reality, because he could not tell when first the seed put forth its germinating power; or another, with the sunbeams shining around him, very much doubting whether it were day, because he could not indicate the precise point of time when the first ray of light announced the morning. Now, each of these—the natural birth, the springing of the grain, and the shining of the sun—are emblems selected by the Holy Spirit to represent the work of grace upon the heart. Notwithstanding which, it is no small perplexity to many gracious persons, that they cannot tell THE PRECISE TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THEIR CONVERSION.

To such of our readers as are perplexed thereabout, we are desirous of suggesting a few thoughts for their devout consideration.

First, then, dear friends, let your enquiry turn *upon the existence, rather than the commencement, of the work of grace upon your hearts.* The latter may not, as appears from the emblems referred to, be ascertainable in all cases; the former may. For "so is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how" (Mark iv. 26, 27). We ask you, then, the following questions:—Do you

hate sin? Have you really felt and prayed as did the prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son?" Does your penitential recognition of sin extend to the thoughts of the heart and the words of the lip? Can you in your inmost soul say, "I hate vain thoughts;" "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue?" And is this your prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me?" Can you answer, Yes? Then, however trembling and afraid, here is certainly breath and pulsation,—*here is life.* But bear with us a little further. Renouncing your own righteousness, are you simply clinging to the cross? Is the eye of faith, however dimly, looking through the tear of penitence to a crucified Saviour, for justification, pardon, sanctification, and eternal life? Do you really love all that "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity?" If you were far from home, and unexpectedly met with a portrait of your dearest and most loved friend, however coarse or common the frame and setting might be, would it not awaken the most pleasurable emotion? And if, unexpectedly, you met with some poor christian, however uninviting his exterior, if you discovered, upon conversing with him, the image of Christ, although up to that time you had been strangers, would your heart burn within you by the way? Then by this you may "know that you have passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren." Do you delight in the house and ordinances of God, and do you sometimes "drink of the brook by the way?" Do you prayerfully desire the conversion of others, and do you sympathise with holy angels who rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth?" Are you willing to take up your cross, and "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth?" Is the company of the vain and trifling a grief and burden, when you are compelled to endure it, and is your supreme delight in the people, the service, and the cause of Christ? Have you a tender conscience? And, sensible of your own weakness, is your daily prayer, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe?" In a word, may the desires of your heart be summed up in this,—*to love and serve Christ, and to dwell with Him for ever?* Then we hail you happy. "If the Lord had meant to have destroyed you, he would not have shewn you these things;" for these are "things which accompany salvation." We have selected these points with some care. Examine yourselves by them again and again, and may they help you to thank God and take courage.

The next consideration we submit, is, that *in the case of those christians who were naturally of a mild and amiable disposition, and who, from the influence of a religious education, have been preserved from the grosser evils into which others have fallen, but little difference is observed in their outward conduct, and, therefore, their conversion, though as real, cannot be so apparent as in others.* In a case like that of Timothy, it would be unreasonable to expect a recital of conversion as circumstantial and sudden as in that of Saul of Tarsus; yet the former is believed to be as genuine as the latter. Besides this, another consideration in connexion with this subject, is the *sovereignty of the Holy Spirit;* for thus saith the scripture, "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God, who worketh all in all" (1 Cor. xii. 6). We are especially solicitous to be understood as believing, that in every case of conversion there must be a saving operation of the Spirit of God on the heart; as much so in that of Jeremiah, who was sanctified from the womb, as in that of the thief, who was converted on the cross. Far from us be the teaching, that any natural amiability, or early religious training, would in any case, of itself, merge into piety, any more than the most lovely corpse could resuscitate itself, and *wake up to life.* We have not so learned Christ. But as, in some cases,

the Spirit employs the word as a *hammer*, with resistless power, to break the stony heart,—in others, it is the *fire*, gradually to melt it into penitence and love.

Christiana and Mercy are both represented by Bunyan, as setting out together on the heavenly pilgrimage, both true pilgrims, but how different the manner of their conversion. Christiana could tell of visions and dreams. But as for poor Mercy, because she had no such experience, she stood trembling at the wicket-gate, and "crying for fear that she was rejected," and when the keeper opened the gate, "she was fallen down in a swoon, for she fainted, and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her;" and when asked respecting her coming there, all she could say was (and how touchingly simple), "My Lord sees I am come: and if there is any grace and forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech that thy poor handmaid may be a partaker thereof." Then, it is added, the Lord "took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, I pray for all them that believe on me, by *what means soever they come unto me.*" Mark this, ye doubting, trembling saints, and see how Jesus himself is justly represented as removing the stumbling-block out of the way.

But, in concluding this article, will pastors, deacons, and church-members, kindly allow us to urge upon them the imitation of their compassionate Lord, who "will not break the bruised reed?" Let us be careful not to set up a standard of experience to which we require all to conform. We execrate the memory of the ancient robber, of whom it is said, he stretched all his victims on a bed, to the dimensions of which they were elongated if too short, and shortened if they were too long. There has been, it is feared, too much of this Procustean torture inflicted on those for whom Christ died. A much-honoured minister of Christ, now gone to his rest, used to say, "so early and so gradual was the work of grace on his heart, that he could not remember the time when he did not love Christ." Yet we have known churches, before which such an assertion from a candidate for communion would have been well nigh fatal to his admission! at any rate, some would have said, "*Let him wait a little longer, that will do him no harm.*" Is it, then, the right way to treat a tender infant, to leave him to himself, to see whether he will live or die? Surely, to nurse and feed him are the ordained means of nourishing and preserving his life. Remember, God sees not as man sees, for He may see weakness in the strongest faith, and strength in the weakest. Only let the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus our Lord, and may we have grace to be disciples of Him, who "giveth power to the faint," "who taketh the lambs in his arms, and carrieth them in his bosom," till we arrive where "there is one fold and one shepherd."

Bury St. Edmunds.

AN APOSTOLIC REQUIREMENT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Ye ought to be teachers."—*Heb.* v. 12.

Many persons are not what they ought to be, either in state, qualifications, or practice. Some deny this, and, therefore, we cannot expect them to improve; others admit it, but they make no effort to alter it, and, consequently, are none the better for the admission. Truth is to spread through human instrumentality; and by the spread of truth, Christ is to be made known, sinners converted, and God glorified. For the spread of truth, teachers are required; and the church of God is to furnish the

required instructors. In many quarters we hear the complaint that teachers are wanted; and in many congregations we see professors sitting idle who "*ought to be teachers.*" Let us, therefore, look very seriously at this declaration of the apostle.

Some of you ought *to be qualified to teach* who are not. You have long professed Christ. You have had plenty of means at hand. You have had time to spare for other pursuits. Others, with no more talent, no more means, no more time, are qualified, and why should not you be? Are you so very dull? Is it so very difficult for you to acquire knowledge, or to acquire the ability to communicate what you know? Or, rather, is it not the love of ease, the indulgence of the flesh, and the prevalence of a selfish disposition that has prevented you? You ought to be teachers, because you might have been qualified to teach. *Why are you not?* Let conscience answer this question as before God, and in the light of eternity.

You ought *to be willing to teach.* Many have the ability, but they have not the will:—they are educated;—they profess Christ;—they are members of the church;—they are respectable in society;—they have a good degree of influence;—but they are not teachers. Why? Ah! why? The Lord Jesus has commissioned his church *to go and teach the nations.* The commission is to the whole church, and applies to every member, according to his station, talent, and ability. *Every christian should teach.* You are entrusted with *the truth* to preserve it, to spread it, to practise it, and to enjoy it. You ought to teach it, why do you not? Just because you want the will. There are persons ignorant of the truth to whom you could communicate it. They cannot be sanctified or saved without it. If they live and die ignorant of it, *are you guiltless? Can you be guiltless?* You ought to be a teacher. By your daily conduct, by your general conversation, by your special efforts, you ought to teach. And you ought to hold yourself responsible, up to a certain point, for the ignorance that is in the world. Does not the apostle teach this, when he says, "*Some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame*" (1 Cor. xv. 34)?

You ought *to be anxious to teach.* Not perhaps in the pulpit; you may not be qualified for that. Not to teach your pastor, or the aged members; ten to one if you have any fitness for that. But to teach the young, the ignorant in your own neighbourhood, and in the villages near where you reside. You should never see a person ignorant of the truth, if it is at all probable that you can instruct him, or if it is consistent to endeavour to gain access to him, but you should be anxious to teach him. How can you be a christian, and not be anxious to make known the Saviour? How can you be a consistent member of the church, and not be anxious to add to its numbers? How can you be a patriot, and not be anxious to instruct your fellow-countrymen in the things which belong to their peace? How can you *observe the law*, which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and not be anxious to lead your neighbour in the good and the right way? How can you *obey the gospel*, which says, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled," "preach the gospel to every creature," if you are not anxious, by teaching, to bring every soul under its influence? If you are not anxious to teach, there is something radically wrong; and if you are anxious to teach, you will seek qualification, grace, and opportunity to do so.

You ought *to be employed in teaching.* There need not be a child in Great Britain uneducated, or a person left without an acquaintance with the gospel, if the members of the church of Christ would only do their *duty.* We ought seriously to think of this; and *I am sure,* that the more

seriously we think of it, and the more closely we examine it, the more thoroughly shall we be convinced of its truth. Why are children left in ignorance, or handed over to the teaching of Puseyites and Papists, or persons ignorant of the gospel? Just because those who ought to be teachers are not. Why are our villages in darkness, and thousands in our crowded towns strangers to the gospel? Because the members of the church of Christ love ease, indulge the flesh, and many of them are *too respectable*, that is, *too carnal*, to be teachers. . From every pulpit, from every religious periodical, the sound should be heard, addressed to every professor of religion, "*ye ought to be teachers*," until the drowsy are awakened, and the flesh-loving professor is made ashamed of his course. Beloved, your Saviour speaks *to you*,—he speaks in the accents of aggrieved love,—he speaks from the throne of his glory. He says, "*I would thou wert either hot or cold.*" He tells thee, "*It is high time to awake out of sleep.*" You ought to be teachers, and you ought to be teaching. Souls are perishing. Error is spreading. Popery is working. Satan is deceiving the nations. Hell is filling. Earth and hell seem to be moved, and stirred to their very depths, and shall "*we sit still?*" In vain do you cry out against error, if you do not teach the truth. In vain do you protest against the aggressions of the Pope, if you do not spread the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. In vain do you complain of crime, ignorance, or cruelty, if you are not teachers, and if you are not teaching. Teach, then, "every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord" (Heb. viii. 2).

Teachers are wanted in many of our Sunday-schools, and you *could* teach, but *will not*. What shall we say to you? Rather, what will your Lord say? Teachers are wanted in many of our villages, and, perhaps, you could speak of Jesus acceptably, if you would try, but you will not, and what shall we say? Teachers are wanted in the cottages, cellars, garrets, and other residences, in the courts, lanes, alleys, and streets of our towns, and you could gain access to them, and set Christ before them, if you would, but you will not, and what shall we say? Shall we not say that you are verily guilty concerning your brothers. They are bone of your bone,—they are flesh of your flesh,—they inhabit the same place,—they speak the same language,—they need the same Saviour,—they are travelling to the same dread eternity,—they must, with you, appear before the same awful judgment-seat,—they are in gross ignorance,—they are labouring under a fearful delusion,—they sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: you could visit them,—you could carry the light of the gospel to them,—you might be the means of snatching them as brands from the everlasting burnings, and be instrumental in their everlasting salvation, but you will not. Where is your hatred to sin? Where is your love for souls? Where is your zeal for Christ? Where is your opposition to Satan? Ah, where!

"You ought to be teachers." You have been long enough in the church,—you know more than thousands around you; many would willingly be taught by you; God, in his word, commands you; and the Holy Spirit would work by you. Awake, then, and arise, and go to work in right earnest. Infidels are in earnest spreading infidelity. Jesuits are in earnest spreading Popery. Puseyites are in earnest spreading Puseyism. The devil is in earnest ruining immortal souls. All appear in earnest but the church of Christ. All are active but those who should be. Let us, brethren, cast away the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. Let us begin the new year as we never began one before. Let us go right up to the cross, and *there entirely* and for ever consecrate ourselves to God.

Let us draw near to the throne, and seek special grace from God for special service in the cause of God. Let us begin teaching in every way, up to the extent of our power, saying, by our conduct, if any perish in ignorance, it shall not be my fault. Let tracts be circulated by thousands; but let not the tract be a substitute for the living voice; but let the tongue, the hand, the pen, the press, the purse, the head, the heart,—let all work, and all work together, and then, when our sincerity, perseverance, and purity of motive, have been tried, great and glorious results will follow. Churches of Jesus, awake, arise, and teach! Believers in the Son of God, go forth, everywhere preaching the word! Trust alone in the sacrifice of Jesus, exercise confidence in God, invoke the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and yet work as if all depended on your working, and a glorious revival will soon be realized and enjoyed.

Byrom-Street, Liverpool.

THE TIME TO DIE.

"Let me die in the *Spring*," said a sweet young girl,
As she looked on the vallies green;
"Let me die in the Spring," and her cheek grew bright,
As she gazed on the joyous scene;
"Let me die when the flowers are opening fresh,
When the zephyrs in music sigh,
When the birds sing sweetly on every hill,
And the sunlight gleams on the laughing rill,—
In the Spring-time let me die."

"Let me die, let me die in the *Summer-time*,"
Said the youth as he looked around
On the verdant leaves, and the shades that lay
So still on the cool, damp ground.
"Let me die when the birds are filling the air
With their rich and varied chime,
When the waves are raising their loudest notes,
And the breeze o'er the flowers in music floats,—
Let me die in the Summer-time."

"Let me die, let me die in the *Autumn-time*,"
Said the strong man, as he stood
On a leaf-strewn isle, and gazed far down
Through the shade of the lonely wood;
"When the leaves are falling upon my way,
When the flowers are dying fast,
When the winds sweep by with a solemn sigh,
And the clouds float, dream-like, along the sky,—
Oh, then let me breathe my last."

"Let me die, let me die in the *Winter-time*,"
The way-worn pilgrim said,
As he pressed his hand to his withered brow,
And bowed his whitened head;
"Let me die when the storm is raging loud,
And clouds obscure the sky,—
I have wandered long in this wintry way,
My step is weak, and my head is grey,
It is time for me to die."

The christian stood on the Jordan of death,
And smiled as the waves swept by:
"Father!" he said, "if thou willest it,
Let thy suffering servant die;
Let me pass away from the ills of life,
To a fairer and brighter clime,
Let me find a holier place of rest,
Let me lean my head on thy loving breast,
Let *me* die in *thine own good time*."

M. C. Smiley.

Our Frontispiece.

The beautiful engraving, which appears as the frontispiece to our present number and volume, is a view of an old baptismal font in the church at Inverkeithing, Scotland.

It is very doubtful whether there is a single perfect example of a baptismal font remaining in any church in Scotland, but this. The circumference of the basin of this beautiful font is 10 feet 8 inches; its height 1 feet 1 inch; circumference of the stem 5 feet; length 1 foot 8 inches; total height of the font exclusive of the plinth, which is modern, 3 feet 9 inches. The basin is hexagonal, carries a kind of embattled cylindrical shaft terminating in a corbal head or angels, and has its panelled faces respectively filled with an angel, holding a blasoned shield. The orifice is spherical, and has a drain aperture in the bottom; and the stem is formed of a cluster of six filleted rolls, alternating with a small triangular-shaped member between.

Mutilated examples, however, are sometimes to be met with, of which there is one in the chantry of Seton, and another was removed from the church of Fowlis, some years ago, to deck a cockney's plot, in front of the shooting lodge, near the Glen Turrit, Perthshire. Another, similarly dislocated, stands in the garden of Rosehall mansion-house, near Bothwell; it belonged to the church of Old Monkland, in the same neighbourhood; the stem is wanting, but the font itself, a plain octagon, 8 feet 1 inch in circumference, is quite entire. There is also lying among the rubbish of the ruined church of S. Munge, Dumfrieshire, a small fragment of a baptismal font, which was entire not many years since, when the present place of worship was built. It was then, Scotch fashion, broken up, and, as is said, partly used in the construction of the new edifice. Another example is said to be buried among the huge foundations of a deal pulpit in Dumbland cathedral.

From the very large size of the basin of this *ancient* font, it was obviously intended for *immersion*, and shews, as all fonts older than the Reformation do, that *immersion* was retained by the church long after personal faith and repentance were dispensed with. It is pertinent to remark, however, that our appeal in this illustration is not to *tradition* but to *history*. We do not regard the *historical fact*, that immersion was the regular church practice in every century of which any records alluding to the mode of baptism exist, as an *authority* for our practice, but it is, we think, collateral and corroboratory evidence that we interpret aright the New Testament *word* which prescribes the initiatory rite of christianity.

The friend who has presented our readers with the beautiful engraving which appears as our frontispiece, very appropriately enquires, "whether the Puseyites, who, with the Bishop of Exeter, are now laying such stress on a right *understanding* of the Baptismal formula, who have even harassed Mr. Gorham to the uttermost, on account of his asserted *misunderstanding* of the baptismal service,—whether they are not themselves, on their own grounds, in a very inconsistent position, in departing from the ancient *mode* of baptism,—a mode, too, to which their *own church* requires them to adhere, except in cases of sickness." Even allowing to them their dogma (which all *consistent* Protestants must deny), that "the church hath power to decree rights and ceremonies;" yet, first, it may well be questioned by them, whether their church, or any church, has power to *alter* an ordinance confessedly established by Christ and his apostles, and which was, save in cases of sickness, always administered by immersion during their infallible "three first centuries;" and, secondly, it is clear that their "Anglican church" does, in all possible cases, require immersion. Believers as they are in the efficacy of sacraments, they ought surely to fear lest such an important alteration in the mode of the ceremony should evacuate it completely of all efficacy. Especially, since no liturgical service was given by Christ himself, while the ceremony itself was, even *they* must in candour own, that a mistake respecting the mode of a ceremony appointed by Christ, must be, at least, of more consequence than a mistake regarding the meaning of formularies and creeds devised by the "Anglican church."

If Christ "tied regeneration to baptism, *i.e.* immersion,"—or if even the church did so, it is, at least, very doubtful whether it can be "tied" to sprinkling at all.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed slowly up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigour of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood; and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and ablest writer of the Latin Church. At times he paused, and raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud:—

"Give us, then, what names you please; from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenticians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with fagots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire, we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and, mounted on our funeral pile, we look upon ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, what you are pleased to call madness and despair in us are the very actions which, under virtue's standard, lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father which art in heaven!" he exclaimed, "give me strength to die like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Anne De Bourg; a man who feared not man; once a merciful judge in that august tribunal upon whose voice hung the life and death of those who were persecuted for conscience' sake, he was now himself an accused, a convicted heretic, condemned to the baptism of fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and, in the presence of the king himself, to declare that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months,—from June to December,—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailer opened his prison-door. A moment afterwards, his former colleague, De Harley, stood at his side.

"Thou here!" exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. "Thou in the dungeon of a heretic! On what errand hast thou come?"

"On an errand of mercy," replied De Harley. "I come to tell thee ——"

"That the hour of my death draws near?"

"That thou mayst still be saved."

"Yes; if I will bear false witness against my God,—barter heaven for earth,—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost; not saved!"

"No! saved!" cried De Harley, with warmth; "saved from a death of shame and an eternity of woe! Renounce this false doctrine,—this abominable heresy,—and return again to the bosom of the church which thou dost rend with strife and dissension."

"God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth."

"His hand already smites thee."

"It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake!—he to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, 'It is thou who troublest Israel!'—Where is the king? Called, through a sudden and violent death, to the judgment-seat of Heaven!—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just? Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, 'Tremble! believe the word of one who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou that sheddest the blood of the children of peace.' He has gone to his account before me."

"And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered that thou wast privy to his death."

"This, at least, might have been spared a dying man!" replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. "As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But, tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last hours with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone."

"I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness."

"Life,—freedom,—happiness! At the price thou has set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early Christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust? These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says, in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression."

He opened the volume before him and read:—

"I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments by denying the faith, when you question us about it; but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God, the Father and Maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and by our obedience express our passion for that divine life which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day, Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words:—

"And now, ye judges, if, indeed, you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you, beware how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done; and, before all things, decide whether it be just that we should listen unto you rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than that of Heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations, and principalities, and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris? God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death thou mayst put an end to our groans!

"Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you,—your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble

them not; their honour is redeemed by death,—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered he that mourns.

"No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike, then,—slay,—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will,—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord,—for the truth of the Evangelists.

"Quench, then, your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live,—be happy,—and meditate on God, ye judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for? Lead me to the scaffold!"

They bound the prisoner's hands, and, leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; for Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows, with a pile of fagots beneath it, and the hangman with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments, and, gazing round upon the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed,—

"My friends, I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the Gospel's sake!"

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the fagots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea, and all was hushed again; save the crackling of the fagots, and at intervals *the funeral knell, that smote* the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud,—

"My God! my God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

The wind lifted the reddening smoke like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard,—

"My God! my God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again and again this fiendish mockery of baptism was repeated; till the martyr, with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed,—

"O God! I cannot die!"

The chief executioner came forward, and, either in mercy to the dying man or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment the cord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

A minister with whom we are acquainted, in delivering an address to his congregation, suggested by the death of the late Dr. Judson, took occasion to make the following remark:—

"He was a great man, a christian hero; and has set before christians, of *every rank and class*, a bright example of self-consecration to their Master's service."

A wealthy merchant, who was present, in speaking of the discourse, expressed the opinion that the remark ought to have been modified; "for," said he, "in the case of Dr. Judson, the promotion of religion was his chief *business;* but my business is trade, which requires the exercise of different faculties, and different rules of life."

We have no doubt that the merchant expressed in these words a very common sentiment, but a sentiment which involves a very serious error, and one which, in relation to christians themselves, may be called the great error of the times.

Yes! the great practical error of the age, as far as the church is concerned, is here brought out into the light. The crying want of Christendom, at the present time,

state of public sentiment among
ıes as will lead christian men to
ade, commerce, and all worldly
from the christian point of view.
is light, the revenue of the shop
unting-room, will appear as of
rely small importance in itself,
vast moment in relation to the
which it may achieve. Some of
triumphs which christianity has
ed, have been found in the exam-
se men who have learned how to
e the activities of business to the
of religion. To the christian
his practical lesson is just as im-
religion itself; for, in his case,
true religion without it. If the
rail in the mind of any one, that
be a genuine christian, and yet
religion into the sphere of his
life, nor recognise it as a pre-
nciple in scenes of business, it
im into a fatal mistake; for such
ideable religion as that is not of
hich our Saviour taught; it can
ul, it can do no good, and would
unworthy of a revelation from

ld Testament we find a brief de-
of one moral hero, such as the
e requires. He was a king. His
Jehoshaphat; and of him the
torian says, "he had riches and
a abundance, and his heart was
n the ways of the Lord." It is
markable encomium pronounced
aracter. As to wealth and dig-
as the Louis Philippe of his day.
't was lifted up"—not with pride
not with a selfish ambition to
his family, but with a lofty de-
ke his immense power subserve
of God and humanity.

n of action and of enterprise who
be christians, and who find that
is an object of pursuit, engrosses
ights, interferes with a healthy
roys their zest for religious read-
nversation, diminishes their in-
he progress of Christ's kingdom
th, and fires the passion for accu-
will see, on close enquiry, that
ıot doing business with a *right*
with any object in view that can
ible to God. The motive with
ness is engaged in, makes a world
ce, in all respects, as to the effect
on the *man, on his influence* in
the world, his relations to God, and his
destination for eternity. Two men of
business may live under the same roof,
may be members of the same firm, and
may have an equally respectable standing
in the realm of trade, so that the world
shall recognise no great difference between
them; but the Searcher of hearts may see
that, in the case of the one, business is used
for a worthy end, while in the case of the
other, business uses him, so as to make his
life a servitude to itself. The one regards
business as a trust by which to attain the
end of his calling; the other regards it as
the *chief* end for which he was made, and
for which all his powers were created.
The one regards business as a means of
blessing the world; the other regards the
world as having been made merely for
business. The one is "diligent in business,"
so as to make the most of his stewardship
and to please Christ; the other is diligent
in business, so as to make the most of his
fortune and to lavish all on himself. The
one seeks to honour his Lord by his busi-
ness; the other will imagine that when his
business ceases to *drive* him, he will have
time for God's service, and that he will
surely begin when he shall have little else
to do.

Now the effect of a business-life on these
two men must be immensely different; for
however much alike they may appear, how-
ever constantly they may mingle in the
same circles, and be employed in the same
avocations, he that aims to serve God by
his business is a very different character
from him who makes a god of business.
The essential elements of character which
find scope and play in the soul of each are
different tn their nature, and must develop
themselves in different results for ever.
How needful is it, then, to have betimes a
just estimation of the true end of life, and
the moral value of business! How im-
portant is it to see these things in the light
of true christianity! For we may make
great mistakes by regarding things from a
delusive point of observation. A traveller
once, at night, mistook a lamp shining on a
distant hill for a brilliant star. His faculty
of sight was not impaired, but his point of
view deceived him. But what a difference
between the supposed and the real object—
a flickering taper and a star of heaven!
Such confusion is often made within the
sphere of religion between things that differ,
by looking at them only in the light of a

passing world—a deceptive glare which hides the real distinction between the small and the great, between the temporal and the eternal.

THE DROWNING CHILD.

A family, the father, mother, and their children, the youngest between two and three years old, had been making a visit, and were returning to the city of New York by one of the Williamsburg ferry boats, toward evening, on the 4th of July. They were evidently in humble life, and had had a rare treat in the pleasure of a holiday, dressed in their best, and flushed with the enjoyment of health.

They were sitting in the stern of the boat, and near the railing; the younger children playing near the parents, frolicsome as kittens. It was a picture pleasing to look on, and it made one's heart glad and grateful to see a group so joyful in each other, and evidently as blest among themselves as if they had been born to wealth.

It was a very pleasant day, and a pleasant hour of the day. A few minutes more would bring them home, and the children, tired with the day's play, would be asleep. Suddenly the youngest, frolicing on the floor, rolled under the railing, and in an instant was overboard. Many were looking on, but it was so sudden and unexpected that no one could arrest it. A shout was raised for the boat to be stopped, but before that could be done the father leaped over into the deep, and struck out manfully in search of his drowning child. The mother had shrieked with agony as her child had gone, and now that her husband was also overboard, her anguish was terrible to behold. A lady strove to console her; gathered the other children about her, and bade her trust in God and hope for the best. The father proved to be a noble swimmer, but the water was so agitated by the motion of the boat that he could see nothing of his child, and for some minutes he beat about to no purpose. Small boats put out from the shore, and one of them picked him up when he was nearly exhausted, and he was brought to the steamer and lifted on board. Here was a fresh scene of distress, when the father and mother met again. He had returned from the watery grave himself; but their child, their pet lamb, was lost. As he was raised on deck, the mother cried, "The child, the child, where is it?" He looked at her, and with a thoughtfulness and beauty not to be expected in such a moment, answered gently, "*Mary, God has it.*"

The boat still lingered, and the passengers were straining their eyes into the distance, hoping that one of the boats might yet rescue the child. It had now been half an hour in the water. Presently a shout went up, and the word was passed along that the child was found. It was picked up by one of the many in search, and a solitary oarsman rowed on with his precious charge. As he came alongside, the hardy old tar, with a tenderness of feeling that did him honour, covered the face of the child. He could not bear to shock the parents with the sudden sight of their dead child! Yes, it was dead. It was taken on board, and the gentle lady who had sought to comfort the mother in her anguish, took the little one and opened its dress and laid her hand on its heart, but it was still! All the means that could be applied were of no avail to restore the spirit that had fled.

What a change was here! The boat reached its wharf, and the family, a mourning, wretched family, went off with their dead child to their dreary home. The papers, the next morning, mentioned, under the head of accidents, that a child was drowned from one of the ferry boats yesterday; but how little of the sorrow of that disaster is told in such a line! How much sorrow there is in this world, that we know nothing of!

Correspondence.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Your correspondent who furnished *an article in your last in answer to a letter* from "An Enquirer after truth," has confined himself within such narrow limits as to be unable to meet fully the arguments he opposes. I have, therefore, ventured to send you a few lines, that I may help to supply what has been left undone. I, for

ad that "Enquirer" has written. that he holds the views he ad- et, since he does hold them, it is declare them.

m positions of "Enquirer" are, moral law is abrogated,—that he Jewish, but the patriarchal saical observances are done away, consequently, although the Sab- ne of the precepts engraven on d although found amongst the earlier times, it has passed away troduction of the gospel dispen-

y, I would observe,—1. That he came not to destroy the law, l it (Matt. v. 17). He could not ceremonial law, that was repealed). Much less could he refer to onial as distinguished from the . The eighteenth verse confirms retation. "Till heaven and earth tinues the divine teacher, "one tittle shall in no wise pass from See also Rom. iii. 31.

rer" has endeavoured to parry of these words by saying that ers to the moral law of the uni- ppose so, then it is the moral is world, and the moral law of n stones. Indeed, "Enquirer" decalogue was a national declara- is universal moral law. That is, as gathered up, concentrated, and in the decalogue. They are, ntially the same. If, therefore, l law of the universe remains un- or unrepealed by Christ, so does law of the decalogue.

quirer" has *assumed* that the 2 Cor. iii. 7, teaches the abeo- gation of the moral law. How sense arises from the verse ad- is hard to conceive. Even if the *ment* be supplied from the sixth such meaning is given. Adding verse to complete the sentence, ge would then read, "But if the on" (of the covenant) "of death, nd engraven in stones, was glori- at the children of Israel could not behold the face of Moses for the is countenance (which glory was e away), how shall not the minis- the covenant of the Spirit be rious?"

uth taught here is, that the old on or covenant *of death had less glory*, than belongs to the ministration or covenant of the Spirit. The eleventh verse speaks of the glory of something that is done away, and the greater glory of some- thing that remains; and so far as the language of the whole passage is con- cerned, the apostle appears to be placing in opposition the *ministration* of the two economies. He magnifies his *office*. He shews that the *ministry* of the gospel, and *not* of the law, was committed to him and his fellow-labourers. They were able mi- nisters of the *New* Testament.

Dr. Bloomfield thus paraphrases the 7th and 8th verses: "If the *ministry* or *office* of promulgating a covenant which, in the *letter*," (when written on tables of stone) "brought nothing but death with it, was glorious" (namely, by the appearance of angels with the cloud of glory): "and *so* glorious, that the children of Israel were not able to look at the face of Moses, be- cause of the shining of his countenance, which glory was soon to vanish; *how much more* shall not the *ministration* of the *spiritual* or the spirit-giving Dispensation" (*i.e.*, the Gospel) be glorious?" If, then, we apply the words, "done away," found in the 11th verse, to the whole passage, the sense would appear to be, that the *ministry* of the old covenant had been superseded by the *ministry* of the new.

I will not, however, insist that this is the meaning of the passage. Many ancient, and several eminent modern commentators, suppose that the opposition is between the two dispensations, and think that some term ought to be supplied or understood which would give this meaning. On one thing, however, it is fair to insist, viz., that the words, "written and engraven on stones," shall not be taken to designate the moral law as distinguished from other parts of the Mosaic economy. We must supply, not moral law, but *dispensation, economy*, or, more properly, *covenant*. *We must supply that which was the subject of the ancient ministry*. And who doubts that the old covenant has been displaced by the new?

3. Your correspondent does not help his argument by asserting that patriarchal and paradisaical usages have been abrogated with those which are Jewish. "That which was imperfect," he says, "in all these times, has given place to that which is perfect." To this statement I have no objection, but maintain that certain things, which could

not be shaken, *remain*. Say, for illustration, that sacrifices were offered by Adam, by Abraham, and by Moses; these offerings must have ceased; but it does not follow that certain moral and abiding requirements might not have been associated with these things that pass away.

This point was argued in Mr. Young's communication in your October number, the drift of which your correspondent seems to have misconceived. In a foot-note he says, "I cannot help pointing out what strikes me as an error in the article in your last number. 'A man,' says Mr. Young, 'is put to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, which would not be done in gospel times. Does it follow that the Sabbath itself cannot belong to this dispensation?' The answer is obvious. It follows that it does not belong to this dispensation *as an enactment in the Jewish law*. If attended to on account of the enactment in Jewish law, the *whole* law must be obeyed." Now that the Sabbath was binding *as* a Jewish enactment was the very reverse of Mr. Young's conclusion. I understood him to argue, and I would argue with him, that the Sabbath was in force *before* it became a Jewish enactment, and *independently* of it. But if I do not hold a moral precept to be binding *as* a Jewish enactment, *I hold that it may be in force notwithstanding it has been a Jewish enactment*, and so must "Enquirer," according to his own shewing. "The horns of the dilemma," then, are not for Mr. Young, but for him.

"The decalogue," "Enquirer" says, "was a national declaration of the moral law of the universe." Then it became a Jewish enactment. Yet as a universal law it is binding on all peoples. *In being placed, therefore, under the moral law of the universe all men are placed under what has been a Jewish enactment.* For instance, a primary article of this universal law must be, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." I cannot conceive of moral law for moral and intelligent *creatures* without such a requirement. Yet this was actually written and engraven on stones. As a part of the moral law of the universe it must have been binding on Adam, Abraham, Moses, and Paul. And, since Christ came not to destroy it, it must now be binding on "Enquirer." Now seeing that this has been a Jewish enactment, "Enquirer" must, according to his reasoning, either take the *whole* law and obey it, or allow me that moral requirements may outlive certain observances with which they may have been temporarily associated.

I am, dear Sirs,
Very truly yours,
A BAPTIST MINISTER.

Notices of Books.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, IN QUESTION AND ANSWER (designed for the use of Bible Classes). By MRS. HENDERSON. Pp. 262. London: Benj. L. Green.

This "unpretending little work" forms, we understand, the sequel to the "History of our Lord," from the Gospel of Matthew, also in question and answer, published several years ago, and, as a whole, we are much pleased with it. The text is completely unfolded, so as to bring out in detail every idea successively, thereby enabling the reader to see at once what would otherwise only be discovered, in many instances, after considerable time and attention. An extract or two, selected from amongst many which we had marked, will give, perhaps, *the best* idea of the work. On Acts ii. 35, *the question is asked, What is the meaning of Messiah's foes being made his footstool?* That they who will not yield to his grace, shall be forced to submit to his power. Again, Acts v. 42, *Did the Apostles confine their preaching and teaching to the Temple?* No; they proclaimed the gospel in every house they went to. *What does this teach us?* That it is not necessary to have consecrated buildings to preach in. *Does the New Testament sanction religious meetings in private houses?* Yes; if they are conducted in an orderly manner (see Acts xii. 12; 1 Cor. xiv. 40). Again, on Acts xii. 4, the question is asked, *What word have our translators improperly introduced into this passage?* The word "Easter." *Is there any such word in the Greek original?* No; nothing like it. *What is the term there employed?* The very name by which the passover was called. *From what was the*

term "Easter" derived? From the Saxon goddess *Eostre*, who was worshipped with peculiar ceremonies in the month of April. Of course we do not subscribe to all Mrs. Henderson's explanations, especially those which refer to Baptism; yet the work contains so much that is truly excellent and useful to teachers of bible classes, that we do not hesitate to recommend it to such of our readers as are thus engaged. Perhaps it is scarcely needful to add, that the book should not be used *in class:* the teacher should always "get up" the part of the book he intends to use before going to the school.

LECTURES TO THE WORKING CLASSES ON CHRISTIANITY. BY THE REV. G. W. CONDER. Pp. 134. London: Benjamin L. Green.

PROTESTANTISM FOR 1850: A SERMON ON THE RECENT PAPAL MOVEMENT. BY THE REV. G. W. CONDER. Pp. 24. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Leeds: John Heaton.

We recommended the first of these works to our readers during its appearance in numbers. We are glad to be able to apply to the entire book all that we said in reference to the first two lectures. They are all earnest, intelligent, impressive,—manly in tone, and liberal in sentiment. May their delivery and publication result in the accomplishment of the high ends which Mr. Conder had in view in their preparation, so that "he who sowed, and they who reaped," may ultimately "rejoice together."

The Sermon, "Protestantism for 1850," is a well-timed and able discourse. There is not a sentiment in it which we could not approve, and there are many sentiments which we consider of great importance. We should rejoice to hear that "Protestantism for 1850" was being circulated in thousands.

THE DOMESTIC WORSHIPPER; CONSISTING OF PRAYERS, SELECTED SCRIPTURE PORTIONS, AND HYMNS, FOR MORNING AND EVENING, WITH PRAYERS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. BY THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN. Pp. 372. London: Benjamin L. Green.

The editor of this work remarks very properly in his preface, that "extemporaneous prayer in the household is greatly to be preferred to any form, however excellent, because of its greater flexibility and adaptedness to impress." And very earnestly do we join him in urging on our christian brethren the persevering attempt to adopt it, with the assurance that "they will, after a little time, find it much easier than they suppose." To those, however, who *need* such assistance as this book furnishes, we can confidently recommend it as one of the cheapest and most useful we know. The Hymns and Scripture Passages are generally well selected; and the Prayers, besides being simple, evangelical, and imbued with the devotional spirit, are sufficently varied in their character, and not too long to be read where there are children or unconverted servants. The course extends to two months. A longer one would indeed have been desirable; but in that case the size and price of the volume must necessarily have been increased.

SACRAMENTAL RELIGION SUBVERSIVE OF VITAL CHRISTIANITY. BY THE REV. W. BROCK. 8vo. pp. 51. London: H. K. Lewis.

A very able and seasonable exposure of the worst imposition in the system of *Anglican* Popery. Without it, the other grand and shameless imposture of "apostolical succession," is rendered almost worthless. The recent event *should* stir up Dissenters to expose the Popery which costs the nation ten millions a-year, rather than to unite with Churchmen to repel that form of it which will vanish of itself, if the other be annihilated. We hope Mr. Brock will go on to expose the other fatal, darkening errors of our costly Establishment.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S POCKET-BOOK, FOR 1851. BY THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A. London: Benjamin L. Green.

This is altogether the most useful Book of the kind we have ever seen for Sunday School Teachers. It comprises a large amount of information on Sunday School and general subjects; and has everything (almanac, ruled paper for memoranda, &c.) common to Annual Pocket-Books. It is, besides, beautifully got up, and the size is convenient. We confidently recommend it to all Teachers.

THE CHRISTIAN GARLAND; OR, A COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS: CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PIECES, IN POETRY AND PROSE. Pp. 250. London: Religious Tract Society.

It is only needful to say of this work that it is executed in the Tract Society's best

style, and the articles, thirty-three in number, are generally well written and interesting. The engravings, in colours, are admirably done, considering the lowness of the price, and the binding and printing are fully equal to those of many of the high-priced annuals. It would form a beautiful and appropriate present at this present-giving season of the year.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF ATHEISM. BY THE REV. T. POTTENGER. 12mo. pp. 24. Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Intended as a warning to *young men* of the results to which Atheism must conduct. And a most salutary warning it is well calculated to be to the seduced and unwary. We are pleased to see that the author calls attention repeatedly to Dr. Godwin's "Lectures on Atheism," which he justly pronounces admirable.

Recent Publications.

Green's Sunday School Library. Outlines of Sunday School Addresses, by J. C. Gray.

Green's Juvenile Library. Flora Mortimer; or, Six Months in the Country. By Mrs. Edmonds.

Tract Society's Monthly Series. Ancient Egypt; its Monuments and History. London in the Olden Time.

The Christian Almanac, 1851. (*Religious Tract Society.*)

The Faithful Minister's Triumph and Reward: a Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the decease of the Rev. D. Trotman, by the Rev. J. Berg. (*Pp.* 31. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

Faith Triumphant: a Sermon preached in the Baptist Chapel, Milnsbridge. By the Rev. J. Hanson. (*Pp.* 8. *London: J. Paul.*)

A Page for the Young.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L——was very ill; indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid *her* hand gently upon his arm, as if she *would lead him from the room.* Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it:—'*When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.*'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding-sheet, and ready for the grave.

This was her *last lesson.* He has never forgotten it—he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man, and

pies a post of much honour and
northern part of the country. I
d look upon him without thinking
faith so beautifully exhibited by
mother. It was not misplaced—
has taken her darling up.

reader, if you have God for your
u need never fear. Father and
ay forsake you, the world may
ou like a dreary waste, full of
l pitfalls, but He can bring you
ugh trials, and give you a golden
nowy robe, like those the justified
eaven. He can even surround
-bed by angel visitants. "He is
ul, an ever present help in time
." Will you not then seek his
? This you can never gain unless
to him through the Lord Jesus,
keep his commandments. "If
ne," said the Saviour, "keep my
nents." Do you keep these? Do
ly "abstain from evil," but from
st "appearance of evil?" These
and soul-searching questions.
compelled by truth to answer
e negative, will you not change
se and begin to-day to live for
rhaps some very little boy or girl
his story of little Roger, and turn
the reflections here at the close,
am too young to become a chris-
tian yet; by and bye I will keep all of God's commandments, and be very good indeed." My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your design of becoming a christian in some future hour. Better begin *now!* Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young.* This world is a wide one, and it is full of wickedness. God has called it in the Bible his vineyard, and he calls continually for labourers to come and work in it. Would you not like to work for a Master who will pay you with the gold of a happy heart in this world—yea, "in the life to come" will give you a place close to his great white throne, in that beautiful world, the glories of which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive?" Or, will you work for that wicked one, who will pay you with groans and gnashing of teeth, and "everlasting burnings"—who will delight in making your path in this life full of bitter memories, and in the "life to come" terrible indeed? I am very earnest in this important matter, and I wish you to make a wise choice now; one that you will not regret having made throughout the endless ages of eternity. You cannot be an idler, young though you be. If you do not work for God, believe me, you are working for Satan. What a fearful thought!

Obituary.

REV. J. DAVIS,

HITSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

ugust 12th, 1850, in his 48th year,
Joseph Davis, for twenty-four
beloved pastor of the Baptist
Whitestone, Herefordshire. He
in ardent and successful labourer,
nd, and judicious pastor, an affec-
band, and a warm-hearted friend.
ways accessible to the enquiring
at all times ready to visit the
mourning, or the chamber of
In fact, in the work of the Lord
defatigable. Besides his stated
Whitestone, he was accustomed,
rly the whole of his pastorate, to
tedly at several of the villages

tion, which continued most dis-
for several months, was greatly embittered by the affliction and death of his dear wife. She had been a partner in his sorrows and a helpmate in his labours for twenty-two years. No two christians ever lived more happily together. Her disease was a painful one—cancer; but her end was peace.

The ways of God are often mysterious. Mr. Davis, by reason of his own affliction, and death with him evidently fast approaching, was prevented from witnessing the departure of his beloved wife. Yet with all his affliction and sorrow, he was never heard to murmur, though often seen to weep. Amidst the whole trying scene, Christ was evidently his all in all. When suffering extreme pain, he would sometimes say, "But what is this to what my Saviour suffered?" Though commonly of a quiet turn of mind, yet his ecstasies of joy to-

wards the close of his earthly career, were truly sublime. "Precious Jesus! precious Jesus!" he would sometimes say; and then

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

This, indeed, was with him, as his end approached, a common mode of expression.

During the last few days of his life, he was scarcely able to speak, so greatly was he worn down by suffering. But the same holy calmness, the same faithfulness to christian friends around him, the same praying spirit, and the same heavenly joy, were apparent even to the last. At a little after midnight, on the Sabbath, his happy spirit took its flight from this world of care and sorrow, to be glorified for ever with the Lord.

So greatly was he respected, that above 300 attended at his funeral. And, according to his own direction, his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Mellis, of Hereford, from John iii. 16, on Lord's-day, August 18, to an overflowing and deeply affected congregation.

Miscellaneous.

A QUESTION FOR CHURCH MEMBERS.—You, dear fellow-immortal, are a professor of the religion of Jesus; have you solid reasons for believing that you are a *possessor* of eternal life? Do you "*know* the grace of God in truth?" Have you good grounds for concluding that Christ dwells in your heart by faith, and that you are a temple of the Holy Spirit? Start not at these questions! do not turn away offended at them! for they cannot be considered as arising out of any suspicion of *you, personally* considered; and it may be that God himself has sent you this tract, to ask these questions. Do not dismiss the subject by saying, "I am a member of a christian church, my pastor and fellow members recognize me as a christian." All this may be true, and it may also be true, that you have deceived both yourself and them. There is reason to fear that many who have given in before the church an account of their religious experience; or who have written a letter, describing what they call their conversion, and have been received with joy by pastor and people, are yet unconverted. In our churches we cannot help fearing, that there are some who have a lamp without oil—a name without life—a form of godliness without the power thereof. Look at the conduct of many church members; they come once, or it may be twice, on the Lord's day to the house of God, and once a month to the Lord's table, and this is nearly the whole of their religion. Between them and decent worldly people, who never profess to be the subjects of a divine change, *no difference can be seen.* Both are alike anxious about the world, and alike conformed to its spirit; both neglect the claims of Christ, and refuse to give their personal efforts to his cause; both are alike savourless in their conversation, and frivolous in their spirit. If this is life, everlasting life—divine life in the soul—then, *what is death?* Surely, such *a religion as this is not the* firstfruits of the *Spirit—the earnest of the* inheritance—the *beginning of glory! This is* a solemn statement; but who can deny it? Do not facts bear out the assertion that many such are in our churches? And what will such professors do in the end thereof; and where will they appear when the Lord comes to judgment? Then "Lord, Lord," will be counted for nothing; and those who never agonized first for their own salvation, and then, having found it, agonized for the glory of God, will be frowned from his presence. How dreadful the thought of a professor of religion perishing! A member of a christian church LOST, ETERNALLY LOST; how truly awful! What an exchange! the robe of profession for the garment of shame—the solemn song for eternal wailing—the church-meeting for the fellowship of lost spirits; and then in the distance, the eye sees the minister who solemnly warned them, and the saints who sought first the kingdom of God, realizing all they hoped for. Dreadful exchange! sad contemplations! This will be to be lost with an emphasis!—*Converse with Conscience, by J. Cox.*

FEAR OF RIDICULE.—I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every *trifling* question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the masses upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to inure your *principles* against the perils of ridicule. *You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter*, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, *do it*, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear;—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously* and *gravely*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till

athed into him by the breath of
Let men call you mean, if you
are just; hypocritical, if you are
religious; pusillanimous, if you
you are firm. Resistance soon
imprincipled wit into sincere res-
no after time can tear from you
ings which every man carries
a who has made a noble and suc-
rtion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney*

IE CHERISHED SIN.—Often from
w on the sea-shore I have ob-
little boat at anchor. Day after
onth after month it is seen at the
. The tides ebb and flow, yet it
oves. While many a gallant ves-
s its sails, and, catching the favor-
, has reached the haven, this little
s not from its accustomed spot.
that when the tide rises, it rises;
it ebbs again, it sinks; but ad-
t. Why is this? Approach
d you will see. It is fastened to
by one slender rope. There is
. A chord, scarcely visible, en-
and will not let it go. Now,
christians, see here your state—
f thousands. Sabbaths come and
ave them as before. Ordinances
go; ministers come and go;
lvileges, sermons, move them not
y move them; a slight elevation
ith tide, and again they sink; but
l, heavenward movement. They
s as ever from the haven of rest;
this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen, allowed indulgence, drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort in the strength of God.

OUR REFUGE IN TEMPTATION.—If the whole world in which we live, is but a continued temptation; if every situation in which we are placed, and all the objects that surround us, seem to conspire with our corrupt propensities, to weaken or seduce us; if riches corrupt, poverty dishearteus, prosperity elates, affliction dejects, business distracts, repose enervates, learning inflates, and ignorance misguides us; if society calls us too much away from ourselves, and solitude leaves us too much to ourselves; if pleasure seduce, and acts of piety inspire us with pride; if health awakens the passions, and sickness begets discontent and murmurings; in a word, if every thing in and around us exposes us to a new peril; in a situation so deplorable, oh, my God! what hope of salvation would there be left to man, if, from the depths of his wretchedness, he might not send up, without ceasing, his sighs towards thy throne of grace, that thou thyself wouldst condescend to come to his help, to bridle his unsubdued passions, to enlighten his erring mind, strengthen his weakness, soften down his temptations, shorten his conflicts, and raise him from his falls?—*Massillon.*

Intelligence.

HE PAPAL "AGGRESSION."

e last wrote, which happened to
the month, this subject has quite
ie public attention. Counties and
ons, Churchmen and Dissenters,
meetings all over the kingdom,
rials to the Queen have been all
rsally agreed upon. There has
ty of bigotry displayed no doubt.
ses of members of the *Anglican*
must, in the majority of in-
e of very questionable purity.
wledgment of the Queen's Supre-
lesiastical) we, of course, entirely
; but in one thing we heartily re-
he unmistakeable and indignant
the great body of the laity for
oth Roman and Anglican. Yes,
dice in *this*. And, while we deeply
t the worst spirit of Popery has
ntly but too plainly indulged by
ents, we cannot think it bigotry
ich a *manifestly* detestable, soul-
cruel, and shameless imposture
. Every *freeman*, who cares to
n his liberty to his children,—
er, who cares to preserve his
aughters from the gross and im-
pure questionings of father confessors,—every independent thinker, who values freedom of expression,—every lover of religion in spirit and truth, as opposed to the religion of ceremony, priestly mediation, and the most degrading mummeries,—every one, in a word, who hates the greatest enemy which the earth ever saw to the rights both of God and man,—all such are bound to hate Popery, and to wage ceaseless war against it. We are free to confess, too, that we suspect every thorough-going Roman Catholic as possessing but half a British heart; even O'Connell was no exception.

We yield, therefore, to none in our aversion to this great blight of European freedom and piety, and yet we must still confess our total inability to perceive the propriety of *Dissenters* approaching the *Throne* on this question. We have seen no arguments yet which have satisfied us that the *Civil* authority of the Queen is invaded; nor can we easily believe that Cardinal Wiseman or the Pope intended to do such a thing. They could have seen no end to be gained thereby. That they both intended to parade in the most impudent and offensive manner the Papal Ecclesiastical Supremacy

in disparaging contrast to that of the Queen we do fully believe, and we deeply lament that our beloved and valued sovereign, unquestionably the best of the House of Hanover who has ever filled the English throne, should be in the *false position* which exposes her to the insults of a foreign *Ecclesiastic;* but how can *we* uphold her in that *false position?* Our patriotism and our piety alike would implore her to renounce it. To be our QUEEN only, and not our "Supreme Head of the Church of England." The *equal* "defender of the faith" of *all* her subjects from violence and disparagement, instead of the compulsary patroness of a sect. *We* cannot ask her to take measures to reassert her "Supremacy" because it is "part of our Constitution!" What would this be but to ask her to maintain the worst vice, yea *sin*, of our Constitution? It is with the greatest regret that we differ practically on this subject from some of the most esteemed of our brethren. In our principles we thoroughly agree; in our detestation of the infernal system of Popery, our loyalty to our Queen, our determination, while we cannot support her "Supremacy," to resent every insult to her Civil Rights as an insult to the nation whom she represents, we are perfectly one. But while the *Civil* insult of the Pope is, to say the most, a very *doubtful* legal question, it appears to us that action as yet endangers our being numbered with the deluded or selfish maintainers of Her Ecclesiastical Claims.

As to co-operation with the Bishops and Clergy, we think it doing them, and ourselves too, injustice. Injuring them as leading them to suppose that we regard their Baptismal Regeneration, Apostolical Succession, and other Poperies, and their adultery with the State, as a less evil than we do; injuring ourselves as confounding our religious spiritual warfare against Popery, with their Hierarchical State-Church and endowment warfare.

Our honest opinion is, that the present should be a time of earnest purgation from the relics of Popery at home. All sects of Dissenters need to wash their hands of some measure of belief in denominational infallibility, and church infallibility, and most of them from a few remains of *ceremonial* and clerical Popery too, if they would fight Popery with clean hands.

The spirit of persecution, not indeed by sword and fagot, but by branding with the names of Atheism, Infidelity, &c. every *honest* effort to exercise the *duty* of private judgment, has not yet vanished even from Dissent. Of "Conferences" we have seen enough to make an inquisition blush; and Presbyterians, with Dr. Cumming himself, refuse to expunge from their "*Standards*" (equivalent with them to Cardinal Wiseman's Pontificale) a vow *to persecute and extirpate heretics!* The Church of England we consider essentially a persecuting Church. The blood of all Dissenting sects is on her skirts. She began with persecution; she has never ceased to persecute as much as the numbers and power of Dissenters permitted. And as to aiming at *political* power, of which she loudly accuses the Church of Rome, she does not *aim* at it, simply because she has engrossed all that can be got. *She even fetters the sovereign herself to her creed and formularies, and forbids her to exercise* HER *private judgment at the penalty of her crown! Mental slavery* is the indispensable condition of Royal "*Supremacy.*"

Cordially would we aid the good men even in this political and semi-popish Church to fight with spiritual weapons against Popery; but we dare not resort to the Queen, whom we know in no other capacity than that of the depository of the nation's physical force, for the maintenance of worldly laws and rights.

If we are asked what Dissenters ought to do, we answer, 1st, Preach sermons like that of Mr. Brock's, noticed on page 21, and rouse universal attention to the Popery of the English Liturgy, and the vast number of clergymen who use it for purely popish purposes. All converts to Popery of late have been made by Church *clergymen.* 2ndly. To petition for the repeal of Maynooth grants, and any *Legislative* aid to Popery. 3rdly. To make manifest to the whole nation that a *State-Church* is the grand support of *Anglican Popery*, which otherwise would soon be driven from the land by our true-hearted laity; the great *temptation* to Popery to covet political power, and the *sole* cause why an insult to the sovereign and the country was even imagined in the foolish letter of the Pope. It strongly corroborates our last remark, that an American Baptist Newspaper we have just been purusing attributes the feeling in England to *this* cause precisely, and remarks that it is a matter of *perfect indifference to Americans* that the Bishops of the Roman and Anglican Hierarchies each call themselves *Bishop of New York.* There is no National Head of the Church, no National Church Officer, to feel affronted by such a use of territorial titles from American towns.

We have only to add, that we thought ourselves *last month* to be but expressing the spontaneous sentiments of *all* Baptists, and still marvel that it should be otherwise.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Contentions about slavery caused last year's sitting of the United States' Congress to be the longest on record. With its details we need not trouble our readers; but *one fact* every friend of humanity ought to know; indeed, *we* think it ought to be a

* We are glad to recommend to our readers a very able sermon by Mr. Hinton, published very early in the present controversy, in which the civil and ecclesiastical bearings of the question are stated with admirable precision. *It is entitled* "The Romish Hierarchy in England," and is published by Houlston and Stoneman.

f christian remonstrance from gious body in England, with their eligionists in the States. Hitherto i have existed by which a slave- the Southern States could easily ils unhappy victims who fled for rty to the Northern States. Most ates nullified, by special ictments and decisions of courts, arous laws of Congress, for the r of the poor fugitives. This is an end. Some of the greatest i from the north (to their infamy ill generations) have consented, as omise, to a Fugitive Slave Bill, now law, and in virtue of which, is a fugitive deprived of every nt, but even a free man may be y kidnapped. It provides that the o has lost (what never belonged to llow-man whom he called his slave, aw up a certificate containing a on of the slave's person, and get it sted by the authorities. Next, he agent's capturing the supposed in the Northern States, and pre- him before the proper official, no idence is to be required but this e; the man is not to be heard in his nce; and hence any person tolera- ering to the description, *although a* e, may be carried off to hopeless in the South. No writ of Habeas no jury, is allowed to intervene the dealers in human blood and im!

d to the enormity, it is made the of the vile official (for vile the ust be who takes office under the idnap the negro. The official is to *of five dollars* if he does not deliver leged fugitive, but of TEN DOLLARS s!! A *judge* is bribed to convict! nore, very heavy fines are to be on all who harbour fugitive slaves, eir escape.

sh for our American descendants, of the Pilgrim Fathers. We blush ican Republicans, whose constitu- express words, declares the equal ienable rights of all men. We our fellow—can we consent to call r *fellow*-christians? And deeply, ply of all, we blush for American the followers of Roger Williams! a Baptist newspapers chill our their calm language on this atro- l. We read of no meetings of the ation, to wipe its hands of such a to our professed christianity. Ne- arming themselves in the North- s, or flying to Canada; but chris- ptist christians, are "beholding the of their brethren's soul while they hem, and they will not hear." While , therefore, to read of their increase ers, &c., in one point of view, we y pained at the low public morality by their apathy in regard to the They would meet in thousands on attempt to abridge one of *their* ublican civil or religious *liberties*; yet coolly and passively see myriads of their fellow-natives of the United States deprived of *every* human right, and their bondage rendered *increasingly* hopeless and *bitter*.

NEW SERIES OF THE ECLECTIC REVIEW, AND GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICE.

We earnestly beg the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the New Series of the Eclectic. We have, for a long time, much wished that this valuable Review were more within the reach of our numerous intelligent friends, who could not easily afford its former price. To the great majority of the members of our churches, to whom its pages would be both interesting and very instructive, its price, though not more than that of the larger magazines, was a serious object. It is now amongst the cheapest of the higher class of periodicals; indeed, we know of none which can compare with it in this respect, unless it be Tait's magazine, which itself has hitherto, and justly, been regarded as a marvel of cheapness. Besides those who can afford to take the Review for themselves, there are hundreds, nay thousands of thoughtful, enquiring young men in our Sunday schools and congregations, who, by uniting, a few of them, together could now easily *afford* to take it in. In commendation of the Review *we* need say nothing. Its principles are identical with those of our little magazine; of course the Baptismal Question is never touched upon, at least controversially. Nor do *we* wish that it should. We are heartily thankful to have an evangelical periodical of such power as the Eclectic consecrated to those objects in which the more enlightened amongst the different sections of Dissenters *agree*. Union to the utmost possible extent is our most sincere delight. We trust that the Cheap Series of the Eclectic will prove a most valuable bond of brotherhood between Baptists, and all others who sympathise with those advanced views on the great social questions of the day which are so prevalent amongst us. We are very glad to see that Dr. Stowell has undertaken the joint Editorship with Dr. Price. Not only did Dr. Price's health render aid necessary, but Dr. Stowell's name will doubtless have an influence amongst his "Independent" brethren, of which it is assuredly well worthy. The partnership is one, to our minds, of high promise. We are happy to know that through the noble aid of one to whom Dissent is much indebted already, the requisite capital for the new plan, and for increasing the *literary* value of the Review, has been amply furnished. There is, therefore, no fear of its failure through want of means. All, however, should bear in mind that nothing but a vast increase of circulation can make the Journal a remunerating one at the present price. It is, therefore, with no ordinary pleasure and earnestness, that we would press it upon our friends to commence the new year with the Eclectic. We do so on every ground—religious, social, and political; and not less

because we are confident that it will be a valuable organ of literary and scientific instruction to all our readers who enjoy any measure of education.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY ON INFANT BAPTISM.

That justly celebrated Churchman, Archbishop Whately, has just published a charge to his clergy on Infant Baptism. The argumentative part has no novelty in it worth notice. His argument is the old one so fully refuted by the late lamented Neander, that Jews would, from their habits in regard to circumcision, necessarily apply baptism to infants. It will, however, interest many to know that he considers Believers' Baptism alone to be consistent with *Calvinistic* views (the Archbishop is a decided Arminian). We give his words:—

"Of those who maintain the predestinarian views now alluded to, a considerable proportion belong to the sect which altogether rejects Infant Baptism. And I cannot but admit, that in this they are perfectly consistent. Regarding the rite of Baptism as "an outward and visible *Sign* of an inward spiritual grace," they deem it necessary, I apprehend, not to "put asunder what God has joined together;" and therefore confine the administration of this sign to those respecting whom there is some presumption, at least, of their being admitted to a participation in *the thing signified*—the divine grace; which grace, they hold, is, by an eternal and absolute decree, bestowed on one portion of mankind, and denied to the rest. And to which of the two classes any individual *infant* belongs, there cannot possibly be any ground for even the slightest conjecture.

"In the case of adults, they *can* have, they suppose (just as in the case of the other sacrament—the Lord's Supper), if not a complete and certain knowledge whether he belongs to the class of the elect or of the non-elect—at least, some indication from his professions and his conduct; indications which an infant, of course, cannot afford at all. And they consider, I apprehend, that this being the case, Baptism administered to infants cannot be a *Sign* of Regeneration, since it cannot furnish even any presumption of being accompanied or followed by it.

"And certainly we must admit that, according at least to the ordinary use of language, a *Sign* of anything is understood to be such from its being regularly accompanied by that thing of which it is a sign, or at least by some reasonable presumption of its existence. When, for instance, we speak of a certain dress or badge being a sign of a man's belonging to a certain regiment, or order of knighthood, or the like, we understand that it is to be something *peculiar* to them, and serving to distinguish them from others. If the dress or badge were worn indifferently by an indefinite number of persons, some belonging to this regiment or order, and some not, we should consider that it had ceased to be a *sign* at all, having no longer any *signification*.

"It is on these grounds, I conceive, that many of those who hold the doctrine of absolute decrees I have been alluding to, adhered to, or have joined the communion of those calling themselves, and commonly called, Baptists."

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday, November 27th, a special meeting was held at the Mission-House, Moorgate-Street, London, when the Rev. J. A. Wheeler (the newly-appointed missionary to Western Africa) met the Committee to tea; after which, the Rev. W. Howieson, of Lion-Street Chapel, having taken the chair, an address was delivered by Mr. W. B. Carr on the "Work of the Christian Missionary," and by Mr. James Benham on the "Claims of the Christian Missionary on our sympathies and prayers." A devotional meeting was then held, and after several brethren had supplicated the divine blessing, the Secretary, Mr. T. J. Cole, delivered a parting address to Mr. Wheeler, who replied in a discourse full of christian feeling and glowing zeal for God's glory. The Chairman having added a few words of counsel and encouragement, a parting hymn was sung, and the meeting separated.

NEWSPAPERS FOR MISSIONARIES.

The Committee of the Young Men's Missionary Association, reflecting on the extreme isolation of the beloved missionaries abroad, and their great distance from the means of information in reference to home events, are endeavouring to make such an arrangement with christian friends at home as shall secure to each of their distant brethren a regular transmission. A supply has already been obtained for two-thirds of the number, and it is hoped that the list will speedily be completed. Any friend subscribing to a weekly paper may be furnished with a name, if they will intimate their desire to the Committee to forward the paper regularly by post when it is quite done with. [This movement on the part of our young friends is a kind and desirable one, as, from the letters received from our brethren, we find that a stray journal occasionally reaches them, and that it is received with the utmost satisfaction and gratitude.—EDS.]

STOKE-ON-TRENT.

On Monday evening, Nov. 11th, a tea party of the members and friends of the General Baptist Society in Stoke and the neighbourhood was held in the Wesleyan School-room, the object being to promote the erection of a Chapel in Stoke. The company numbered nearly 250, and the repast was gratuitously provided by the *friends of religion in the town*. After tea the party were addressed by a number of ministers, presided over by the Rev. Josiah Pike, late of Halifax. The Revs. T. Gill of Melbourne, Edward Stevenson of Loughborough, Wm. Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, Joseph Harvey of Bury, Wm. Barker of Burslem, and Peter Prout of Heywood, delivered animated, interesting, and pertinent addresses. We understand that an eligible plot of land, situate near the Commercial Buildings in Stoke, has been already purchased as a site for the Chapel, the erection of which it is proposed to commence early in the ensuing spring.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, GROSVENOR-STREET, CHORLTON-UPON-MEDLOCK, MANCHESTER.

The Rev. David M. Evans, late of Accrington College, and more recently of Glasgow University, has accepted the pastorate of the church and congregation meeting in this place of worship, and commenced his stated labours on Sunday, the 24th of November.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 14.

"Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"—*Deut.* xxxii. 29.

What a mournful sensation must Moses have felt when uttering this sentence in the midst of his own favourite nation; who were, in a sense, the people of God, and to whom he had been made "as a God;" after all they had seen, and all he had said, of the ways of God, his vindictive justice, and the blessings of Providence, so abundantly displayed towards them!

Wisdom has been the general accuser of mankind. How sad this is! No matter if *Folly* had found fault; but in every age *Wisdom* has had occasion to admonish and condemn. But because Wisdom says so, pretended Wisdom will take the same course, and take delight in condemning, while true Wisdom regrets to condemn. There is no talk so common as the condemnation of our fellow-men. You do not pass half an hour anywhere in society but part of the employment is to condemn. No doubt, if Moses was in such company, he would do so; but this does not prove that they belong to Moses's company. It is pleasing to human nature to condemn. They may be right, but their motives wrong. Good men mingle benevolence and regret with their censures. At the same time the wisest man finds himself able to do little more than wish men were wise. He feels it is absolute Truth he tells them; it should go like lightning to the Conscience; like the voice of thunder from the sky. He is sure that through all eternity there will be no reversal of what he says, since it is what God says, and to Him, Time and Eternity are the same. Yet all in vain. I may say what the Last Day will confirm, and I cannot but know what impression it should have; but there is no hope; it will be so entertained and received. I see no sign of that solemn reflectiveness, that concern about their latter end, and without that there are no signs of true Wisdom. As in a gold mine there are many marks and signs, but it is said there is one particular symptom without which all the rest are insufficient; so in this case, whatever may be alleged, this may be set down against all other signs, whether men "consider their latter end." There may be a Wisdom clipt and cut for the little shred of Time here, *but there can be no* true Wisdom for an immortal creature,

but what is as broad and as long as his being. But men's souls have a direful freedom; a mighty power to resist the force of evidence,—of experience,—of example,—of conscience,—of the Word of God; there is a power in all this, and give it a sad rebound. The strokes of Wisdom are repelled to the ends of the earth. The mightiest proof of this is in men's forgetting their latter end. If a man could be taken to the spot most likely to affect the mind—to the place where the dead are laid,—it *should* be a fertile piece of ground,—it *should* supply more food to the soul than ever it could to the body, more than the Garden of Eden, filled with so many beautiful trees, and one so dangerous,—yes, it *should;* yet he might come and go away just the same, and you would have no hope that he would be converted; no, it does not belong to Earth, it belongs to something in Heaven, not to any piece of mould, to do *that.* If a man could hear the trumpet of the Last Day blow from Heaven, there would be no converting power. You would never place your salvation on the conversion of his soul by such means. A wise man must admit the doctrine of Sovereign Grace, and that the Arminian doctrines so flattering to Free-will are nothing but mere dreams, the mere fancies of persons with their eyes veiled. They don't know and study men that make appeals to the will of man (to say nothing of the Scriptures). Nevertheless, it is not that men deem themselves fools. But how do some men prove their wisdom? By making light of salvation and of Jesus Christ; by trampling on the Pearl of Great Price, and looking up to Heaven while guilty of the murder of their own souls. How do some men prove they are wise? They collect treasure as the supreme good, while all they gain is only so much more to be left. I should think the greatest Wisdom is to collect what you can take with you. But this will never be counted great Wisdom by men who despise those that seek the one thing needful; they call such a man a fool, because he is busied in acquiring eternal treasure; though not otherwise inattentive to his temporal affairs, yet shewing greater regard to treasures that will not fade away, and are placed a great way off in the sky, but not far for him; he can soon go there. These persons think themselves wise while *preparing* to be *unprepared* for Heaven and Eternity. This expression shews the folly of their conduct. It may seem absurd; but if a certain form of character is preparatory for a future state, and a person despises this; why, is he not *preparing to be unprepared?* As if persons diligently prepared to be shipwrecked, instead of using all precautions to prevent this; as if the man of the sea, the pilot, the captain, should endeavour to expose the vessel to rocks and sands, and to place it at the mercy of the winds and tempests. You know what such conduct would be called. But what shall be thought of persons navigating the World's Sea, the Ocean of Life, preparing to be wrecked?

Moses evidently deemed it true Wisdom to "consider the latter end." And what evidence is there for this? God says so; Apostles and Prophets say so; each good man says so; dying men say so, and they are nearest to that which will enable them to judge best,—nearest the line of Eternity. If you heard of some striking object on the other side of the World, would you not wish for an account of it from those who were nearest? If there was an agreement in their testimony, you would take it against all the World. Now, who are nearest to the other World? The minds of dying men are very powerfully opened, and they all agree. Shall they be believed or not? And we have said the same thing as dying men say, if in strong apprehension of approaching our latter end, as has been the case with myself. Now, whatever other persons may *think, would you not* think yourself justified and doing well in taking

the opinion of *these* persons in preference to that of the largest church or city full of people who have not been in that situation? And we doubt not we shall bear the same testimony when we come to the last scene of life. If asked, what you would say to your friends at the last, you could easily tell. Many things are very proper to be said at another time, which will not be said *then*. What would you say? You have no doubt what it would be. In this case those who have religion, and those who have not, speak the same language. If two beds were placed close together, and the persons in them had differed all their lives about the importance of religion and considering their latter end, could you not tell what they would say? If one of the two made a prayer, "O that men were wise, that they would consider their latter end!" would not the other say, "Amen!"? What would you think of a man who should carry himself so high as to say, "I wish never to think about it, now I am plunging into Eternity." He cannot do so. God makes all beings bear testimony to the truth when it is most necessary, as the devils were made by our Lord.

Let us consider, if our latter end be not a happy one, what is there beyond? Think of a man miserable at his last hour, or follow him into the state where there are no hours. An infatuated sinner will probably recall to his mind the things that pleased him on earth, and with what emotions! What a light is that which glimmers from Eternity! Let a few rays come from Eternity, where no sun shines, and they will shew things more clearly than any other light will. How utterly unavailing then will be all the sinner delighted in before! Now he will have to drink a cup of poison, when he wishes to drink the cup of Immortality. But on the other hand, how trifling will previous miseries appear! The people of God often "pass through much tribulation," as we are told, even "to the kingdom." Let a man look back on the pains and privations he has passed through; he has perhaps endured much oppression and toil, and "all (to use a common phrase) for nothing." What does it signify, when he has passed the line to go to the innumerable company of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, where he shall be young, and vigorous, and immortal? This youth, this eternal energy, this springing activity that bears him buoyant and aloft like angels' wings, will be owing much to the previous weight of afflictions.

"The latter end" is a new and amazing beginning,—"The first and the last," a title which our Lord, in another sense, takes to himself; and very solemn in both views. The last of one series; the first of a series that shall never end. Now the nature of the latter end will be the same as the beginning, and the nature of the beginning depends on the ending; they are closely combined, reciprocally influential. This duplicity and solemnity of character gives great importance to the event. How striking the difference a moment will make! There is the moment still future; but it will be *here*, and then be *past*. At one instant a man will be looking forward amidst the shades of Time, and the next backwards amidst the lights of Eternity; looking forwards amidst the pains and anxieties of Earth, and then backwards amidst the exultations of Eternity.

What precedes "the latter end" will give a character to the rest—a christian one, or not so. Which will it be? Whether this life will be introductory to a better will be answered by *fact*. Now, we shall all know it by the *fact*. But shall we leave it to this? Then think, too, we shall have to meet the Judge. There are, perhaps, persons who can stand near a dead body, and look, and talk, and smile. But how solemn a thing, if it could be announced to them what had taken place between the Creator and the departed soul! What lessons does this subject teach

to persons who have seen Death, and can be as careless as ever. Is there in our souls an acknowledgment that this is true? Yes, this is what all unbelievers will say. Ye professed Infidels, ye despisers of the Gospel, what will you say? Here is a sure and certain test of wisdom. You will say the same as we do sometime, whatever you say now against thinking so much of Death as enthusiastic; but we know what will be the last thing you will say. You will say just the reverse of what you say now. How many vain things do men say against God, and Christ, and Christians. They may say a thousand things of this sort, but they will say one thing at last that will weigh down all they have said before, and shew it to be nonsense and foolish impiety. But if you can foresee this, then let all their quibbles and scoffs go for nothing. Tell such men you believe them, you take their "*last* will and testament;" you may very safely tell them *that!*

Let, then, the thought of our latter end be deep and long-continued, unless you wish to leave the thought of it till it comes; but every one at that time will think himself a bigger fool for doing so. There might be a very dreadful precipice, and a safe path leading to the bottom, and another leading to the very brink. Now what would you think of a traveller, when told of these paths, who should take the one that would precipitate him into the horrid gulf below? Now just so, the difference between thinking habitually of our latter end, and forgetting it. In the latter case, we shall be brought to it suddenly, as if some powerful, resistless giant hand impelled us to leave off. This can be prevented only by repeated acts of faith in Christ. All that can be said will give but a faint image of the fact, no more than a picture of a tempest, a storm, or an earthquake. It should lead us to seek for the grace of God to inspire us with the feelings we shall wish to possess at our "latter end."

1818.

THE PRAYER OF MOSES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Return, O Lord, how long?"—*Ps.* xc. 13.

So sighed Moses, the man of God, when Israel was wandering in the desert, when death was sweeping away from the earth the rebellious generation which came out of Egypt, and when God, to a great extent, kept at a distance from them. And so may we, under our present depressing, discouraging circumstances, as the visible church of Christ. God has covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud: and he has covered himself with a cloud, so that our prayers will not pass through. We sigh and cry, but he seems to shut out our prayer; we mourn his absence, but he does not favour us with his presence as we desire and wish to enjoy it. The prayer of Moses is ours; yes, beloved, we are crying out, "Return, O Lord, how long?"

What is the cause of this exclamation? Why do we thus pray? Because we are not favoured with those sweet, soul-melting joys which the Lord's people used to enjoy. One branch of God's kingdom was, "joy in the Holy Ghost." One characteristic of the believer was, that he "rejoiced in Christ Jesus." The disciples "were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." Once, in our experience, his doctrine dropped as the rain, and his communications distilled as the dew. We sat under his shadow with delight, and his fruit was sweet unto our taste. But where *are those joys now?* When do we enjoy such precious seasons? Where

are the people that are in such case? Alas, generally speaking, we are cold, hard, lifeless, and unspiritual; therefore, we may well cry, "Return, O Lord, how long?" Again, the sanctifying influences of the blessed Spirit do not attend the word as they once did. Time was when the preacher could say to his people, "We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." By the ordinances, the Lord sanctified his people. The covetous became liberal,—the proud became humble,—the idle became industrious,—the self-indulgent learned to practise self-denial,—the earthly-minded became spiritual, a gradual, progressive, but marked change took place in them; but now professors remain very much what they were, which makes us exclaim, "Return, O Lord, how long?" Once more, the saving operations of the quickening Spirit are withheld. Once sinners were converted by thousands: great multitudes both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed. The hand of the Lord was with his servants, and multitudes were turned unto the Lord. The Lord added to the church *daily* such as should be saved. The gospel was accompanied with an invincible power, and the hearers were born again by the word of truth. The gospel came not in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Now how few are really converted to God; and even in the converted how slight the work appears. Once the soul was like softened wax, and the image of Christ was deeply impressed upon it; now it is rather like drawing paper, and the likeness of Jesus is only seen drawn in faint outline upon it. Well, therefore, may we cry, "Return, O Lord, how long?"

And we do so, because we can find no substitute for the divine presence. We have learning, eloquence, argument, pathetic appeal, earnest entreaty, and loving tenderness; but all will not do, things remain just as they were. We can be satisfied with nothing less than the presence of God. We value the servants, but we want the Master. We prize the instruments, but we long for the divine Agent. We have the wells, but we want the living, the life-giving water. And all will go to decay except the Lord return. In many places our churches decrease, our congregations dwindle, our pastors are dispirited, and dull discontent pervades all the living in our Jerusalem. These things make us cry, and cry with painful earnestness, "Return, O Lord, how long?"

But what answer may we suppose that the Lord will give to many of us? Perhaps he may say, that he will not return as we desire until we separate from the world as he has bidden us. His word is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." But, like Ephraim of old, we have mixed ourselves among the people. Politics, speculations, carnal associations, and a worldly mind have led us astray; so that there is but very little difference between us and those who know not God. He requires us to stand out in bold relief from the world;—to be distinct and distinguishable;—to be like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. While professors have balls, dances, concerts, &c. we shall be left to cry, "O Lord, how long?" Again, we may not expect him to return until we realize the end of our vocation. We are called with a heavenly calling. We are called to glory and virtue. Our vocation or calling is, to publish and preserve God's truth,—to represent and set forth the true nature of Christ's holy religion,—to endeavour to pluck sinners as brands from the burning, and lead them on to glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life,—to live for God,—to live like Jesus,—to aim at the honour of God in every thing we do,—to live as saints, or unearthly persons, who are born from above, buried with Christ, risen with Christ, ascended with Christ, and identified with Christ—the temples of the Holy Ghost—the

companions of God the Father, and of his Son Jesus Christ, with whom we profess to live in close, constant, and sensible fellowship,—to make God's glory the one great end of our existence, so that, whether we think or speak, rest or work, worship or visit, eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we do all to the glory of God. We may not expect the Lord to return until we stir up ourselves to take hold upon him. Like Jacob we must go out into the plain, and there wrestle with God. Like Elijah we must go to the top of Carmel, and there plead until we prevail. Like Hezekiah we must turn our faces to the wall, and pray until God yields to us. Like the disciples at Emmaus we must constrain him to turn in and abide with us. Brethren, let us remember, that the energetic prayer of the righteous man availeth much;—that God will attend to his own elect when they cry day and night unto him, though he may seem to hold out long. Let us, therefore, stir up ourselves to take hold on him, and give him no rest until he bow the heavens and come down, and work wonders in our midst.

Do we *feel* this to be our state? Is God at a distance from us? Are the ordinances comparatively barren? Is the gospel almost without effect? Are our churches and ministers at a loss to know what to do? Do we pant and long for a change? Is this the rooted, reigning, abiding desire of our souls? Can we be satisfied with no less? Are we becoming impatient, and passionately crying out, "Return, O Lord, how long?" Or can we be still, silent, and comparatively indifferent under such a state of things? Brethren, the Spirit of God is grieved, and *we* have grieved him! Our heavenly Father's heart is wounded, and *we* have wounded it! Our adorable Saviour has been crucified afresh, and *we* have crucified him! These things call for deep thought, for bitter tears, for daily repentance, for fervent prayers, for frank confession, for earnest pleadings, and for immediate reformation. Do we *feel* upon this subject as we ought to feel? Do *you*? Do we *act* under the circumstances as we ought to act? Do *you*? God refuses to be considered the author or the cause of these things, therefore he demands of us, "Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened, *are these his doings*? Do not my words do good unto him that walketh uprightly?" Can we have walked uprightly, then? Impossible, or God would not withhold his presence from us! Hear his own word, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; *no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*"

THE APOSTOLICAL METHOD OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. STEPHEN DAVIS.

The history of Christ, which included his doctrine, having been already pretty largely set forth by the evangelist Luke, the book of "the Acts" appears to have been intended as a supplement to it, to shew how the apostles, within his own particular knowledge, proceeded in the fulfilment of the instruction of their glorified Master, to preach "repentance and remission of sins in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 47). This is, therefore, to be connected with his previous writing, and all the other Holy Scriptures, that we may perfectly understand the whole christian doctrine, and be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii. 17); but such has been the care of the Holy Spirit, that if we possessed nothing beyond "the Acts," it is most com-

pletely sufficient for all necessary instruction in the way of salvation; while it is divinely intended particularly to set before us *a pattern, or model*, for the careful imitation of Christ's disciples, in the formation of churches to his glory, to the end of the world.

It was at the Pentecost, fifty days after our Redeemer's crucifixion, and ten days after his bodily reascension into heaven, that the Holy Spirit, according to Christ's promise, was communicated to the apostles, properly to enlighten and qualify themselves, and to make them successful in their appointed ministry. Peter first instructed the astonished multitude, that what they witnessed in the extraordinary gift of tongues, to enable his brethren to make themselves intelligible to the strangers that were present from the various countries, was the fulfilment of a prediction of God's mercy by Joel (ch. ii. v. 28, &c.), and he then most distinctly assured them that Jesus, whom they had just before most wickedly crucified, was raised again from the dead, as David had predicted (Ps. xvi. 8, &c.); and that he was the author of the wonders they beheld, and was divinely constituted "Lord and Christ" for our salvation, according to another prediction in Ps. cx. 1, &c. So powerfully was this most sacred instruction attended with the gracious conviction of the Holy Spirit, that three thousand of the assembly earnestly intreated from Peter and the other apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Then Peter said unto them (his brethren doubtless agreeing with him), "*Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost*" (Acts ii. 38); and we are informed immediately afterwards, "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; . . . and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved" (verses 41, 47).

Such was Peter and his brethren's method of preaching Christ, and we have here in few words, the history of the original of the first christian church, under the immediate inspiration and superintendence of the Holy Spirit; and all that were afterwards constituted by the apostles, were manifestly formed in a precisely similar manner, so that we need be at no loss properly to understand what is agreeable to the pleasure of our great Master, and the Holy Spirit. We are told of Philip, that when he was driven by persecution from Jerusalem, he went to Samaria, and "preached Christ" to its inhabitants. And "when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women" (Acts viii. 5, 12). He was then directed by the Holy Spirit to take a journey to meet an Ethiopian, to whom, under his guidance, he "preached Jesus" from the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; and though we are not told of his including Baptism in his doctrine, he evidently did so, for in the very next verse we have an enquiry from the Ethiopian, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" (Acts viii. 35, 36). And when Peter saw that the Holy Spirit was communicated to Cornelius, and his friends, he "commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord" (ch. x. 48). And when Paul planted a christian church at Corinth, it was composed of such as, "hearing, believed and were baptized" (ch. xviii. 8); and it is manifest that the churches at Rome, and Colosse, and in Galatia, were similarly constituted (Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12; Gal. iii. 27).

It is true Paul says to the Corinthians, "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel" (1 Cor. i. 17); but he could only mean he was not sent *so much, or so specially*, personally to administer baptism, as to preach the gospel; for the act of baptizing being an inferior service, might be, and most probably was, commonly committed to his assistants; but he means *he baptized some* among them (verses 14, 16); and he formed

the church of baptized believers (Acts xviii. 8); and he, or Silas, baptized Lydia, and the jailor (Acts xvi. 15, 33); and we may be quite certain he would not, and did not in any case, exceed his commission; nor would he neglect any part of it.

It is, however, most deeply to be regretted, that in the present day many, of whom a better conduct might be justly expected, cannot endure for baptism to be *even named* in connexion with the preaching of the gospel! and if, upon any occasion, the apostles are at all imitated, it is immediately charged against us, that we "make too much of baptism!" This charge, however, comes, as we think, with a peculiarly ill grace from parties who contend that by the sprinkling of a few drops of water upon the face of an unconscious infant its spirit is "regenerated by the Holy Ghost!" and it is constituted "a member of Christ! the child of God! and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven!" or is at least "put into the everlasting covenant of grace!" All this, and the whole institution of Infant Baptism, in the opinion of every intelligent Baptist, is most completely at variance with the instruction of the Holy Scriptures; and so far are such from imagining baptism to be necessary for salvation, that they consider none to be its proper subjects who may not be reasonably concluded to be already in a saved state, through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; but all such should be baptized (that is, immersed), as their own voluntary act, as the "answer of a good conscience" towards Christ (1 Peter iii. 21); and, as far as possible, formed into christian churches, to walk together obediently to Christ, according to the pattern exhibited in the New Testament.

It is, indeed, delightful wherever individuals make it evident that they correctly understand and really love the gospel testimony in relation to our salvation. This is of really greater importance than any agreement with our convictions respecting the mode or subjects of baptism; but it is surely exceedingly desirable, and important too, that the apostolical method of preaching and obeying the gospel should, in every instance, be imitated as exactly as possible: and if our differing brethren could only be brought to look into the Scriptures with proper attention, it seems scarcely probable that they should not discover that the apostles undeviatingly required from their hearers a submission to baptism, as the evidence of their cordial reception of the gospel testimony. And it was the same with John the Baptist, and the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. iii. 6; John iii. 22, 26; ch. iv. 1, 2). And the commission of our adorable Redeemer is most particularly express and definitive upon the subject (Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 15, 16). We are, indeed, all liable to mistake, and should constantly exercise sympathy with all from whom we differ; but the Scriptures must be a sure guide, and they may not be added to, or neglected, without imminent peril (See Rev. xxii. 18, 20). Most happy, indeed, will it be for every christian community when "the unity of the spirit," after the apostolical example, shall be again universal, and there shall be in every christian society, "One Lord, one faith, and one baptism" (Eph. iv. 3, 5). And though some of ourselves are too near to the eternal state to be its witnesses, it is pleasant to believe that light is spreading, and in the Millenium the apostolical order will be once more perfectly restored; while those who have through grace in their day perseveringly and consistently followed the Scriptures, shall be at rest with Jesus, and united for ever with the spirits of "just men made perfect," in his most blessed likeness, the highest consummation of felicity (Ps. xvii. 15).

PARADISE AND BETHLEHEM; OR, THE FIRST AND SECOND ADAM.

Of all places of interest of which we are told in history, sacred or profane, there are few, perhaps, of more real interest than the two whose names are mentioned above;—The one as identified with the fall of man, the other, with his deliverance. Let us look at them, for a moment, reader, in connection with the beings whose names are associated with them: the sinner and the Saviour—the first and second Adam.

There, then, are the scenes of their first entrance upon the world. *Here* is the one, all loveliness; Paradise, with the bloom of its beauty fresh upon it, and *there* the first Adam, erect in the image of God, noblest of all his works, and surrounded by all that can conduce to his enjoyment and well-being. *Here* is the other, and how changed the scene;—all is darkness, save the light of *that one bright star* and the glory over the plain; all is silence, midnight silence, save the angel's song; and *here* in the Infant, unknown and uncared for, born in poverty and obscurity, is the second Adam.

There we see the *completion* of one great work,—the world's creation; yes, the blue heavens have been spread out over head;—sea and land have been stored with their various forms of life and animation;—man is formed out of the dust of the earth;—the world is made, and the Creator looks upon it, as it rolls round in space before his eye, and is well pleased with it, and declares it to be good; but *here* we see another and greater work *commenced*,—not of a world's creation, but redemption,—not raising man out of the dust and placing him in the world, but snatching him, as it were, from the very pit of hell, and raising him to the glories of heaven;—a work for which types and prophecies had been long preparing the way, upon which God looked down with special approbation, and the results of which, blissful and glorious as they are, shall be seen and felt through all eternity.

There we see the first Adam made "a little lower than the angels," lord over all in this world, and *falling* to the lowest depths of depravity;—*here* the second Adam, "despised and rejected of men," yet *rising* to become the joy, the praise, and the glory of the universe;—the First drawing down all his descendants with him to the same state as that to which he sunk himself,—the Second *raising* them up with him to partake of his own glory;—the First *bearing them up with him*, as it were, from the earth and *down to that earth* again,—the Second *descending* from heaven to have pity on them, and *bearing them up with him back to heaven again.*

There we see in the first Adam one who brought upon the world, *beautiful as it was*, the curse of sin;—*here*, in the Second, one who poured out upon it, *wretched as it was*, all the rich blessings of salvation. How different the state in which it was *found* and *left* by the first Adam and the Second:—the First found it all loveliness and purity,—the Second, all degradation and sin;—the First lit up by the approving smile of God,—the Second beclouded and darkened by his frown;—the First a paradise,—the Second a desert;—the First *left it* lying in the arms of the wicked one,—the Second *left it* delivered for ever from his power;—the First far from God,—the Second restored again to his friendship and favour.

There is one who simply *had life* in the highest sense of the term;—*here* one who imparted that life to others. "The first man Adam *was made a living soul*,—the last Adam *became a quickening Spirit*." Connected with *the First we are dead*,—with the Second we are made alive;—

connected with the First truly we have *natural life but spiritual death*,—with the Second we may have *natural death but spiritual and everlasting life*;—*natural death* is virtually the destruction of the First,—the Second is virtually the destroyer of *natural death* (1 Cor. xv. 26).

There, in the one place, beautiful as it is, we seem simply to be reminded of earth;—*here*, from the other, we seem pointed to heaven; we look at the first Adam and he is made of the *dust*, while his abode, though Paradise, is but earth; we look at the Second, and there is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," while we seem involuntarily to look up from his birth-place to heaven as the place from which He had descended to there, and to which, after having finished his work, He shall soon return again; and as it is from Paradise that man is driven out into the desert world, it is from Bethlehem that the way seems opened up for him to heaven.

Bradford. FRATER.

MY HOPE IS THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON.

The *source* of "my hope is the cross,"
On which Christ my Substitute bled;
My soul all her confidence draws
From what He endured in my stead.
As the rock that was smitten supplied
A river both ample and free,
So now from Immanuel's side
Flow the streams of salvation to me.

The *ground* of "my hope is the cross,"
A basis both solid and sure;
For well it withstands every force
That would render my hope insecure.
Though sorrow its billows may roll,
And floods of temptation arise,—
Though Satan may harass my soul,
This Rock every danger defies.

The *life* of "my hope is the cross;"
For Christ doth so richly provide,
That gain is derived from his loss,
And life from the death that He died.
Hence Hope, which lay wither'd in death,
Now stretches her pinions on high,
And soars from the pleasures beneath,
To pleasures which never can die.

The *joy* of "my hope is the cross;"
For vast are the blessings it brings—
Pure gold in the stead of mere dross,
And plenty of all precious things:
Forgiveness of sin it ensures,
And cleanses our hearts from its love;
Makes Christ and his righteousness ours,
And gives us the mansions above.

The *strength* of "my hope is the cross;"
Strength evermore mighty and young;
Nor can it diminish, because
Its source is eternally strong:
Strong to vanquish the legions of hell,—
Strong to bear all my sins that are past,—
Strong to save me and guard me as well,
And raise me to heaven at last.

Oakham.

Biblical.

CALVIN'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

We have more than once recommended to our readers the Society which is translating and re-publishing the *Commentaries* and other works of Calvin. We have great pleasure in now calling their attention to a single volume of those translations, which we would strongly urge all who can afford it to procure as a *specimen*. We feel confident that most of our intelligent and pious readers will not then be content with his Commentary on the Romans only. Next to the *Gospels*, we consider that Epistle indeed to be the most valuable book to the church of God, in the whole Bible. Never has any general revival of religion taken place in which this wonderful epistle has not occupied a large share of attention, and been the generator of the profoundest religious and christian sentiments. Still Calvin has powerfully illustrated all of the books of Scripture on which he has written. The writer well remembers, twenty years ago, meeting by accident (for Calvin's Commentaries were little known amongst Dissenters then) with an old, hardly readable, Latin copy of his Commentaries on the Epistles; and, being struck at a glance with the power evinced in them, he took the volume home as a prize, and found it to be so indeed. Soon after, Tholuck's commendation of him appeared in this country, "viâ America;" more lately, an able article has appeared in Kitto's Quarterly Journal, from the pen of Mr. Gotch, Classical Tutor of Bristol College; and, finally, this Society has arisen to give, in a thoroughly cheap, yet handsome form, the invaluable works of this great thinker to all who can afford £1 per annum. In all this we sincerely rejoice. We rather suspect that the acquaintance of English Dissenting ministers with the actual writings of Calvin is but little. High-Churchmen and Arminians, although opposed to his ecclesiastical and doctrinal views, have done their part in commending, and even editing, his works, while those who have professed a general accordance with his views have neglected him. His great excellence as a commentator we conceive to be,

1st. The *naturalness* of his interpretations. *No commentator that we know of* has a juster perception of the drift and scope of his author, or shrinks more from interpretations, plausible perhaps, and more consonant with the peculiarities of his theology, but not the sense of the passage before him; (a striking contrast, in this respect, to Macknight). "True in itself, but not the writer's sentiment here," is an objection continually alleged by him against an exposition at all strained and forced. As an *interpreter* he is vastly less *Calvinistic* than his less competent disciples, whether it be in respect to evading the natural meaning of passages seemingly opposed to his views, or in citing irrelevant passages in their favour. He seemed to bring a *reverence* to the word of God which forbade his tampering with any part, even to make it subserve a truth contained in another part.

2ndly. The vigour and clearness with which he both perceived and brought out the mind of the sacred writer.

3rdly. The devotional tone which runs through the whole. Even his critical reasonings impress our mind more devotionally than formal lessons as deduced by such commentators as Hodge and Barnes, not to mention the peculiarly dry criticisms of Stuart, much as we prize the labours of these excellent men.

As to learning, he was *adequately* skilled both in Greek and Hebrew, though he never *paraded* it. It partook of the character of his age—acquired much more from personal study than from elaborate grammars and lexicons. The translation before us, which is a very complete one, furnishes, however, a considerable number of notes from more recent scholars, besides giving both the received version and Calvin's Latin translation in parallel columns, with a translation of Calvin's version at the end of the volume. The Editor has bestowed most commendable pains in making the volume complete for a modern reader; and the translation itself, so far as we have had leisure to compare it with the original, is careful and exact, though it is impossible, in a translation of Calvin, to reach the vigorous flow and spirit of the original.

A word in conclusion on Calvin's peculiar views. We suppose the one which the majority of our readers will deem most peculiar is that known as Reprobation. It

they will study Calvin himself, they will see that *he* held it in a manner by no means subversive of morality. He simply maintains that *we*—we *men*—cannot, and ought not, to seek a *higher* cause that men are lost than the WILL of God. He denies that God is the author of sin: he affirms that those who perish receive the due reward of their crimes; but he considers it mere quibbling if men refuse to own that, under an omniscient and omnipotent Governor, "*permission*" does not in reality differ from "*decree*." We have not room in this article to *discuss* the subject. We only mention that we think Calvinists and Arminians both wrong in what they *deny*. The freedom of the Human Will, and the *entireness* of Divine Predestination, we hold to be doctrines both of Scriptural and Natural Theology. The difficulty may be great, *may* be insurmountable, of harmonizing the two; but facts are not to be rejected because *we* think them incompatible. Educational bias, even temperament or age, dispose us to *dwell* most on one or the other; but we are persuaded that every real, every devout christian admits practically whichever of the two he denies in theory. Humility and prayer dispose the mind to Calvinistic views; zeal and effort to Arminian ones. Youth is Arminian, age Calvinistic. Truth is, we apprehend, both an Arminian and a Calvinist. She must abjure *consciousness*, and therewith all knowledge, sacred and profane, if she did not believe in the freedom of the will. She must obliterate reason, or consent to be led by it to trace up every event to the great Cause of Causes.

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer united praise to the Father of mercies. True it is that with this, as every other illustration of life in that better country, much imperfection is mingled. A large share of our devotional exercises consists of confession of sin, and supplication for strength against the time of temptation; besides which, wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often mar our worship, and render our solemn service vain. Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself, as an emblem of his triumphant church; and scarcely could one have been selected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks, by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths. I was acquiring a knowledge of men and manners, but the narration *how* is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek maternal care, under whose blessed influences health soon returned. The day before I again left home, to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her willing ear some account of my cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and, kissing my forehead, said, "My son—*my dear son*, never think yourself forgotten by us. *Your father mentions your name night and morning.*"

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times for the temporarily absent one, and now as I was going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I *knew* the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world, even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degree realized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time, but

I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally, anxiety would prevent me from offering more than the merest form of prayer myself--then would I think of my father's earnest petition, offered for *me* that morning, and in strength, granted in answer to it, rise *beside* the trial, if not immediately victorious over it! Sometimes pleasure would lure, by her siren voice, to a participation in unholy amusements, but the charm was powerless, when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old, yet those words still ring in my ears, and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises; yet, in times of sorrow or perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are a cordial to my heart. In times of joy and prosperity I remember them, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathize with them, in their feeble attempts to do right; there, let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your dispersed families, in a better country, even a heavenly.

COMMON FAULTS AT PRAYER MEETINGS.

The social prayer-meeting is a source of great spiritual profit to a church, without the influence of which, in ordinary cases, it can hardly be expected to grow in grace. Those christians are generally the most eminent and distinguished for piety, whose habits and feelings lead them to embrace every opportunity of attending the prayer-meeting. Of such great value, it is of the last importance that these meetings should be made more attractive than, in many cases, they are. Very much depends on the pastor, or the conductor of the service. But much also depends on the brethren who are called upon to participate in its services. Very frequently much of the interest is destroyed by injudicious prayers. Perhaps a notice of some of the ways in which mistakes are made by those who take part in the prayers of the social meeting, may not be without benefit.

A very common complaint is, that the prayers are *too long*. Some brethren, whatever other gifts they may lack, have a remarkable gift of fluency, and can pray by the hour. They are at no loss for topics, and know how to enlarge upon every one of them. If these are exhausted, they can fall back upon themes already introduced, and present continued varieties of the same thought. Some seem to think that they must pray for everything that comes to mind, whether appropriate to the occasion or not; and that it is time enough to stay when nothing else remains to be prayed for. If two persons are to pray in succession, the first will sometimes leave nothing for the second to do, but to utter the same petitions. At times, a brother will appear to be drawing his exercise to a close, and be almost ready to say, Amen, when a new thought will seem to strike his mind, and he will branch out again into a second prayer, longer than the first, and each of them too long for profit. We have known a request to be made for prayer in relation to a particular person, or class, or benevelent object, and scarcely any notice taken of it until everything else almost had been remembered, and no time left for a remembrance of the particular object, until every one had become wearied by the service. Some have a particular hobby, and can never engage in social prayer without introducing it, however irrelevant to the occasion.

Prayers are very apt to partake more of the nature of preaching than of praying. There are didactic prayers, doctrinal prayers, argumentative prayers, controversial or polemic prayers, and even hortatory prayers. All this is unprofitable and wearisome. Every one who engages in social prayer should understand that there is no need of going through a system of theology in a single prayer, nor of praying for everything that comes to mind, nor of enlarging upon every particular, nor of going over the same ground again and again, nor of praying as long as he can. That is ordinarily the most acceptable and profitable prayer, which is mainly the breathing of intense desire for some one thing. Such is nature's language. Attention to this matter would greatly reduce the quantity, and vastly improve the quality, of each prayer offered in the social meeting.

The interest of the people in some prayers is greatly marred by the frequent recur-

sence of a favourite form of expression. Sometimes a particular name of the Deity is so often introduced as to become very painful to a devout mind. If not taken in vain or irreverently, it is used as a mere expletive, and should be omitted.

There are some who seem to forget altogether the capacity of the room in which they are assembled. Large or small, they always pray with the same quantity of voice. Some pray *loud* enough in family worship for a cathedral; others again, especially in the commencement of the prayer, speak so very *low* that not one in ten can hear what they say. Every one who leads in prayer should speak ordinarily just loud enough to be heard by all who are in the room. A low tone of voice is very suitable for the closet, but not for the social meeting; and a loud vociferation may answer for the camp meeting, but is very much out of place in a lecture-room, or parlour. It is a fault of other good brethren, whose voice and manner are very acceptable in personal conversation, that they indulge in a sort of cant as soon as they begin to pray. They put on an entirely different tone, or fall into some disagreeable habit or another, by which the comfort of those who unite with them is sadly impaired.

We might prolong this long list of faults and inadvertencies of good men in prayer, for it is always easy to find fault. But when the great importance of social prayer is considered, and the sweet comfort which might be derived from it, if properly engaged in, our censure of the habits which impair and destroy it will be fully justified. A kindly word of admonition may sometimes correct a grievous fault; and there are but few sensible men who have not, on detecting in themselves some unsuspected foible or deformity, echoed the homely but expressive wish,

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourse'ls as ithers see us."

New York Evangelist.

THE TWO GIVERS.

A collection for foreign missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a five-pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift and praised the giver, but it gave no thrill of joy in heaven. Directly after him there came a little, pale, poor girl, meanly clad, and poverty written out in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But Jesus and his angels, who were looking on, accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's note, and made a record of it to her honour.

You will ask, How came this difference?

That same morning the rich man had said within himself, "What shall I give to the collection to-day for foreign missions? I must give a five-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me; and I wish my donation to be above all the others."

That same morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and had seen the story of the love of Jesus, and loved him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, oh, what can I do to shew my love to him? There is to be a collection for foreign missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be he will accept it from me, for I love him very much." The little girl took her penny and laid it on the chair before which she was kneeling, and prayed thus for a blessing:—"Oh, my God, here is a penny which I will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am unworthy to give it, and bless it, so that it will do good to the poor heathen." Then raising from her knees, she took it to the church and gave it.

Reader, bear in mind, it is not *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the service acceptable. The poor widow's mite was declared more precious than the great man's gold, by Christ, and your single penny will be held of greater value, and perhaps do more good, than many pounds wrongly presented, if only given in the exercise of faith and love.

PAST MERCIES.

"Our mercies past, when present cares annoy,
Should gild our hopes of future peace and joy."

"What makes you think that God will never forsake them that trust in him?" was asked of an aged christian. "Because he has promised," was the reply. "And what makes you think that he will keep his word?" "Because he never yet broke it." Here is encouragement for us all! Here is enough to induce us to cry aloud, "Though he slay me,

yet will I trust in him!" The past declares God's faithfulness, the present confirms it, and the future will only make more clear his fidelity and truth. Do you think of the past and future? and is the present made brighter by them?

We judge our earthly friends by what they do, rather than by what they say; and why not judge our heavenly Friend by the same rule? Ask, then, the question, christian reader, what has God done for thee? or rather what has God not done for thee? Has he not made thee? given thee thy faculties of body, soul, and spirit? placed thee in a beautiful world? afforded thee the means of grace and the hope of glory? yea, given his Son to die for thee upon the cross, prepared thee a mansion of boundless bliss, and put into thy hands his holy word to comfort thee on earth, and guide thee in the way to heaven? Surely, the past, present, and future will hardly suffice thee in setting forth his glory!

"To sing His praise, let heart and soul be given,
Sing loud on earth, and louder still in heaven."

The past has already been the present, and soon will the future. Hours, days, and years, like riches, make to themselves wings and fly away; let them bear on their wings some record of our love, our gratitude, our joy. Let us so ponder on what is, was, and will be, that the past, the present, and the future, may give praise to the Redeemer, and promote the peace of our own souls.

Correspondence.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

We had intended this month closing the already too long continued discussion of this question. We have received many interesting and able letters, which we have been compelled reluctantly to pass by. We hope, however, that *all* our correspondents will have found their opinions expressed more or less fully already. We defer the close of the discussion for another month, only that we may insert the following letter, which expresses the views of a respectable class of christians,—larger in America than in England, with which, therefore, many of our readers may like to become acquainted. Our own concluding observations we hope to insert in our next number.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

It has given me much pleasure to see the subject of the Sabbath introduced into your pages, and I agree with your correspondent T. W. B. in regretting that this important question is so seldom allowed to come fully before the public. The great liberality which you always manifest in matters of discussion, and especially in this, induces me to offer a few remarks on this much *controverted subject, and I wish it* were in my power more ably to advocate the views which I hold to be those taught in the Word of God; but I will refer your readers to the works of Bamfield, Stennett, Cornthwaite, &c., in England, and many others in America, who have, and are still most successfully setting forth the claims of the *Seventh-Day Sabbath* in such a light as I think unanswerable.

I would just make a few observations upon a passage or two in the article by Mr. Owen. He says (after proving that the day which is now observed amongst most christians is not the "Sabbath which God has commanded" in answer to the queries of T. W. B.), "*The only weekly Sabbath God ever appointed is not the first day of the week, but the seventh.*" Then, why is that day on which God rested from his work of creation, and gave to our first parents to enjoy, and again enjoined on the children of Israel at Sinai (not as a new law, for he says, "*Remember* the Sabbath day," which implies that they had known it before, for he refers, in this command, to his own resting and hallowing the day), to be now laid aside, and another substituted for it? I say that no law *can*, or *ever has*, set aside the law given at the mountain; our Lord never set it aside, for he says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil: for verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be

fulfilled" (Matt. v. 17, 18); and the apostle Paul, speaking of the law, says, "I had not known sin, except the law had said, 'Thou shalt not covet'" (Rom. vii. 7); and again, "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid, yea, we establish the law" (Rom. iii. 31). Surely he recognized the command in the same code which says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The apostle James also says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (Jas. ii. 10); and the beloved disciple, John, "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" (1 John ii. 4).

It is argued by some that the Decalogue was purely national, to be done away with at the coming of Christ, and a new covenant introduced; this is shewn to be a great mistake, in a few lines which I will quote from a very excellent tract.* "Admitting," says the author, "that it was delivered immediately to them [the Jewish nation] in the form of a national covenant, this does not in the least imply that it was not equally binding, as a rule of obedience, upon other portions of the human family. We might as well argue that the New Testament belonged merely to the primitive christians, because it was delivered directly to them, and constituted the rule of their conduct, and the basis of their hopes. Yea, we might as well suppose that no nation except the Jews, were bound not to have any other gods before the Lord, not to kill, not to commit adultery, not to steal, not to bear false witness, as to suppose that the Decalogue was purely of a national character, and binding merely on that people during their continuance as a national church; and as the Decalogue was not merely national *as a whole*, so there was nothing national in the fourth commandment."

Those who hold the perpetual obligation of the Decalogue, are driven to the expedient that, under christianity, the Sabbath has been changed from the *seventh* to the *first* day of the week: here, then, is their weak point. What law, what authority have they for their assertion? Shew us the command, and we will obey it; until another positive law in so many express terms is given to us, we must consider that the command of God standeth fast; no pretended example of the apostles, no traditions of the church, are of any authority: as Mr. Owen very properly observes, "I cannot see how those Protestants who hold the Sabbath to have been transferred by God from the seventh day to the first, can answer him [the Papist] who alone relies on the authority of *his* church, for the command to keep the first day of the week." Mr. Owen sees no command for it, neither do I; then upon what loose ground does he stand, when he rests upon "the examples of the apostles and the churches they planted, in conducting church affairs on this day (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2), together with the resurrection of Christ, and his repeated visits to the disciples in their assembly on it, and especially in the second week, there being no recorded appearance of Christ to them, from the day he rose till that day week, and the giving of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost on that day." I will endeavour to shew as concisely as I can, the mistake into which Mr. Owen has fallen, in supposing that anything of a sacred character is imputed by the apostles to that day.

In the first place, "*the examples of the apostles, and the churches they planted, in conducting church affairs on this day*" (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2). The first of these passages mentions a meeting of christians "to break bread" on the first day of the week; but if the reader will refer to the common translation, he will find that there is no authority for the word *day;* why, then, might it not be the first *night* of the week? which would, according to Scripture reckoning, be the evening after the Sabbath,—a continuation of their Sabbath meeting. Paul was ready to depart on the morrow (the first day), and the brethren were anxious to obtain as much of his counsel and comfort as they could; he, therefore, continued his speech until midnight, in order that he might continue his journey at the break of day, *i. e.*, the first day of the week. But even if this is thought to be a strained explanation of the passage, his breaking bread amongst them carries no proof that they were sanctifying the day; for it is said in Acts ii. 46, that they did so daily, and what was done daily, could not be peculiar to the Sabbath.

The second passage that Mr. Owen quotes is, 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2. Here, again,

* The New York Sabbath Tract Society's Tract. No. 3, p. 10.

there is no proof of the christians meeting together for any religious purpose; on the contrary, it was their temporal affairs that the apostle wished them to attend to; the common English reader does not perceive that the original much more distinctly expresses the private nature of the command; but it would be better translated thus,—"*let each of you by himself*," &c., *i. e.*, at home, not in the treasury of the church, as is sometimes asserted. This proves that they were attending to their secular business on the first day, and, therefore, I shall dismiss this passage as containing no proof whatever.

2. "*The resurrection of Christ*," on that day. Where does Mr. Owen find that our Saviour rose on the first day of the week? In Luke xxiv. 1, 2, we find, "Now, upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they [the women] came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared;" and in John xx. 1, "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene, early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre;" and in Matt. xxviii. 1, "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene." A very good translation of this latter passage, I quote from a review by the Rev. W. H. Black. "The true rendering is," mentioning this verse, "at the end of the *week*, on the [night] which shone towards the first [day] of the *week*. The word sabbatōn occurs alike in each place, and certainly in the plural form; without an article it means *week*, not *Sabbath*. Besides, the moon was at the full, and shone all night. These two facts appear to have been generally overlooked by translators and critics."* All these passages tend to prove that the Saviour had risen *before* the first day had begun, and at the end of the Sabbath; therefore they have no ground to stand upon who rely for the observation of the first day upon the supposition that the resurrection took place on that day.

3. "*His repeated visits to the disciples in their assembly on it, and especially in the second week; there being no recorded appearance of Christ to them from the day he rose till that day week.*" The first appearance of the Saviour to his disciples I find to be to two of them, as they were going to Emmaus the first day of the week. Surely they could not have attached any sanctity to the day, for they were going a distance of "threescore furlongs," which was more than a Sabbath day's journey; and no doubt our Lord would have upbraided them if they had thus broken the Sabbath. Mr. Owen says, "especially in the second week." I suppose he refers to where it is said our Lord appeared to them *after* eight days; what proof is there that that was the next following first day? Can eight days *after* the first day mean the first day itself? I take it to be the second, or third, or any day after.

4. "*The giving of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost on that day.*" "It is far from being conclusively proved (says the author of the tract before alluded to) that this event occurred on the first day of the week. It is much more likely to have occurred either on the *fifth* or the *seventh*. Indeed it is quite manifest, from the best calculations that can be made, from the time of eating the passover supper, the first paschal Sabbath, the crucifixion, and the resurrection, that it occurred on one or the other of these days" (Page 21).

Thus, I hope, I have proved satisfactorily to the minds of some of your readers that the example of the apostles does not warrant the change of the day; and the perpetuity of the moral law has been fully proved by Mr. Young, in your number for October.

In conclusion, I cannot help referring to a passage by "A sincere Enquirer after Divine Truth," where he says, "If there was a permanent Sabbath law issued at the creation as commemorative of the resting of Jehovah from his works, it is time we went back to the old practice, for, according to our present custom, we do not obey it." I wish, indeed, the old practice were restored; and I hope the author, who is "a friend of truth," will soon see the untenableness of his views, and return to the good old way. One remark must be made on the assertion of Mr. Leigh in the December number: "He is a bold and dangerous innovator who would now tell us, after 1800 years, that the 'faithful in Christ Jesus' have, during that lengthened period, mistaken their Lord's will, with regard to such an important matter as the observance of the Sabbath." The argument, I think, by a Pædobaptist, might be turned against him,

* The Scriptural Calendar and Chronological Reformer, for 1849, p. 30.

in his observance of believers' baptism (which, I suppose, most contributors to "The Church" practice), that *he* must be a bold and dangerous innovator, if *he* tells the "faithful in Christ Jesus," who think differently from him, that they have mistaken their Lord's will, in observing infant sprinkling instead of believers' baptism. I was glad to see your opinion expressed against such illiberality as that shewn by Mr. Leigh, and that you are friends to "Liberty of Speech," and have "no confidence in *suppression* of opinion, but great reliance on the *final* results of really free discussion."

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours very truly,
London. A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST.

Plutarch,

AND HIS TESTIMONY TO THE MEANING OF "BAPTIZO."

BY THE REV. DR. GRAY.

No. I.

To the Editors of "The Church."

In fulfilment of the promise made in a former paper to your readers, I proceed to furnish you with an analysis of the instances of *baptizo* and its cognate terms, which occur in the writings of Plutarch. A few particulars of the life of this celebrated writer, as well as of his moral and religious sentiments, may, perhaps, be acceptable as an introduction to such an article, not less than in the case of Josephus.

The town of Cheronea in Bœotia, chiefly famous in history for the disastrous triumph of the Macedonian Philip over the liberties of southern Greece, had the honour of giving birth to our author. Bœotia, on account of the thickness of its air, and, it must be added, the gluttony of its inhabitants, had long been notorious as a soil for dull and stunted intellects; before our author's time, the memory of the poets, Hesiod and Pindar, and of Epaminondas among statesmen, had helped only slightly to remove this reproach. The family of Plutarch would appear to have been settled at Cheronea for several generations. He himself traces back its location there as far as the time of the triumvir Antony, the very harsh exactions of whose soldiers on the inhabitants, just before the battle of Actium, used to be related by his great grandfather Nicarchus. Other anecdotes relative to an earlier part of the triumvir's career,—viz., to the season of his voluptuous indulgences at Alexandria,—used to be told by his grandfather, whose name was Lamprias.

The name of Plutarch's father no where transpires; but from the part which he assigns him in various dialogues which remain, we are warranted in giving him credit for decidedly intellectual tastes and relishes, as well as for valuable social qualities. His character for prudence and amiable feeling comes out very pleasingly in a little circumstance which his son relates of him. Plutarch, while still comparatively young, had been deputed, with another, on some public business to the proconsul. Owing to some cause of detention which is not mentioned, his colleague had not been able to discharge this commission with him. Plutarch relates* that when, on his return, he was about to state publicly how he had executed his trust, his father took him aside and advised him to speak throughout in the *plural number*. "Do not say, 'I went,' 'I held this discourse,' but '*we* went,' '*we* held.' Thus, while you will ultimately lose little of the credit of the transaction, you will conciliate the good-will of your colleague, and perhaps escape a degree of odium." The parents of Plutarch had, at least, two sons besides himself, Timon and Lamprias, with both of whom he was on the most affectionate terms; to his brother Timon, in particular, he speaks of himself as under obligations of a nature which could not be exceeded.† It throws some light on the easy temperament of this brother, that at an entertainment which he once gave a party of friends, he would have his guests choose their own places at the table, a circumstance which gave rise to one of the most lively discussions which we find in our author's writings.‡ It is chiefly as an interlocutor in these discussions, in which

* Reip. Ger. Præc. § 20. † De Frat. Amor. § 16. ‡ Symposiaca. Lib. i. Quæst. 2.

he is sometimes made to bear a principal part, that we meet with the name of his other brother Lamprias, who, to judge from these remains, was certainly no specimen of Bœotian obtuseness.

Without fear of any wide deviation from the mark, we may consider A.D. 49 or 50 to have been the year of our author's birth. At the time when Nero visited Greece, which is fixed to the twelfth year of that emperor's reign, or about 66 of our present era, he was of an age not only to enjoy, but to take part in, a philosophical disputation, in order to which he could scarcely have been less than sixteen or seventeen years old. This disputation was conducted chiefly by a philosopher named Ammonius, whom Plutarch mentions elsewhere as having been his tutor.* He gives an instance, in the same connection, of this philosopher's habit of dealing with his pupils, which, to our modes of thinking, would savour more of ingenuity than of a respect for juvenile rights. Observing, on one occasion, some of his higher pupils dining more luxuriously than was becoming, Ammonius ordered a servant who was standing by, to administer a few lashes to his own son, explaining, while the infliction was proceeding, that it was because the boy could not eat his meat without sauce. Plutarch cites this fact as a happy exemplification of an indirect way of reproving superiors. In his more mature years, Plutarch became a tutor himself, though we attach no credence to the legend handed down by Suidas, that he superintended the education of the emperor Trajan. He pursued this avocation, and that of lecturing, chiefly at Rome, where we find him so engaged in the reign of the emperor Domitian. An anecdote which he mentions in the treatise he has left us "On Curiosity,"† is adapted to give us a high opinion of the respect he obtained as a literary professor. It seems that he was once lecturing at Rome in the days of Domitian, when a letter was brought from the emperor to Arulenus Rusticus, one of his auditors. Plutarch would have suspended the lecture till the messenger could have been dispatched with a reply, but Rusticus insisted on his proceeding, and would not even break the seal till the lecture was concluded. Neither lectures nor tuition engaged, however, at this time, our author's whole attention. He had a variety of public commissions to execute, some of which appear to have taken him into the country parts of Italy. It is certain that he found opportunity, during his absence from Greece, to visit both Ravenna and Brixillum, in the former of which, he tells us, he saw a statue of Marius, in the latter, a monument of Otho. On quitting Rome and Italy, he appears to have extended his travels as far as Alexandria in Egypt, probably, also, into the interior of that country.

At what period of his life Plutarch entered the married state we have no means of saying; but in the formation of this important relationship he appears to have been singularly happy. This he had the more reason to be grateful for, as the marriage would seem to have taken place, in the first instance, without the full consent of the parents on both sides. We know little more of his wife's family than the name of her father, which was Alexion, and whom, from the single occasion on which Plutarch mentions him,‡ we may, perhaps, rate as a man of average accomplishments and worth. But his daughter Timoxena (for such was the name of Plutarch's wife), was a woman superior to most of her sex: superior both in strength of mind and in domestic character. What we know of her we know chiefly from a bereavement which she sustained of an only daughter, a child in whom the fond parents had hoped to prolong her own name, but who was snatched from them at the early age of two years. Plutarch was from home when this afflictive event occurred, and in hopes of mitigating the shock which he knew it would occasion the mother, he wrote her the brief, consolatory epistle which we still have in his remaining works. His tenderness, as a husband and a father, appears very conspicuously in this beautiful production; nor are the topics of consolation which he employs such as would misbecome the pen of a christian moralist. He reminds his mourning partner of the comfort they had already had in the child, especially on account of its unusually engaging manners, and that it would be ungrateful to forget the past in their sorrow with regard to the future. He conjures her to moderate and control her grief for his sake. He speaks, with a laudable pride, of her tempered and

* De Ad. et. Am. Dis. § 45. † De Curios. § 13. ‡ Sym. L. iii. Q. v. § 1.

decorous bearing on former occasions of a like kind, and of the salutary influence which she had then and thereby exerted on others. He strives to impress her with cheerful views of the child's present state and circumstances, contrary to the gloomy dogma which would make life and existence terminate together. In this part of his argument he speaks of a belief in immortality, as if it had been an *hereditary creed* with them, a tradition handed down from parents to children.

It is a pleasing proof of the genuine patriotic feeling of Plutarch, that he should have voluntarily chosen for residence in his later life, so obscure a place as his native town. Cheronea was, he informs us, a *small* city, and his chief motive for settling down there was, that it might not become *smaller*. As to the year of his retirement into privacy thither, we can only approximate to the truth in fixing it at from A.D. 106 to 110, *i. e.*, when he was from fifty-six to sixty years of age. He did not feel at liberty, in his retirement, to decline all public occupation. He was not ashamed, for instance, to accept a sort of œdileship in his native city, an office which required him, as he pleasantly intimates,* to see to the measurement of tiles, and the due forthcoming of bricks and mortar. His maxim in these matters was that of his countryman Epaminondas,—that it was for the man to confer dignity on the office, not the office on the man. A more important trust which he held, was the superintendence of the sacred edifices at the neighbouring oracle of Delphi, with which, as also with some sacerdotal functions at the same shrine, he appears to have been invested. This appointment he held for several years,—full twelve, on the lowest computation,—and, in the discharge of it, would seem to have expended considerable time and labour, if not money. It was, doubtless, an employment congenial to his taste, and that not only because of his reverence for the temple, but also because of the many poetical and mythological associations which it served to recal to his mind. But the most profitable use which he made of his leisure at this time, so far as posterity was concerned, was his composition of his "Parallel Lives." As he expressly tells us, in the preface to the fifth of these,† that he was composing it at Cheronea, we may safely date the authorship of the majority of them after his retirement to this place. The composition of other treatises, —of one half, perhaps, of his extant *moral* works,—was probably intermingled with them. We gather from his Symposiacs, a species of dialogues which we should now denominate "Table Talk," and which were certainly written at this period, that he found the necessary relaxation from his employments, of whatever kind, in the society of friends, of whom few men have had a larger or a more attached circle. The nature of Plutarch was eminently formed for friendship, and for the enjoyment of social life. Affectionate in his disposition, without censoriousness in his judgments, vivacious and instructive in conversation, accustomed equally to active and contemplative life, able to combine due freedom of intercourse with due reserve, he was a welcome guest at most tables, and in most houses. We reckon up, without difficulty, the names of a hundred persons with whom he was on terms of familiar friendship, not including the members of his own family, and comprising in the number persons of the most dissimilar professions and pursuits. In the company of Plutarch the gaiety of youth does not seem to have feared repression, nor the gravity of age to have feared outrage. Although the gentler sex were excluded by custom from meetings of the kind, they were glad of his correspondence, and to one among them he has dedicated the most erudite of his speculations.

Stepney College.

Notices of Books.

OUR STATE CHURCH: HER STRUCTURE, DOCTRINES, FORMS, AND CHARACTER. A MANUAL OF DISSENT. By W. R. BAKER. 12mo. Pp. 243. London: B. L. Green.

Mr. Baker's work is what it proposes to

* Reip. Ger. Præc. § 15.

† An Seni sit Ger. Res. § 17.

itspoken and vigorous exposure of te-Church in the points above-ed. Dissenters certainly do need ork. Towgood is almost forgotten, enters know too little now of those popish and hierarchical peculiari-he State-Church as a *sect*, which ut the two thousand clergymen eir livings on Bartholomew-day, ginated the great *Nonconformist* A State-Church, of the best quality, or to Christ and christianity; but enters adequately know what the itans and Nonconformists knew ey left her communion,—did they d feel as they ought, those abound-uptions which nullify the little e does,—which, in the judgment of Hall, were the strongest arguments her, and in virtue of which Mr. affirmed that "she destroys more an she saves,"—did they open their ll these, they would not be so cul-ggish in their efforts to overthrow mass of corruption,—to overthrow as a State-Church by vigorous *o disendow* it, and, as a sect, by arguments to expose its soul-corruptions. We wish Mr. Baker's extensive circulation.

tated in the preface that it was pub-ecause of the high price of Mr. Noel's d we cannot profess ourselves quite with the tone of the author on this he parties amongst whom Mr. Noel's uld first circulate could well afford price, and we have every reason through a plan of which we have hat that valuable and awful ex-of the corrupted and corrupting r of our State-Church will, ere long, d to the public at *a shilling*, or but nore! We think, in *that* case, Mr. rill not complain of the price; and, t will not diminish the value of Mr. k, we must say that we never saw awful picture,—and drawn, too, by has closely gazed on the reality,—furnished by Mr. Noel, of the mental and social enslavement of the of England Curates. Indeed, his escription of the mental and religious on of the State clergy is such as a clergyman alone could draw, and ought to shame to silence the luke-*journalists* and others, who hang rom or discourage a determined, and efficient union *of Dissenters* for the overthrow of the English antichrist. Strange! passing strange, to us, that when she has so far developed her abounding papal elements as to lead hundreds and thousands of her children to Rome, and even to have induced the Pope to display his full-blown abominations in England itself,—strange, we think, that Dissenters, many of them, at least, instead of denouncing *the* church which allured the nuisance hither, propose to join with that genuine daughter of popery to oppose its own mother. We earnestly commend Mr. Baker's work to the attention of all such Dissenters. If any thing makes England popish again, it will be *semi-popery endowed by the State*. Let the faithful followers of the Lamb speak the truth boldly at the present juncture.

A Tract on Infidelity: being the Substance of a Lecture delivered in Tuthill-Stairs Chapel, Newcastle. By the Rev. T. Pottenger. Pp. 24. London: Benj. L. Green.

Amidst the noise and clamour on the Papal Question, we are glad to see that our brother is directing his attention to the equally dreadful evil of Infidelity. He has done well in publishing his lecture as a *cheap*, yet well printed tract; its manly and forcible appeals and arguments render it peculiarly suitable for distribution amongst the class for whom, in its present shape, it is chiefly intended. Town missionaries, and all tract distributors, who come frequently in contact with the infidelity of the working classes, will find this tract both cheap and well suited for their purpose. With the exception of a few bitter leaders of infidelity, we think the masses under their influence are quite open to the power of kind and respectful treatment, and manly and christian argument.

The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures. With Notes. By J. H. Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This tract was originally three times delivered as a sermon, and, in its present form, as a lecture to the students at the opening of Stepney College last year. It is well adapted for circulation, amongst intelligent young persons especially. For their sakes, should it reach a second edition, of which it is well worthy, Mr. H. would do well to add to his Notes a special notice of the views of Coleridge, a writer so extensively influential amongst our enquiring youth.

We refer more particularly to his "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit." Mr. H.'s tract is written in a candid spirit. Intending, at some future time, to introduce the subject, should no one else do it, in "The Church," we merely mention that Mr. H. considers that Inspiration consisted, according to the exigencies of the case, 1st, in a communication of *divine wisdom*; 2nd, of *divine knowledge*; 3rd, in what may be termed a divine *indwelling* or *possession*, the Divine Spirit using the mind and organs of the man as its own, as evil spirits did in the time of our Lord. This latter view Mr. H. does not remember to have seen elsewhere, though, if of any worth, he thinks it may be found in some former writings.

THE DUTIES OF DISSENTERS IN THE PRESENT CRISIS: A LECTURE. BY JOHN JENKYN BROWN, of Reading. Pp. 16. London: Benjamin L. Green.

A very clear and forcible statement of great principles, and an equally lucid and just application of them to the events occurring around us. We should be proud if we could be sure that the firm hold of principle manifested by Mr. Brown, were universal, or even general, among ministers and laymen.

REFRESHING DEW DROPS; OR, HINTS FOR THE HEART. BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH. Pp. 286. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This beautiful little volume is from the pen of a writer, any of whose productions all *our* readers will be glad to possess. We need do no more, therefore, than announce its appearance, and express the hope that it may be made as useful as its author wishes and hopes.

THE BAPTIST CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1851. New Series. No. 1. Price One Penny. London: A. Hall and Co. Leicester: J. Brooks.

This little periodical has been published now for twenty years. We know that with many young persons it has long been a favourite. We trust that in its new and enlarged form it will find a larger number of readers, and be very useful.

Recent Publications.

Tract Society's Monthly Series. Babylon, and the Banks of the Euphrates. Idumæa, with a Survey of Arabia.

The Protestant Reformation: Protestant Truths and Papal Errors. (*Two Sheets. Religious Tract Society.*)

The Advantages of Early Closing: a Lecture delivered in Leeving-Street Chapel, Preston, on Sunday Evening, November 17th, 1850. By the Rev. W. Walters. (*Pp.* 8. *London: J. Paul.*)

The Pseudo-Protestantism and Unscriptural Reasonings of the Archbishop of Dublin, contained in his late "Charge" to his Clergy, entitled "Infant Baptism Considered." By the Rev. James Milligan. (*Pp.* 38. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

Protestant Christianity, how it is to be Maintained, &c.: a Discourse. By W. M. Thompson Irvine. (*Pp.* 20. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

The Papal Panic: a Sermon preached in the Baptist Chapel, Hemel Hampstead. By W. S. M. Aitchison. (*Pp.* 24. *London: Houlston and Stoneman.*)

Religious Liberty to All: a Lecture on the Duty of Protestant Nonconformists at the Present Juncture, in relation to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. By J. S. Cuzner. (*Preston.*)

Original Hymns for Children. By John Adams. (*Pp.* 36. *London: T. Nelson.*)

A Page for the Young.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Many years ago, at a pretty village in Hertfordshire, there lived a good clergyman. He taught the people, and preached to them about the Lord Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven to die for our sins. His wife was good and kind, too. One of their children was named William. He was a pale, timid, little boy, and not strong. When he was a little more than four years old, he was sent to school; but as he was not strong enough to walk, the good gardener, Robin, used to draw him in a pretty little carriage of his own. His kind mamma dressed him ready for school herself, in a nice warm velvet cap and cloak, when the weather was cold.

When he was at home, he often amused

f by pricking flowers in paper with a
Whilst he stood by his dear mamma,
uld kiss him, and speak so kindly to
nd stroke his head, and smile so
r on him. She did love him so much,
ıe was never cross and angry with
I do not think he often grieved her
ıg naughty. At night, after he was
, his dear mamma would come and
p the clothes, and see if he were
table.

eased God, however, to take away
ar mother. She died when her little
s about six years old. He saw the
that took her away to the cold grave,
ıard the solemn bell toll; and then
ıed away from his nursery window,
ed so sadly, that I am sure you would
een very sorry for him if you had
m. He lived to be an old man, but
er forgot his dear mother; and I be-
ıat he, and she, and his dear father,
e now serving God in heaven; for
ved him while they lived on earth.

rwards, William had a complaint in
es, which prevented his going to
for some time.

n he grew older, he was sent to a
ıchool in Westminster, which, you
is part of London. He was not
there, for some of the big boys
him very unkindly,—teazed him,
ıghed at him; and as William was
and timid, he felt it very much. If
ys should read this who have ever
in this manner towards younger
:s and sisters, or schoolfellows, I
hey will ask God to forgive them,
give them his Holy Spirit to make
inder. The apostle Paul says, "We
ı strong ought to bear the infirmities
weak, and not to please ourselves."
wardly and mean for a strong boy to
; or teaze a weak one, and, worse
ıat, it is sinful.

William became a man (we must
ll him Mr. Cowper), he studied the
England for a while; but as he was
ill health, he at last went to live in
ıntry, at a village called Olney, in
ghamshire. I will tell you why he
he country best; because he could
ee and examine many of the won-
works of God which are not found
ns—fields and woods, flowers and
animals and trees. He said,

ade the country, and man made the town."

w fit, at times, to afflict his servant,
by taking away his reason; so that he was not able to think or understand properly; but he was not always so.

At one time he amused himself by taming three hares. You know they are very timid animals; but at last they became quite friendly with him. Sometimes they would play in the parlour. One of them liked to go with Mr. Cowper round the garden, and once it fell asleep in his arms. He built them houses to sleep in, and fed them with lettuce, dandelion, bread, carrots, and apple paring. Their names were Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Puss lived to be nearly twelve years old; Tiney and Bess died younger. Do you not think it is much better to tame and feed animals, than to hurt or kill them?

Sometimes on the long winter evenings, when the shutters were closed, and the sofa wheeled close to the fire, before candles came, Mr. Cowper would sit and look at the fire, and fancy all kinds of shapes in the red, glowing coals. After tea, he often read aloud, while the ladies worked, or made nets to keep the birds from the fruit.

But you must not think he spent all his time in amusing himself. He wrote beautiful poetry, which you will love to read when you are older. He translated into English the poems of a Greek called Homer, who lived long ago. He also wrote many sweet hymns, which you have often sung. One begins,

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

One of his best friends was the Rev. John Newton, the clergyman at Olney, who once was a very wicked man, but his heart had been changed by the Holy Spirit, and he now served God. He and Mr. Cowper visited the poor and sick in the village. They had not much of their own to give; but there was a generous gentleman whose name was John Thornton, who gave them money to help those that were in want. But what was better still, Mr. Cowper tried to lead these poor people to Jesus, the Saviour he loved so much.

I do not know whether you ever saw a funny piece called "John Gilpin." A friend of Mr. Cowper's told him the story, and it amused him so much, that he turned it into poetry. He could also draw very pretty pictures.

Mr. Cowper was very ill for years before he died; but he had many kind friends, who did all they could for his comfort. He

trusted in his Saviour in life; and though on his death-bed his mind was not in a state to enable him to enjoy His presence, yet we know that Saviour says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and therefore trust he is now without fault before His throne.

Obituary.

THE REV. THOMAS MILLER, OF OAKHAM.

Died, at Oakham, on Saturday, December 21st, 1850, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Miller, who was engaged in the work of the ministry nearly forty years, during which time he successively sustained the pastoral office over the Baptist churches at Oakham, Woodford, Oadby, and Cranfield: in all of which places, as well as in those of his occasional labours, he was esteemed and loved.

The severe and almost unintermitted pain which he endured in the last two years of his life, considerably depressed his spirits, and prevented his participation in the joys of religion, as otherwise he probably would have done; but, notwithstanding this, he lived and died in the possession of a "good hope through grace;" his last words to the writer of this notice being, "Christ is all in all!"

MR. WILLIAM HARVEY STACE, OF FOLKESTONE.

On Wednesday, November 20th, 1850, died, in the 59th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Harvey Stace, of Folkestone. The deceased was a man of sterling christian character, whose removal is a great loss to the Baptist church in this place, of which he had been a consistent member three and forty years, and an efficient deacon for five and twenty; to the Sabbath school he was ardently attached, and closely connected with all its operations from the time of its formation, two and thirty years ago, and for many years of late, its active and faithful superintendent. His life was useful, and his death was peace. On Sabbath evening, December 1st, a funeral sermon was preached by the pastor, from Phillip. i. 21, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

MR. W. S. EDWARDS, OF NOTTINGHAM.

Died, 18th January, in his 21st year, William Steadman Edwards, the amiable and gifted son of the Rev. James Edwards, of Nottingham.

Our readers will be interested in knowing that he was the writer of the memoir of Mr. James Lomax, in our December number.

Miscellaneous.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER CONSISTENT WITH THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.—We grant, we unreservedly grant, the uniformity of visible nature; and now let us compute how much, or how little, it amounts to. Grant of all our progressions, that, as far as our eye can carry us, they are invariable; and then let us only reflect how short a way we can trace any of them upwards. In speculating on the origin of an event, we may be able to assign the one which immediately preceded, and term it the proximate cause; or even ascend by two or three footsteps, till we have discovered some anterior event which we term the remote cause. But how soon do we arrive at the limit of possible investigation, beyond which if we attempt to go we lose ourselves among the depths and the obscurities of a region that is unknown! Observation may conduct us a certain length backwards in the train of causes and effects; but after having done its uttermost, we feel that, above and beyond its loftiest place of ascent, there are still higher steps in the train, which we vainly try to reach, and find them inaccessible. It is even so throughout all philosophy. After having arrived at the remotest cause which man can reach his way to, we shall ever find there are higher and remoter causes still, which distance all his powers of research, and so will ever remain in deepest concealment from his view. Of this higher part of the train he has no observation. Of those remoter causes, and their mode of succession, he can positively say nothing. For aught he knows, they may be under the immediate control of higher beings in the universe;

e upper part of a chain, a few of
ling links are all that is visible to
ay be directly appended to the
l at all times subject to the instant
f a prayer-hearing God. And it
a responsive touch at the higher,
ie lower part of the progression,
iswers our prayers. It may be not
of intervention among those near
causes, where intervention would
cle; it may be by an unseen but
fectual act of intervention, among
: and therefore the occult causes,
apts himself to the various wants,
the various petitions of His chil-
it be in the latter way that He
he affairs of His daily government
y He rule by a providence as spe-
e the needs and the occasions of
; and, with an ear open to every
He provide for all and administer
ut infringement of the uniformity
ature. If the responsible touch
the lower part of the chain, then
· to prayer is by miracle, or by a
ion to some of the known sequen-
re. But if the responsive touch
a sufficiently higher part of the
the answer is as effectually made,
miracle, and without violence to
cession of history or nature which
has ascertained—because the
the prayer strikes at a place that
ian the highest investigation of
It is not by a visible movement
region of human observation,
visible movement in the trans-
egion above it, that the prayer
responded to. The Supernal
e Universe, the mighty and un-
who sits aloft, and has been signi-
ed the cause of causes—He, in
:ontact with the upper extremi-
y progression, there puts forth
ag influence which tells and pro-
nwards to the lower extremities;
i agency placed too remote either
of sense or for all the instruments
o discover, may God, in answer
ie to prayer, fix and determine
of events—of which neverthe-
man can see is but the uniformity
ng footsteps—a few of the last
effects following each other in
d order. It is thus that we
l the experience which man has
uniformity, with the effect and
of his prayers to the God of
is thus that, at one and the same
e live under the care of a pre-
and among the regularities of a
universe.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

T WORTH KNOWING.—Nor let us
i the secret of receiving much
, even the free dispensing abroad
have already received. Be as-
s, that he will receive the most
who does the most for God:
ent soul shall be made fat. He
oor that dealeth with a slack
he hand of the diligent maketh
rich. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." This is God's law, and he will never repeal it; his promise, and he will ever, and in all cases, make it good. Go forth, believer in Christ, and let your beams of light irradiate; let your streams of grace be dispersed abroad; live for God, suffer for Christ, witness for the truth, and labour for man Be you such a depository of this living and life-giving treasure, that others, less favoured than yourself, instructed, guided, and strengthened by your wisdom, experience, and grace, may proceed on their way, glorifying God for the grace given to you. Oh, to have the word of God dwelling in us richly, and our hearts so intensely glowing with the love of Christ, as to be ever ready to open our lips for God—a well always full, and running over. This, then, is the secret of augmenting our stores, even by scattering them,—of replenishing our resources, even by exhausting them. Who, we repeat the question, has ever become impoverished by giving and labouring for God? Where lives the christian steward whose fidelity to his Master's interests has compromised the welfare of his own? Where is the christian man who, with cheerful munificence, has consecrated his intellectual wealth, or his temporal wealth, to advance the truth and kingdom of Jesus, whom Christ has not reimbursed a thousand times? Where is the believer in Jesus who has endured reproach and suffering, patiently and silently, for conscience' sake, for truth's sake, for Christ's sake, who has not infinitely gained in the rest which he has found in God? Where is the active christian who, zealously labouring to disperse abroad the life-giving waters, has not felt, in the solemn retirement and calm repose of his closet, when pouring out his sorrow into the bosom of his Saviour, or in holding close and holy communion with his God, the springing up into his soul of a hidden well of peace, and joy, and love, which has more than restored the energies he has exhausted, and recompensed him for the sacrifices he has made? God meets his people in all their works of faith and labours of love. They are never alone. He meets them in the path of duty and of trial, both in doing and suffering his will. He meets them, when embarrassed, with counsel; he meets them, when assailed, with protection; he meets them, when exhausted, with strength; he meets them, when faint, with cordials. If we take up Christ's cross upon our shoulder, Christ will take both us and our cross up in his arms. If we bow down our neck to his yoke, and bend low our back to his burden, we shall find rest in both. "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember thee, in thy ways."—*O. Winslow.*

NOTHING IS LOST.—The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the seashore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that

might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes to produce the same effect on a hundred perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighbourhood, it may spread like wild-fire to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak; speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness--by kind words, holy words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt, widely and still more widely as years pass away. Who then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?

TRUST IN GOD.—Nothing doth so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulency of present things, as both to look above them, and a look beyond them; *above* them, to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled; and *beyond* them, to the sweet and beautiful end, to which, by that hand, they shall be brought. (1 *Peter* iv. 19.)—*Leighton.*

Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

INDIA.

We have received the following interesting letter from the Secretary of the Young Men's Missionary Association, to whom it was addressed. It should be read in connexion with Mr. Phillips's last letter, extracts from which appeared in our November and December numbers:—

"My dear Young Friends,

"I shall leave generalities and things unconnected with missionary work, to tell you of that which more immediately concerns mission work.

"I shall, therefore, now give you a few facts about missionaries and their assistants, in this paper.

"1st. On European and American Missionaries. We have, in India, English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Swiss, German, and American missionaries, and, probably, men from other countries. These have almost all been educated in some college or university in their native country. The body are on a par with ministers in England as to intelligence. We have some very superior men, equal to the mighty names of former days, such as Carey, Marshman, Ward, Morrison, Judson, Swartz, &c. From the fact of their following these men; from their being lost in a crowd of brethren nearly approaching them in greatness of character, intellect, and knowledge; and from their not being obtruded to public notice by favourable circumstances, little is known of them in England. Should they happen to engage in translations, write books, commence a new mode of missionary labour, meet with unwonted success, or visit England, to rouse you up by their startling facts or burning eloquence, then they become famous. But, as in the army, many a gallant soldier who does his ordinary duties well, attracts no public attention, because it has not been his lot to fight in some important battle, so here there are many missionaries, hard working, superior men, whose crowns shall shine brightly in the ranks of heaven, but are scarcely noticed here.

"Of course there is a mixture here with respect to talent and piety, as in England. There may be some men who had better have remained at home; men who, perhaps, will do neither much harm nor good to the cause. These are, however, few; for missionaries are, generally, selected with care. I think the Scotch Church (now the Free Church) have been most careful in selecting their men; consequently, they work well, and, I suppose, seldom or never disappoint those who send them out. Some missionary bodies appear to lay more stress on learning, and some, more on piety. Some missionaries appear to have given more attention to theology, and others, more to the classics, than others. Many of our laborious and eminently pious German brethren have not received a college education; whilst others, like our German-Swiss brother, Wenger, are profound scholars.

"The *salaries* of these missionares are generally derived from the societies which send them out; but some are supported by benevolent individuals in India, as Mr. Start's missionaries, about Patna and Cherra-punji. The salaries range in different societies and localities between two and three hundred pounds a year. This may seem to you a great sum, but if you will examine the letters of the early missionaries of fifty years ago, you will see that these sums are really necessary for the *moderate* comfort and health of *Europeans* in India. It may be laid down as an axiom, that an European requires twice, in this land, to what would make him comfortable at home. Some men insist that civilians and others should receive five times the salary in India, which they would have received for similar posts in England.

"The many servants, the necessity for keeping a conveyance, the high price of European articles, the comforts which become necessaries in this debilitating clime, all conspire to demand liberal salaries, to keep missionaries in an efficient state for labour.

"And now let me tell you a sad fact, which impairs the efficiency of these European and American missionaries. They almost all become sickly after a few years' residence in India. This is partially the

the climate; partially of their
its; and partially of their own
se. With the greatest care, and
ntage, all begin to yield within
wo years of their stay here, and
a change after ten or twelve
ling and steaming. The excep-
is are rare. The duties of many,
them to sedentary habits, which
s, clerks, &c., know to be very
unless alternated with activity.

ubt you are aware that different
es have different labours allotted
ccording to their various talents.
translator, another a printer, a
hoolmaster, a fourth a preacher
, a fifth a preacher to the natives,
h a composer of tracts and books.
sionaries take up two or three of
mployments. As to the comforts
have nothing to complain of. We
the same as in England. There
more servants, thinner clothes in
eather, certain arrangements for
e house as cool as possible, more
nt during the day, and far less
variety of society, except in such
Calcutta, than in England. The
ate, the want of christian inter-
d the loss of the society of our
are, I apprehend, our severest

lesides missionaries from Europe
ica, there are many most worthy,
who have been engaged in this
and also are generally East-
This is, therefore, the land of
and their home. In many re-
y are more admirably adapted to
of missions than we are. The
natural to them; they generally
to speak and read the native
well, in fact much better, as to
tion, than any foreigners. They
tely acquainted with the customs
tives, and a little study makes
liar with their religion and litera-
re is no expense in bringing them
ending them home; and many of
ur beloved, learned, pious, useful
Thompson, are quite equal to a
pean missionary. He was, how-
rkable for possessing the quality
and decision, which is too often
our East-Indian brethren. Many
re also deficient in general know-
t almost all have amply sufficient
ant posts in the wide field. There
or every degree of talent, piety,
y here. Every mission should
ge corps of these men.

Native labourers. I have been
by one of the Secretaries of the
lissionary Society, that you want
more about these preachers, in
rith their native brethren. As in
ormer classes, it is very difficult
my general assertion respecting
in every respect, they differ so
cording to the circumstances of
ntage, previous habits, education,
ilent, and character. They are
generally a passive, inert race of men, in common with their countrymen; consequently, they have not such lively christian feelings, and such restless, dauntless energy in their work, as European and American missionaries display. There are a few splendid exceptions. Then, again, our brethren are but imperfectly renewed in their souls. The filthy stains of their former lives, their long established habits, are not easily shaken off at once. The love of money, of ease, and of the praise which cometh from man,—the propensity to wrangle with and backbite one another,—and, above all, a want of a high estimate of perfect truth and sincerity—evidence a great weakness of moral character. They are also strongly tempted to grosser crimes. Considering, however, the little instruction they receive, the distance at which they are kept from their missionaries and European fellow-christians, and their previous moral and mental disadvantages, it is really wonderful to see some of them thrive and endure so well. I am acquainted with two eminent brethren in our mission—one Shujáátáli of Calcutta, and Nain Sookh of Monghyr. They appear to me to be humble, hard working, holy men, such as apostles would have rejoiced in. When Nain Sookh visited the North West Provinces some years ago, his conduct and labours were a silent rebuke to our lukewarm, money-loving brethren at Agra. His loving, winning manner in addressing the heathen and his brethren, with his constant zeal, produced a great impression on all. One of my own native preachers has also gained the high esteem of all christians, European and native, who are acquainted with him. You may see my confidence in him, by the fact of my leaving him in charge of my station, Muttra, for this whole year. He has only one new convert to help him. The school, the native church, preaching, and distribution of books, are all attended to by him.

"These brethren generally adhere closely to their native customs as to dress, food, habitation, &c. They also live near the missionary for the sake of instruction, uniting in family prayer, and being under the watchful eye of their pastor. They exhibit great affection to their missionary and his family, and take much interest in the children. The servants of course despise them, because they have left their old religion and have become outcasts, and, in the absence of the missionary, do not hesitate to shew their dislike. The people of the city also often rail at them for abandoning their national and parental religion, and worldly Europeans often despise them as hypocrites, whom the love of money has tempted to christianity. They, therefore, demand much love, and much watchfulness on the part of the missionary.

"These men should form the main army, the Sepoys of Jesus Christ our Lord. By their instrumentality the gospel may be spread widely. They live on one-tenth of our salaries. They can bear the heat almost with impunity. They know their

neighbours' characters, sins, and literature, and the best mode of touching their hearts. Oh! that I had one hundred first-rate native preachers, and I would, with God's blessing, evangelize central India in ten years.

"I am, my dear young friends,
Yours affectionately,
THOMAS PHILLIPS."

IMPORTANT CAUTION TO DISSENTERS.

Though *briefly*, we think it most important to advise all Dissenters to watch with the utmost care *every public act* of Parliament this year. Our all-engrossing, rapacious, and haughty State-Church will endeavour to use the Papal business as a means of acquiring increased advantages at the cost and to the injury of Dissenters. Worse than this, we are compelled to believe our Premier Minister *officially* untrustworthy. Ever since he sacrificed the "Appropriation Clause" to State-Church clamour, he has annually become, less liberal, and is, probably, now, one of the most formidable hindrances to the nation's *political* progress, and to its deliverance from *Ecclesiastical* bondage. Let Dissenters remember that the Session before last, in an act professedly *for another purpose*, he allowed a clause to be introduced by stealth, so that it was never suspected till the Session was over, empowering magistrates, not merely to distrain, but to *imprison* for three months, any one who should disobey their order to pay a *Church-Rate!* In the hands of such a Government our liberties are not to be trusted for an hour. We think Dissenters ought to appoint a VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, containing men of high legal attainments, but of thoroughly Dissenting and Anti-State-Church principles.

PUDSEY.

On Wednesday, January 8th, 1851, the new Baptist Chapel, Pudsey, was opened for divine worship, when sermons were preached in the afternoon, by the Rev. J. Stock, of Salendine-Nook, and in the evening, by the Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Leeds. On the following Sunday, three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Crook, of Hebden-Bridge. The evening service was held in the Pudsey Wesleyan chapel, when about a thousand people were assembled. On Sunday, the 19th, the Rev. J. Foster, of Farsley, preached in the morning, and the Rev. R. Holmes, of Rawden, in the afternoon. In the evening, Mr. Holmes preached in the Pudsey Independent chapel. On Wednesday evening a public tea meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers and friends. A delightful feeling pervaded the different services, and many friends from neighbouring churches rendered liberal help. Cost of ground, chapel, school-room, &c., £520. The collections at the different services, and the proceeds of the tea party, amounted to £71; previous subscriptions to £279; remaining debt £170. Some further particulars respecting this interesting effort may be found in "The Church," for July, 1850.

DUNDEE.

On the evening of Tuesday, 19th Dec., a number of the friends of the Rev. Thomas Henderson, late pastor of the Baptist church, Seagate, Dundee, entertained him at a soirée in the hall of the Watt Institution. Patrick Watson, Esq., occupied the chair, and, after a brief address, presented Mr. H. with a purse of sovereigns, the contributions chiefly of temperance friends. Mr. Henderson suitably acknowledged the gift, and the meeting was addressed by several ministers and friends. Mr. Henderson has, for some time back, acted as agent of the Dundee Society for the Suppression of Intemperance. He has long been a zealous advocate of this good cause, and has been instrumental in reclaiming many victims of this degrading vice. He has now been appointed secretary and agent of the Scottish Society for the Conversion of Israel, and has removed to Glasgow to enter upon the duties of that office.

LEITH.

On the evening of Thursday, 2nd Jan., the Baptist church in Leith held its second annual soirée. About fifty persons sat down to tea; Mr. Pearson, the minister, presiding. A testimonial of esteem was presented from the church and congregation to the Rev. Thomas Rix, whose labours among them were shortly to terminate. The testimonial was Bagster's English Hexapla, and bore the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Thomas Rix, by the members and friends of the Baptist Church, Leith, in token of their esteem for him as a christian minister." Mr. Rix acknowledged the present in very feeling terms, and concluded by giving an account of the steps by which he had been led to resign his connection with the Wesleyans, and to become a Baptist.

SHREWSBURY.

Our constant and valued correspondent, the Rev. James Smith, informs us, that as Liverpool does not agree either with himself or his family, he has accepted a unanimous invitation from the church at Shrewsbury, which has sunk into a very low and depressed condition, to endeavour to revive that ancient cause, and will enter upon his regular labours there the first Lord's-day in February; and he desires the prayers of all his friends, that he may succeed in this attempt to the Lord's glory.

ELGIN, SCOTLAND.

The Rev. John Gregson, late of Horton College, and subsequently of Glasgow University, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in Elgin, to become their pastor, and has already commenced his stated labours in that place.

RISHWORTH, NEAR HALIFAX.

The Baptist congregation in this place, has just succeeded in liquidating the debt which was previously a burden on their place of worship. On Dec. 1st, 1850, the Rev. J. Whitaker, of Golcar, preached two impressive sermons on the occasion of the accomplishment of this desirable object.

THE CHURCH.

uilt upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

MARCH, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 15.

"Redeeming the time."—*Eph.* v. 16.

We should not wonder at anything like this in the book of God,—that price should be set upon all things, especially on Time. All wise men so. We all set a high value on that in which much may be accomished. God will not forget the six days in which he created the world. nd if you advert to the divine Redeemer, who sojourned and suffered this earth, will not *he* set a high value on the Time in which he perrmed that work, the glorious result of which is everlasting? Missionies and good men who have been the means of translating the Scripres into the languages of many millions, when they think of the Time occupied, will not esteem it lightly. Indeed, none but idlers and triflers ill do *that; they* can be gay and thoughtless, while God and angels are l serious and solemn.

What are the things men think of most? and when you take account them will you find them to be the things that God sets most value on? ow do men in general value things? A grand object is their bodily ell-being,—then their temporal prosperity and their reputation,—and a ng course of things you will find they set a value upon, before you come the word *Time.* Now, how long would it be in the case of a wise man? he first thing would be his *soul,* and next to that would be *Time; for* uring Time his Soul is to obtain salvation,—to be taught, and trained, nd disciplined, and fitted for Heaven.

Our eyes do not take any account of Time, in the same manner as the ir,—*that* is as essential as bread to our existence; yet we do not think of it; t is something finer like spirit, invisible, and, therefore, less thought of. o men think less of the soul than of the body. How little do men think f God, the Eternal Spirit; they look at and perhaps admire the woods, nd hills, and fields, but forget the God who makes the fields fertile. And so men forget *Time.* It is *not* so with regard to *Money.* We can ee and handle it. It does not pass away without our knowing how much as passed away. Unless a man is a drunkard or wild spendthrift, men re particularly careful what they have in return for it,—they are particularly careful *whether what comes* is equivalent to what goes.

Time is the space between our birth and death. Let us ask, What will be when Time is not? Does it seem a trifling question? What will be the state of the soul when there shall be no more Time? There *were* years and months; but now the soul is come out of the whole range of Time. Eternity admits of no distinction of Space. Where we shall be, and in what state, are two questions we shall practically answer. No philosopher can tell. Our Time begins with Life. Think of all the past days! What a stupendous journey of thought! Each day had its events, and so you went on; still the Time came. Sometimes it appeared long; a day or a night passed in pain; how long from one striking of the clock to another! Well, but that is gone; whether distinguished by pain or pleasure, it is all *gone*.

Men are more disposed to think how much Time possibly remains, than how much they have lost. Like persons in a garrison; one loaf goes, and another, and so each goes; yes, it goes; and then they open their chests or store-room, and they do not say, "it is so much less," but think of what is left.

"*Redemption*" would strictly mean, actually calling it back. This cannot be done. We can recover no past Time; yet few persons think what a serious thought that is. Suppose a man with treasure on board a vessel, and, through the malice of others or his own carelessness, it falls over into the sea; he would see it falling, first touching the water, and then sinking, till at last his eyes could follow it no further, and then it will never see the light again till the sea is dried up by the fires of the Last Day. So we cast into the Ocean of Eternity valuable portions of Life. No man should presume on youth; how many are cut off before their fifteenth or twentieth year! Many will find that to-day is the last day of the year to them.

In proportion as persons are careful for their salvation, they will think more of the shortness of Time. Many would be glad to redeem Time if they could. Now, think of the regret of persons who have lost Time! It would be very easy to collect an assembly of persons who are sorry for lost Time. We may well imagine many conditions in which men feel that. Now, each would say many things most instructive to the hearer. "*Why do you wish to recall Time?*" he might ask; and the answer to this question would be very instructive to us. "*How much Time do* you *wish to recall?*" "So many years," a man may say, "I had such means of grace,—such means of improvement; I might have been inexpressibly benefited; how glad should I be of that Time!" Now it is quite hopeless to think of recalling it. Then if we hear of persons so glad to recall Time if it were possible, and if we have just such privileges, let us press it on our souls, and apply the instruction. If another were asked, "*How much Time do you wish to recall?*" he might say, "So many years when I committed sin." How many such are suffering remorse of Conscience! And what is the cause? Some fatal act of sin. Oh, if they had escaped that temptation! that snare of the devil! Here, again, comes instruction. Let *us* each beware. Let us fear to commit these sins,—to be entrapped in these snares. If some aged persons were asked, "*How much Time do you wish to redeem?*" they would say, "All my youth. I wasted the whole morning of Life. In that manner it began; in that manner it went on." If a man is very vain and foolish at twenty, why not at twenty-five, and still more so at thirty,—thoughtless of Eternity? He may get some of the cares of the World on his shoulders, and be a little more serious about *them;* but, as to the concerns of Eternity, he goes on in the same manner as before. Does not this come as instruction to *young persons?* When they know persons advanced in years, feeling

sorrow how they have passed their youth, should they not take care that *their* earlier years are employed in a manner that will prevent these regrets? If some were asked, "*How much Time would you redeem?*" they would answer, "The past week." How many crimes have been committed during the past week! How many Consciences have been dreadfully disturbed this day! Now, if that may have happened for which many will feel agony that will follow them to their graves, then let it be a warning to every one in what manner they pass their Time. Next Sunday some persons will feel deep agony and regret for what will be done or neglected to-morrow.

If we asked some men what price they would give to call back Time,—the answer would be, "They would give every thing." A person may have passed his Time in business but forgotten his Soul, and finds all he is worth will do it no good. If asked, "*What he would give?*" why, he would give all he has acquired back again. But, then, here comes instruction. He made the World his idol; never sought forgiveness and salvation through Jesus Christ; he would give up all for a short portion of Time. But, then, *we* have Time; what are we doing with it? Let us be careful about this *now*, the present hour. What has God sent us here for? Like a man telling his money, we should say, "Here is Time, what is it *for*?"

No one says that we should not attend to the business of Time; but still it is necessary that Eternity should possess our superior regards. Did never a man who delighted in business go to Heaven? Certainly. But how? because he found Time to think of God and Eternity. A man may work with the plough, or the loom, or in the mines, and think of the value of his Soul too; he may find time for reading the Book of God. Only think, my friends, what portions of Time are spent utterly in vain! Sometimes you feel disposed to trifle, to let your thoughts go at random. Now, it should not be so with persons going to Heaven.

Let us consider how our Time is occupied. Something has it now; my preaching and your hearing. I hope we are not ill employed. Now, what is likely to take your Time? Gay company; idle vanities of thought, certainly a habit likely to go on. As with a flock where the wolf has been once, he will come again. So *the wolves of Time* will come, and we shall be the losers. It is our look-out (to use a vulgar expression) that we should not be the losers.

How many things are the murderers and robbers of Time! Oh, that we could impress the minds of men! Who would not watch if he knew the thief was coming, and keep a light in the house?

But thus men go on; some at the ale-house; some at other places of sin and riot, where there is dreadful destruction and murder of Time, and that will be followed by the murder of the Soul!

What a happy thing that though Jesus Christ cannot give back the Time, he can save the Soul! Is any employment so necessary as to have recourse to Him who can redeem and save it for ever?

THE SPIRIT AND THE SUCCESS OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. W. BONTEMS.

"And so were the churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily."—*Acts* xvi. 5.

To a christian, who is in the highest sense the friend of man as well as the servant of God, there could not be presented a more delightful object

of contemplation than a number of communities, occupying the various towns and districts of a country, composed of persons who understand, believe, enjoy, and practise christian principles; and so, by their life and teaching, recommend and enforce those principles, as to bring under their influence, from time to time, many who have been hitherto strangers to their happy effects. It was a sight that delighted the eyes and gladdened the hearts of the first teachers of the gospel, and induced them to say in the language of Paul, "Ye are our glory and our joy." In some few instances, and on a small scale, both in this and in other countries, similar scenes have cheered the spirits of the faithful servants of Christ. Now and then it is our happy lot to witness the reception into the ranks of our Saviour's followers, of some who have been delivered from the bondage of Satan's service. And were not our hearts so cold, and our conceptions of the importance of the event so defective, we should probably enjoy, more intensely and more frequently, such illustrations of the blessed results of the gospel of Christ amongst us. But how strikingly the state of the churches in our time and in our country stands out in contrast with that set forth in the passage before us! We cannot use this and similar passages found in this book as descriptive of *our* societies. Look upon those of them with which you are more intimately acquainted, and see if they are composed of persons who are "established in the faith." Are they not rather made up, to a great extent, of those who cannot give a reason for the hope that is in them, and who are, consequently, destitute of intelligent confidence in their professed principles, so that they are easily shaken in the faith, and driven about by every wind of doctrine? And this being the unsettled state of the members of churches, what impression can they make upon others? Is that man likely to persuade another, who has no confidence in his own belief? Are others likely to unite themselves with a church, the members of which do not understand nor appreciate their own doctrines and privileges? Yet this is the fact with reference to the great majority of professing christians who come under our observation. But why should there be such a difference between the state of primitive churches and that of the churches at the present time? The gospel is the same. The adaptation of the gospel to the wants of man is the same. Its evidences are, at least, equally clear and convincing. And there is no reason to believe that God is less disposed to impart the necessary blessing upon the use of the means he has prescribed, than in the days to which our text refers. The great difference in the state of our churches arises, it would appear, from the different spirit in which they prosecute the enterprise committed to their hands. In the words before us, we are directed not only to the *state* of the churches, but also to the proceedings which led to the existence of that state of things; and, by observing the narrative of events of which these words are a kind of index, we may also learn the *spirit* by which the disciples in that day were animated. "And *so*" (by the use of such means, and the influence of such a spirit) "were the churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily."

In calling attention to the spirit and conduct which led to establishment and increase, we shall notice that these objects were obtained,—

1. *By earnest and diligent enquiry.* We not unfrequently meet with persons who complain that, in these times, there are so many opinions abroad on religious subjects, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain what is true and right. And this state of things is made the excuse for neglecting the doctrines and duties of religion altogether. Such persons seem to think this difficulty peculiar to our age. But it is not so. The first converts to christianity were surrounded by similar temptations

to excuse themselves for indifference to the claims of truth. There were the Jews, with their various sects of Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, and others less known to us. There were the Samaritans, with their rival temple, saying, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." There were the Greeks, with their different schools of philosophy; the Romans, with their superstitions; and the Asiatics, with their mysteries; and, indeed, almost every city with its peculiar form and object of worship. The priests of the various temples, and the teachers of the various dogmas, were busily engaged in defending and recommending their claims. And it was in the midst of all these conflicting systems and contradictory teachings that christianity advanced, and demanded examination, reception, and obedience. And though it came with authority, it required intelligent reception, appealing to those whom it addressed, to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good." It made way in those days, by clear statement, and logical argument, and urgent appeal, to the reason, as well as to the consciences and hearts of men. It boldly advanced its claims in the synagogue, before the learned rabbis, in the assembly of the cultivated Athenians, and in the palace of the proud Cæsars. To the Gentile it appealed, and referred him, for evidences of its truthfulness, to the testimony of nature and the voice of conscience, as agreeing, so far as they go, with the doctrines it proclaimed. To the Jew it appealed, and directed him to "search the Scriptures," and observe the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic dispensations, and see if the priest, and the offering, and the mercy-seat, in harmony with the prophecies, did not point to Jesus of Nazareth as the "Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." And to both Jew and Gentile it referred the miracles, and death, and resurrection, and ascension, and Pentecostal gifts of Jesus, to shew that he was the Son of God and the Saviour of men. It feared not the united wisdom, learning, ridicule, and persecution that might be brought against it; and wherever its advocates were faithful, it proved itself to be the "wisdom and power of God." And its disciples were not ashamed of the gospel. Referring to its facts, they declared, "these things were not done in a corner." Speaking of its sublime revelations, they tell us that into these things the angels desire to look. Of its tendency, they declare it promotes "glory to God, peace and good-will to men." Its rewards are "unspeakable and full of glory." Instead of being half inclined to apologise for believing it, they exclaim, "God forbid that I should glory save in it;" "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

And the testimony of these teachers was received in the same spirit as that in which it was given. The Bereans were a specimen of those who believed; they "searched the Scriptures daily, to see whether these things were so." And in the case to which our text more especially refers, we have a beautiful and instructive exhibition of the diligent and intelligent enquiry in which they engaged. In the course of the apostles' ministry, many Gentiles had received the gospel, and the question arose amongst the disciples, whether it were necessary to circumcise the Gentiles. The question was a difficult one, because if it were agreed not to circumcise them, the Jews would think the Old Testament Scriptures were neglected; and if, on the other hand, circumcision were insisted on, the Gentiles would have the impression, that christianity was, after all, a modified form of Judaism, and intended to entrap them into a union with the Jewish people. What steps, then, did these primitive christians take, to come to a satisfactory conclusion? They met together. They discussed the subject. After much disputing, we find Peter giving in his evidence, shewing *how God had worked by* him. Peter's evidence was not taken as

decisive. The dogma of Peter's supremacy, and that of his successors, had not then reduced the disciples to bondage. Paul and Silas declare how God had made use of their instrumentality in the conversion of the Gentiles. Then James, referring to prophecy, as being illustrated by the events to which their attention had been directed, proceeds to propose for adoption a resolution to the effect, that as God has shewed his willingness to save by Christ all that believe in him, making no difference between Jew and Gentile, the Gentiles shall not be burdened with the ceremonial rites of the Jewish dispensation; but, at the same time, as Moses hath in every city those that teach him, recommending the Gentiles to abstain from all things that would be contrary to the prejudices of the Jews, that so they might not hurt the feelings of their Jewish brethren, nor lay unnecessary obstacles in the way of those Jews who were still opposed to the principles of christianity, but who might otherwise be induced to associate with the disciples. We refer thus particularly to the meeting, and the discussion, and the decision, and the recommendation, that we may notice and remember, that the way in which the Holy Spirit guided the apostles and first christians, was such as to encourage the exercise of their judgment, that they might see the reason of things, and hold their doctrines as those who know what they believe, and why they believe it.

It is easy to perceive that such christians, so taught and so exercised in free enquiry, would be established in the faith; and their very intelligence, enabling them to explain and enforce their doctrines, would be very instrumental in promoting their increase. But *now*, professed christians are influenced by custom, fashion, and interest; and hence so many are not established in the faith, and hence the little influence they exert upon their neighbours and the world at large. We must have more of this spirit of intelligent enquiry, before our churches "are established in the faith, and increase in number daily."

2. *By the exercise of a comprehensive charity.* By charity we mean that principle which teaches men to recognise and respect the rights of another's conscience. It may sometimes be difficult to shew where this principle is to be modified, by the claims of some other, equally binding; but of its importance in the christian system, there can be no doubt. The rule taught by the apostles, and practised, at least to some extent, in the churches, seems to be, to seek the truth by all means, and follow it at all risks; but, at the same time, to take care lest they should despise or injure even the weakest and most mistaken of Christ's sincere followers,—to regard all believers in the divinity of Christ, and efficacy of the Saviour's work, as brethren, weak, it may be, and ignorant; but whose weakness and ignorance are to be treated with kindness and forbearance,—in all cases, giving up privilege and gratification, but not truth and duty, rather than shock the weak faith of a brother in Christ. In accordance with this principle was the conduct of the christians who met in the council to which we have already referred. Do not (was the direction given) insist upon the circumcision of the Gentiles; that would convey the idea that salvation is by the law. But let not the Jews be troubled by the constant violation of their notions of propriety and purity; that would unnecessarily shock the prejudice of those who believe, and hinder your access to the unbelievers. Have patience with the weak brethren. They are still greatly attached to the temple and religion of their nation. But the time will soon come when the temple will be destroyed, and the offerings will cease; then they will perceive more clearly that "these things are done away in Christ." Then, take your course in all things as those who "are called to liberty, only use not your liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." And in accordance with this principle, we

find Paul, at one time, resisting circumcision, as absolutely ruinous to the soul; and, at another time, circumcising Timothy, to facilitate his labours: thus becoming "all things to all men, that he might by all means save some."

In this way, the churches were helpers of each other's faith. They felt the adaptation of christianity to promote peace and union, as well as truth and purity; and they not only enjoyed the fruits of this charity amongst themselves, but they presented a united front and united testimony to the people around them. They were "established in the faith, and increased in number daily."

3. *By enterprising activity.* All we could say on this subject would fail to give so vivid an impression as the reading of the inspired narrative from which we learn their proceedings. The churches were, indeed, awake to their duties *and responsibilities.* They were composed of members who, having experienced the happy influence of the truth in their own hearts, felt not a doubt of its efficacy. They were too busy to study their "frames and feelings." And the result of their zeal and activity, in the conversion of sinners, was a decisive proof of the power of the principles they preached. Every convert was a new evidence of the truth of christianity, for he became a new creature. And the constant renewal of these manifestations of God's power and grace, filled all concerned with confidence. Thus, by their intelligence, charity, and activity, accompanied by the blessing of God, "were the churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily."

It is not necessary that we should point out the desirableness of a renewal of those scenes to which our minds have been directed. Before we can reasonably expect to enjoy it, however, there must be a change in our own spirit and conduct. There is an apologetic tone about the christians of the present time, which, while it indicates a want of loving confidence in their principles, weakens the impression which might be made upon others. And if we wish to invigorate our enfeebled faith and piety, and fit them for successful enterprise, we must examine with more earnestness and discrimination the doctrines we profess to believe; notice their scope and bearing upon our privileges and responsibilities; cultivate more diligently the spirit of charity by which the christian system is distinguished; and shew our sincerity by more adequate efforts to enlighten the ignorant and save the lost.

Whitchurch, Salop.

A SOURCE OF COMFORT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Your Father also is merciful."—*Luke* vi. 36.

Jesus revealed Jehovah as a father. He constantly kept this idea before the minds of his disciples. He turned their thoughts from his greatness to his goodness. He taught them to realize that he was *their* Father. They were to pray to him as such. To trust in him as such. To love him as such. To obey him as such. He was here setting forth his moral excellencies for their imitation. He commands them to be merciful, as their Father also is merciful. There is something very precious in this representation of the Most High. He is our Father. As such, he is not only great, glorious, omnipotent, and just, but he is merciful. Naturally, infinitely, eternally merciful. He is merciful to all, but more especially to his children. Yea, he delighteth to manifest his mercy to them. He is merciful this day, and he will be merciful to us through all our future days.

Is our Father also merciful? Then *he will sympathise with us.* Our sufferings will affect him. They will touch his heart. They will awaken his tenderest sympathies. We shall not suffer alone. He will come to us. He will sustain us. He will administer to our necessities. He will even make our bed in our sickness. His sympathy will effectually benefit us. Others may pity, he will relieve. Others may speak, he will apply. Others may wish us well, he will really do us good. Of us it shall by and bye be said, as it was of Israel of old, "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." Is our Father also merciful? Then *he will listen to us.* Every sigh, every groan, every broken prayer shall enter into his ears. He will listen to the beating of the contrite heart, to the heaving of the troubled bosom, to the sobs of the distressed spirit. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer. He will turn away from the strains of the seraphim, from the hallelujahs of all the celestial host, to listen to the moanings of his Ephraim, to the cries of his tempted, depressed, and afflicted children below. Beloved, he will never turn a deaf ear to our prayers,—poor, imperfect, and broken though they be. He cannot, for he is merciful. Is our Father also merciful? Then *he will pardon us.* He will pardon not only once or twice, but every time we confess our sins with sorrow, and plead for pardon in Jesus' name. How often we have to go and confess the same sins, and seek forgiveness of the same offences. Nor dare we promise, that if he forgive us now, we will be guilty of them no more. For if we did, corruption within us, and Satan without us, would soon lead us to commit them. Still our merciful Father forgives us, and will do so. How strange was the plea of Moses when seeking pardon for the rebellious Israelites, "Let the power of my Lord be great, as thou hast forgiven them from Egypt until now." "As far as the east is from the west, so far will he remove our transgressions from us." Hear his own gracious announcement, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." If our Father also is merciful, then *he will notice the least good thing in us.* He did so in Abijah, the child of Jeroboam, as it is written, "He only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found *some good thing* toward the Lord God of Israel." It may only be the desire to labour for him, without the power. The wish to be useful, without the opportunity. A little zeal for him. A little love to him. A little faith in him. A little sorrow that we have grieved him. A little kindness to some one of his people,—the giving of a cup of cold water only. The speaking a word for him. Whatever good there is in us, generated by his Holy Spirit (and there is no good but what the ever blessed Spirit does produce), he notices, approves, commends, records, and fosters. Man may overlook it. We may think little of it. Not so our merciful Father; it is precious in his sight, and is highly esteemed by him. How different prejudiced man! One fault hides ten virtues; for one spot, he overlooks a score beauties. Oh, to resemble our ever merciful Father, in noticing and admiring what is good in his children. If our Father also is merciful, then *he will accept the smallest thing from us.* The child has but little to offer, only some common field flower, or some mean production of art, but he brings it in love, he presents it to his father with a smile, he seems to say, "I wish it were gold, or some rich gem," and the father receives it gladly, and is pleased with it. Just so our ever loving Father who is in heaven. What can we bring him? What have we to present to him? It is, perhaps, only a loving wish, or a grateful acknowledgment, or a song of praise, or a poor sinful prayer. But it is what we have, and the Lord accepts it with more pleasure than he does Gabriel's services, or Michael's obedience. He says, "My child would bring me

something worthy of me if he had it; but as he has it not, I accept the will for the deed." If there be first a willing mind, "it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." If our Father also is merciful, then *he will suffer no real evil to befall us.* He can prevent it, and he will. Afflictions are not always evils. Rather, sanctified afflictions are among our choicest mercies, our most efficient teachers. David had many, sore, and long continued afflictions, but were they evils? Oh, no, blessings; therefore he writes, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." And again, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Solomon long since wrote, and providence has ever since proved the truth of the saying, "There shall no evil happen to the just." We have been tried. We have been cast down. We have been stripped. We have been disappointed. We have been painfully humbled. Our hearts have often bled, for they have been often and deeply pierced. But has any real evil befallen us? Can we bring this charge against our most merciful Father? Shall we be able to do so in heaven? No, never! Never! If our Father also is merciful, then *he will have us love one another for his sake.* He loves all his children. He pities every one of his family. He bids us love every one of our brothers and sisters. It is his will that we should love each other. It is our happiness to love one another. We cannot be like our Father, if we do not love all his children. If we do not love them always. If we do not love them with a warm and glowing love. Oh, for more love to the Lord's people!

If God is our Father, and our Father also is merciful, what a source of comfort is opened to us. We know not what awaits us. We know not what we may have to pass through. But let what will come, we shall have *one to love us,* and one whose love is infinite, unchangeable, and glorious. Yes, our Father's heart will be always set upon us, it will always be full of love to us, it will rejoice over us to do us good. We shall always have *one to care for us.* He will care for our persons to protect them, for our graces to foster them, and for our circumstances to adapt his mercies to them. The believer can never justly say, "No one cares for me," for his God cares for him; and his care is so efficient, that he is bidden to cast all his cares upon God, and enjoy peace, because God cares for him. We shall always have *one to provide for us.* We cannot be fatherless. We cannot be neglected. Our Father knows our wants, our weakness, and our dependent condition; he is ever merciful, his mercy is ever great towards us, and therefore our supplies are certain. This led the Apostle to write so confidently to his kind hearted Philippians and say, "My God shall supply *all your need,* according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." If God is our merciful Father, let us *cherish the thought.* It is sweet. It is pleasant. It is profitable. It must do us good. How much better to think of our mercies, than our miseries; of our merciful Father, than of our malicious foes. Let us *improve the privilege.* Let us go to God as his children. Let us ask of him as of a father. Let us credit his word, rely on his care, rejoice in his mercy, wait at his footstool, work in his vineyard, trust in his faithfulness, and hasten home to be with him in glory everlasting for ever. Let us *honour the relationship.* Let us walk with God in holy fellowship, obey God with ardent zeal, imitate God with care and caution, and endeavour to exhibit the excellencies of his moral character in our conduct and conversation. Let us be holy, for God is holy. Let us be loving, for God is love. Let us be merciful, for our Father also is merciful. Let us attend to our Saviour's admonition, delivered with so much love when instructing his disciples on the mount, "Let your light so shine before

men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father is in heaven." Reader, is God your Father? Do you feel a child to him? Do you exercise filial confidence in him? Do you go t for counsel, for supplies, for comfort, for all you need? Do yo upon him as merciful, and strive to imitate this excellence? M are you merciful to your men? Men, are you merciful to your f men? Mistresses, are you merciful to your servants? Servant you merciful to all about you? To be merciful you must not be u or dishonest; but exercise mercy, every one toward another, consis with the claims of kindred, and the requirements of God's holy pr as they bear upon the different relationships of life. Beloved, " merciful, even as your Father which is in heaven is merciful."

Claremont-Street, Shrewsbury.

CHRISTIAN PROSPECTS.

BY THE REV. W. MACLURE, OF NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

Christian men, your Saviour needs you
In His glorious battle-field;
Fear not, for 'tis He who leads you,
Who alike can soothe and shield,—

Soothe you when the spirits sadden,
When the rains of sorrow pour;
Shield you when the wicked madden,
Ravening in their pride and power.

And the rains will fall yet deeper,
And the cloud in lightnings break:
Time then for the slumberous sleeper
From his sleep and sloth to wake.

Sleeps the seaman on his pillow,
When the howling winds are out,—
When the wildly swelling billow
Hurls his quivering bark about?

Souls beneath the altar lying,
Tortured for the truth, and slain,
Still their blood for vengeance crying,
Pleads, and will not plead in vain.

When shall reach the martyred number,
When his height the Man of Sin,
Vengeance shall no longer slumber,
But shall heap her harvest in.

Glorious times are drawing nearer;
Satan from his empire hurled,
Love shall bless, and light grow clearer;
Peace shall saturate the world.

Oh, for times when vice, astounded,
Shall her brazen features hide!
And blood-stained idols, truth-confounded,
Crumble from their place of pride!

Speed those times, when famine savage,
Want, with weeping, sunken eye;
Pain nor pestilence shall ravage,
Crime and cruelty shall die.

These times shall come, but, darkness scattering,
Morning breaks from midnight's shroud;
Hark! even now, the rain-drops pattering;
Mark that deepening thunder-cloud!

Christian men, your Saviour needs you,
Up, take sides, there's work to do;
Fear not, for 'tis He who leads you,
Who has fought and won for you.

Biblical.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.*

Great numbers of our intelligent and thinking young men have heard much of German Theology, and of Strauss, the great infidel of the last few years. Many have read, more or less, in this line, and some perhaps have seen the cream of Strauss's infidelity in the pages of "Newman's Phases of Faith;" to these last-mentioned, especially, we most earnestly commend Neander's invaluable Life of Jesus Christ. Mr. Newman's book would have been more appropriately entitled the "Phases of Disbelief;" it is a mental autobiography, shewing how a mind of very high *logical* powers, but almost entirely wanting in susceptibility for impressions of the Divine and supernatural, could renounce, step by step, the evangelical creed of youthful life, and descend to doubting whether Christ ever existed, or at least to placing him on a level with Paul, Channing, Watts, &c.! In Neander we have a mind of directly the opposite order; wanting none of the intellectual powers of Strauss or Newman,—their superior, we should say, in this respect,—and decidedly so in learning; but a mind in which the moral susceptibilities are of the most lovely and elevated kind. His numerous and devoted pupils constantly compared him with the apostle John, in whose writings he took especial delight. Should any of our young readers' feelings have chilled in perusing the fascinating but one-sided and malign logic of Newman, or of Strauss himself, we earnestly invite them to the delightful contrast which Neander's work presents. To such the *candour of* the author in fully acknowledging difficulties, and in making concessions, which will almost revolt those who know nothing of the "life and death" controversy yet waging for the truth of the gospels in Germany, will rather give confidence than inspire distrust.

Neander sets out with the principle, that those who have no susceptibility of impression from "the Divine," are wholly unfitted to comprehend and critically examine the Life of the *incarnate Divinity*. As a person with no ear for music would but betray his defect, if he presumed to canvass the merits of an oratorio; or one who had no taste for beauty, if he criticised painting or statuary; so the man in whose heart no longings, at least, after God, no consciousness of his need of acquaintance and reconciliation with Him, existed, could never appreciate the Glorious Revelation of DIVINITY in the LIFE of JESUS. He would judge him simply by negative, logical, and human measures. He would have no spiritual intuition of that which is just the key to the understanding of Christ's whole life. Hence in this noble book, while, in the notes especially, historical difficulties and objections are adverted to, the author spends his strength upon developing the LIFE of Christ,—the mind, the motive, the feeling, the ultimate design of all his actions and instructions. Nor do we know any work which by the mere force of a spiritual apprehension of our Lord's sayings and doings, side by side with learning inferior to none of the heartless sceptical critics, so entirely convinces the reader of the justness of its main positions; they evidence their truth for every devout mind, by their mere statement. We say advisedly, *main* positions, because English readers will think his views of inspiration much below the orthodox standard, and hence think he has used too much freedom in attempting to harmonize the gospel narratives, and in his views on particular passages. Neander, as will be seen in his letter to American Christians, among whom the translation first appeared, is fully conscious of this; but his thoroughly *truthful* mind will not allow him to speak with positiveness when he feels any doubt, or to go beyond his assured belief for the sake of pleasing *man*.

He apologizes for the imperfections of his book attendant upon the stormy times of its birth, as he would have preferred to present a work on such a subject as the fruit of *calm* contemplation. But the times forbade. The infidelity, the seeds of which England had sent to Germany in the beginning of the last century, had, in the first half of the present one, developed itself in the *mythical* theory of Strauss. That is, the gospel narrations are of the same character and

* The Life of Jesus Christ, by Augustus Neander. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

worth as the heathen *myth*-ologies; and the divine miracles and deeds of Jesus Christ, are historically of the same quality as the exploits of Hercules, and the filthy amours of the monarch of Olympus: there might be such a person once on earth as Christ, who gathered disciples around him; these persons found him to be the promised Messiah, and, piece by piece, put together the narratives in the gospels, to make his deeds correspond with their notions derived from the Jewish prophecies of what such a Messiah ought to be! For ourselves we have always thought, and we are happy to see our views confirmed by the opinion of the great Niebuhr (the man who first fully shewed the historical worthlessness of Roman and Greek legends), that the man who could fail to see the marks of historical verity in the gospels, is either destitute of genuine critical faculty, or, if he has it, is blinded by some metaphysical or philosophical theory.

It may be needful to mention for the sake of some, that all the German Infidel School disbelieve the *possibility* of a miracle on philosophical grounds; *they* therefore come to the gospels to disprove their miracles; they cannot pretend to be *unprejudiced* enquirers.

We hope Mr. Bohn will soon give us Tholuck's Reply to Strauss also. Tholuck's theology is much nearer the orthodox standard of this country, though theologians like the late excellent Messrs. Haldane and Carson, will be wroth with all who deviate (except in one ceremony) from the "Westminster Assembly's Catechism." It is useless, however, to declaim against *German* theology, unless we wish to provoke persons to study it. Surely, if we include all grades of English theologians, from a Hobbes to a Haldane, we might denounce our own with equal consistency. German literature of any kind must and will be read. It is mere indolence to rail at what we are too lazy to refute, perhaps what we know only at second-hand. The manly course is that of Professor Davidson, whose valuable Introductions to the Scriptures supply a want which no mere compilations like Hartwell Horne's can ever do.

The writer can only add, that if he covets the spirit of any christian of this age, it is that which has just left the earthly tenement of the lovely Neander.

Tales and Sketches.

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

For some cause, real or imaginary, I felt low spirited. There was a cloud upon my feelings, and I could not smile as usual, nor speak in a tone of cheerfulness. As a natural result, the light of my countenance being gone, all things around me were in a shadow. My husband was sober and had little to say, the children would look strangely at me when I answered their questions, or spoke to them for any purpose, and domestics moved about in a quiet manner, and when they addressed me, did so in a tone more subdued than usual.

This reaction upon my state only made darker the cloud that veiled my spirits. I was conscious of this, and was conscious that the original cause of depression was entirely inadequate in itself to produce the results which followed. Under this feeling, I made an effort to rally myself, but in vain; and sank lower from the very struggles to rise above the gloom that overshadowed me.

When my husband came home at dinner time, I tried to meet him with a smile; but I felt that the light upon my countenance was feeble, and of brief duration. He looked at me earnestly, and, in his kind and gentle way, enquired if I felt no better, affecting to believe that my ailment was one of the body instead of the mind. But I scarcely answered him, and I could see that he felt hurt. How much more wretched did I become at this! Could I have then retired to my chamber, and, alone, given my heart full vent in a passion of tears, I might have obtained relief to my feelings. But I could not do this.

While I sat at the table, forcing a little food into my mouth for appearance' sake my husband said,—

"You remember the fine lad who has been for some time in our store?"

I nodded my head, but the question did not awaken in my mind the least interest.

"He has not made his appearance for several days; and I learned this morning,

on sending to the house of his mother, that he was very ill."

"Ah!" was my indifferent response. Had I spoken what was in my mind, I would have said, "I'm sorry, but I can't help it." I did not, at the moment, feel the smallest interest in the lad.

"Yes," added my husband, "and the person who called to let me know about it, expressed his fears that Edward will not get up again."

"What ails him?" I enquired.

"I did not clearly understand. But he has a fever of some kind. You remember his mother very well? His loss to her will be almost every thing."

"Is he so dangerous?" I enquired, a feeling of interest beginning to stir in my heart.

"He is not expected to live."

"Poor woman! How distressed she must be; I wonder what her circumstances are just at this time. She seemed very poor when she worked for me."

"And she is very poor still, I doubt not. She has herself been sick, and, during the time, it is more than probable, that Edward's wages were all her income. I am afraid she has not now the means of procuring for her sick boy things necessary for his comfort. Could you not go round there this afternoon, and see how they are?"

I shook my head, instantly, at this proposition, for sympathy for others was not strong enough to expel my selfish despondency of mind.

"Then I must step round," replied my husband, "before I go back to the store, although we are busy to day, and I am much wanted there. It would not be right to neglect the lad and his mother under present circumstances."

I felt rebuked at these words; and, with an effort, said, "I will go."

"It will be much better for you to see them than for me," returned my husband; "for you can understand their wants better, and minister to them more effectually. If they need any comforts, I would like you to see them supplied."

It still cost me an effort to get ready, but as I had promised to do as my husband wished, the effort had to be made. By the time I was prepared to go out, I felt something better. The exertion I was required to make, tended to disperse, slightly, the clouds that hung *over me, and, as they* began gradually to remove, my thoughts turned, with an awakened interest, toward the object of my husband's solicitude.

All was silent within the humble abode to which my errand led me. I knocked lightly, and in a few moments the mother of Edward opened the door. She looked pale and anxious.

"How is your son, Mrs. Ellis?" I enquired, as I stepped in.

"He is very low, ma'am," she replied.

"Not dangerous, I hope?"

"The fever has left him, but he is weak as an infant. All his strength is gone."

"But proper nourishment will restore him, now the disease is broken."

"So the doctor says. But I'm afraid its too late. He seems to be sinking every hour. Will you walk up and see him?"

I followed Mrs. Ellis up stairs, and into a chamber where the poor boy lay. I was not surprised at the fear she expressed, when I saw Edward's pale, sunken face, and hollow, almost expressionless, eyes. He scarcely noticed my entrance.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother, "he has had a very sick spell."

My liveliest interest was at once awakened.

"He has been sick, indeed," I replied, as I laid my hand upon his white forehead.

I found his skin was cold and damp. The fever had nearly burnt out the vital energy of his system.

"Do you give him much nourishment?"

"He takes a little barley-water."

"Has not the doctor ordered wine?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mrs. Ellis; but she spoke with an air of hesitation. "He says a spoonful of good wine, three or four times a day, would be very good for him."

"And you have not given him any?"

"No, ma'am."

"We have some very pure wine, that we always keep for sickness. If you will step over to our house, and tell Alice to give you a bottle of it, I will stay with Edward until your return."

How brightly glowed that poor woman's face as my words fell upon her ears.

"Oh! ma'am, you are very kind!" said she. "But it will be asking too much of you to stay here."

"You didn't ask, Mrs. Ellis," I simply replied. "I have offered to stay; so do you go for the wine as quickly as you can, for Edward needs it very much."

I was not required to say more. In a few minutes I was alone with the sick boy, who lay almost as still as if death were resting upon his half-closed eyelids. To some extent, during the half hour I remained thus in that hushed chamber, did I realize the condition and feeling of the mother, whose only son lay gasping at the very door of death, and all my sympathies were, in consequence, awakened.

As soon as Mrs. Ellis returned with the wine, about a teaspoonful of it was diluted, and the glass containing it placed to the sick lad's lips. The moment the flavour touched his palate, a thrill seemed to pass through his frame, and he swallowed it eagerly.

"It does him good!" said I, speaking warmly, and from an impulse that made my heart glow.

We sat and looked with silent interest upon the boy's face, and we did not look in vain, for something like warmth came upon his wan cheeks, and when I placed my hand again upon his forehead, the coldness and dampness were gone. The wine had quickened the languid pulses. I staid an hour longer, and then another spoonful of the generous wine was given. Its effect was as marked as the first. I then withdrew from the humble home of the widow and her only child, promising to see them again in the morning.

When I regained the street, and my thoughts for a moment reverted to myself, how did I find all changed. The clouds had dispersed,—the heavy load had been raised from my bosom. I walked with a freer step. Sympathy for others, and active efforts to do others good, had expelled the evil spirit from my heart; and now serene peace had there again her quiet habitation. There was light in every part of my dwelling when I re-entered it, and I sang cheerfully, as I prepared, with my own hands, a basket of provisions for the poor widow.

When my husband returned in the evening, he found me at work, cheerfully, in the family, and all bright and smiling again. The effort to do good to others, had driven away the darkness from my spirit, and the sunshine was again upon my countenance, and reflected from that of every member of my household.

GOD USES MEANS.

The godly patriarch at Bath, William *Jay, says:* "*There is hardly* anything but the Lord has dignified by making use of it in the calling of sinners to himself. Afflictions, parental example, the admonition of a friend, the reading of a good book, or a mere tract,—'*Lo! all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living.*'"

How many of the servants of Christ can testify to the truth that God acts as a Sovereign, not only in the election of the subjects of his free grace, but also in the selection of the means by which he attracts their attention to his ever pressing claims? And how often has their own wisdom been set at nought by his choice of instruments, which they would have regarded as the least likely to contribute to any saving result! Most impressively has he taught them by his ways, as well as by his Word, "*that no flesh shall glory in his presence.*"

In a New-England village stood a neat place of worship, in which a laborious pastor had for years proclaimed the gospel with little apparent effect. On a beautiful Sabbath in October he stood in his place, and, with aching heart, delivered his message to a people who seemed indifferent to all his utterances. Behind the pulpit was a window, through which could be seen a tree whose foliage had been changed by autumnal frost. A young man in a remote pew, while gazing listlessly in the direction of the pulpit, saw a leaf separate from a twig of the tree, and with slow vibration descend to the ground. He was startled from his reverie. "I am like that leaf! My hold on life is slender! I may soon be detached, and fall! Then, where shall I be?" One thought suggested another, until his mind was stirred to its lowest depths, and he was in an agony of solicitude respecting his prospects for eternity.

But this case stood not alone. God had his eye and heart upon another precious soul. During the same service, as the choir was singing,

> "Almighty God, thy grace impart;
> Fix deep conviction in each heart," &c.,

another young man, who was looking at the choir, observed that a pious lady, as she sang those lines, raised her eyes heavenward as if uttering a prayer. "Perhaps she is praying for *me*," was instantly his reflection. "And yet I never prayed for myself! Wretch that I am to live so prayerless, so entirely unconcerned! What can I expect from the hand of a righteous

it everlasting destruction?" The thought thus awakened was per- id he too became intensely anxious what he should do to be saved.

e evening, both of these young men the prayer-meeting, and expressed to be guided into the way of life. ect of such a development was elec- he pastor and most of the church ken by surprise. The impenitent rtled and awed. It was a time of on, tears, and prayers. A revival power ensued, and the fruits were ly gracious.

hough God thus manifested his own nty in so choosing means as to *ride from man*," yet he so exercised honour his own appointment. He enquired of to do these things for subsequently became known that a nbers of the church had quietly met rday evenings in a private house, purpose of invoking the influence of ving Spirit. God heard, and an- in his own way. How seldom does l occur where earnest prayer is not edent; and how seldom does a re- mmence in accordance with human ions! The sovereignty of God is rder.

s then give ourselves more and more yer, and be willing that God should as he sees best. "*Trust him at all le people; pour out your hearts him.*"

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

rch member had raised up a large f children. He had no family altar house, although his wife had long place in the church, and they were onward to meet their children at gment. Temporal blessings had n upon them; joys and sorrows had d gone; hoary hairs began to gather, e family there was *no calling upon*

of the sons were married, and had m the scenes of their childhood. re in the world without hope and God. At length the Lord wrought in the place where they lived. were humbled and quickened. The r returned in company with the epherd, and there was great joy in father's house. Prayer and praise, s and visiting took place of other Blooming youth left the gay scenes of worldly pleasure, and sought and obtained more elevated bliss in the service of God. Many parents were shedding tears of gratitude, and lifting their voices in praise for the redemption of their children.

Special efforts were made to reach the children of the above named family, but all without any good results. No heavenly rain descended, no fruit was gathered for God. At length, by the entreaties of the wife and members of the church, prayer was commenced; a family altar for God was erected. Offerings were brought in and laid on that altar. They were accepted, and the promised blessing came from the stores of heaven. The sons heard of the change at home, and *came to hear "father pray in his family!"* The whole scene seemed changed. The father confessed and prayed; the mother wept and entreated; the sons trembled and bowed. The Spirit —the softening, subduing Spirit—was there; soon after, in a social meeting, the mother with a tender, feeling heart, went to her eldest son, threw her arms around his neck, and pleaded with him to come to Christ. The scene was overwhelming. All hearts felt, all eyes were full. The son, under the influence of maternal tears, entreaties, and love, attended by the power of the subduing Spirit, yielded his heart to the easy, peaceful reign of Jesus, and found, in believing, joy unspeakable and full of glory. There was also joy in the presence of angels over the repenting sinner.

In one week after the family altar was erected, and "broken and contrite hearts" laid thereon, four sons, all heads of families, were rejoicing in full "hope of the glory of God." There was great joy in that town, and "many more were added to the church of such as should be saved."

"The world beheld the glorious change;
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight."

Is the reader of this little article a church member? Are you the head of a family? Have you an altar in your house for God? Have your children from early years, heard your voice in solemn, frequent, fervent, family prayer? Have those friends and strangers, who have visited your house, and mingled in your social circle, left, under the full impression that as for you and your

house you would serve the Lord? Or, have your children grown up without hearing family prayer, and lived under the impression, from your example, that it was "a vain thing to serve God?" Are they still unconverted? Are they advancing in years, adding sin to sin, and pressing onward, with you, to the judgment? Pause and reflect on the past, present, and future. Are you ready to give an account of your stewardship? Can you meet in peace your children and others in the last great day? Are you clean from their blood?

"I CAN'T GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH."

So said a lady, who had recently been admitted into the membership of a large church, to the pastor.

"I am very sorry, my sister," was the reply; "the members are generally considered quite friendly, and there is much pleasant social intercourse among them."

"But scarcely any of them speak to me, or seem to know me when I come to the church, or meet them in the street."

"Do you speak to them?"

"I do not like to speak first. It was so different in the first church I joined."

"Where you passed the days of your childhood and youth, you were of course more widely known; and, when you were baptized, it was a more direct introduction to the christian sympathies and affection of the church. Do you attend the prayer-meetings?"

"No; I have not been yet."

"The best place to form acquaintances among the members is at the prayer-meetings. The Sabbath congregations are so large, and so many strangers attend, that the members can scarcely become familiar with each other if they meet only there. But if you are seen regularly at the prayer-meeting, you will soon be recognized and welcomed. Have you been to the Dorcas Society?"

"Oh, no! I did not like to go where all were strangers to me."

"But how are they to become acquainted with you, if you do not give them the opportunity? I hope you have visited the Sabbath school?"

"No. I should like to take a class; but I have been waiting for an invitation."

"My dear friend, do you not perceive that you are far more to blame for remaining a comparative stranger among us than the members of the church generally can be? You are waiting for advances to be made by those to whom you give scarcely an opportunity for friendly intercourse. You give them no reason to think that you desire an acquaintanceship. Now, my advice to you is, attend the more familiar meetings of the church, manifest an interest in its spirituality and prosperity, kindly recognise any whom you know to be members, dispense with the worldly courtesy that requires a formal introduction to these disciples of Jesus, and then, if they remain indifferent to you, the blame will rest with them."

Correspondence.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Perhaps most of our readers will expect a few remaks from us on this subject; otherwise, since it is clear that we cannot please all of them, we would rather forbear. Of all the *letters* on the subject, that by Brother Owen of Cranfield, in our September number, approaches most nearly to the views of the writer of this article. We think the word "Sabbath" Jewish and inappropriate, —the transference theory a pure figment, worthy only to be placed side by side with *the transference* of circumcision to infant *baptism, and with not a tittle* more of evidence in its favour,—and our preference for the day, as the day of christian worship, is founded on the simple fact, that it had its origin in New Testament times, and has been employed for the purpose so universally ever since, that, if other grounds failed, *expediency* would still demand its retention.

One circumstance of importance has not been brought forward, viz., the contrast of the New Testament legislation with the former one in regard to its *positive* character. The law of the Old Testament is distinguished as *prohibitory*, which is, indeed, the general character of *law*, since "it is added on account of transgression."

shalt not" is its characteristic for- "Touch *not*, taste *not*, handle *not*." ict harmony with this, thou shalt *not* the explanation of the command to ie seventh day *holy*. In the New ent, we meet with not a single syl- i the point of abstinence from work; narked congruity with its distinguish- ry as a dispensation of "the spirit ' of "love to God and man," its *very* is that of fellowship and worship. questions the daily or frequent "as- g of themselves together" by the dis- or that the word "church" itself, the re designation of Christ's followers, in assembly. There was, in fact, no *legislate* that christians should meet, : weekly, for worship; the spirit vas given them was, in this respect, nto them. Nor can *we* easily con- ow, of any devout mind being wil- employ the day in those secular ns which must almost nullify its day of worship.

ie subject of its obligation as a part *moral* law, there appears to us some onfusion in some of the views ex- in the correspondence. With Mr. we have never been able to see the y of one part of the law as distin- from the other. To those to whom iven, all was equally moral, in the ' being *obligatory;* but in the sense springing from the natural relations i God and men, or between man and ow-man, and being therefore per- r binding, we can know how far it is r by the light which christianity on those relations, and not by mere i in the code. The grand intent of ish Sabbath in its relation to Chris- we hold, with Calvin (see Institutes, chap. 8), is to prefigure the REST IN , in which the christian ceases from i natural work, and, taking Christ's i him, finds rest to his soul. Paul, bserves, when denouncing the ob- e of Sabbaths, &c. (Col. ii. 16, 17), because the *body*, the reality which ings typified, is Christ. The Jew- bath no more typified a like institu- der christianity, than did circum- ind the passover; but, like these ces, foreshadowed a glorious and l reality,—"the rest which remain- the people of God." In the same Calvin also states, that he would not e churches to slavery to the seventh day, not being concerned about that num- ber; he would leave them free to observe any day, provided they did so without superstition.

It would grieve us much to know, that, through any letters admitted into our Magazine, any one should be led to slight or misuse "the Lord's-day." We do think it "the Pearl of days." But the *grounds* of its observance are quite another question, and we assuredly do think that much of a carnal Judaism has intruded here. In Churchmen this is natural enough, as also their Jehu-like zeal for legislative protec- tion; but Baptists would do well to be cautious of sanctioning wrong *principles* of argument even for so good an end as the observance of the Lord's-day. With Dr. Carson, we must say that our appeal "should be to the New Testament alone, and that, much *as we prize the day*, we would not bring in a mass of Popish rubbish in order to retain it."

On this point, too, we may surely extend the most cordial indulgence to those who differ from us. It would seem as if we had been specially cautioned against "judging" each other in regard to days (Rom. xiv. 4, 5, 6; Col. ii. 16). Whether the "Spirit of Christ" lead us "not to neglect the as- sembling of ourselves together," but thank- fully to use the *Lord's-day* for that pur- pose, or whether we hold ourselves bound to do the same thing by Sinaitic or Paradi- siacal enactments, can make no *practical* difference; though to *us* the former will appear the view most in accordance with our dispensation, and the latter a retro- gression even from the light obtained at the Reformation. The only *general doctrine* derivable from the fourth commandment, we conceive, with Calvin, to be, that "sacred assemblies should be diligently attended to, and those external helps made use of which serve to aid the worship of God."

We imagine the reasonings of our *seventh- day* friend will not seem conclusive to many minds, so far as they attempt to invalidate the common view of the New Testament passages he adverts to. As Christ was crucified on the Friday, with those who believe his own assertion that the *third day* he should rise again, it is clear he rose on the Sunday. As to Acts xx. 7, our trans- lators are quite right. The humblest Greek scholar knows that had the writer meant "*night*," that word would have been inserted. It meant "day;" however, in the

sense of the twenty-four hours, the commencement of which, very probably, was at sunset, as the meeting was held at night (see v. 8, 11). It should, of course, be remembered, that the Sabbath in the New Testament, as well as the Old, always means Saturday; and it is to be regretted, on three grounds, that the *word* should ever be applied to Sunday. 1st, because it appears to make the Apostle Paul condemn our day of worship. 2ndly, because it obscures to common readers the narrative of the resurrection. And, 3rdly, because it gives so comparatively low a view of the day itself. The associations of the word "Sabbath" are rather with severe and Jewish prohibitions, and the *grave* of Christ, than with the life-giving spirit of the new dispensation, and the crowning triumph of our risen Lord.

Plutarch,

AND HIS TESTIMONY TO THE MEANING OF "BAPTIZO."

BY THE REV. DR. GRAY.

No. 2.

We regard Plutarch as one of the most favourable specimens of what heathenism, morally and religiously, can attain to. No stain, so far as we are aware, rests on his character, nor any neglect which can justly expose him to misesteem or reproach. His unaffected modesty contrasts well with the ostentatious humility of Socrates, as does his readiness to encourage inferior minds with that celebrated philosopher's willingness to mortify them. His virtue seems to have been the right philosophic medium between opposite extremes: temperate without austerity, liberal without profusion, conciliating without compromise, calm without frigidity. The nobler impulses of humanity beat healthfully within his bosom. Often as his observations on the treatment due to superannuated dependants have been quoted or referred to, they are too honourable to his memory not to receive partial transcription here. They occur as a criticism on the misplaced economy of the elder Cato.*

"To dismiss," he says, "in old age, or to sell, like cattle, domestics who have outlived their powers of service, I take to be the mark of a low-toned spirit,—of a mind which thinks that the sole tie of man to man is interest and utility. . . . A good man will see to the sustenance even of horses . . . grown too old for labour. The Athenians, when they had built the Hecatompedon, discharged such of the beasts of burden as they had observed to labour strenuously at the work, giving them the right of free pasturage thenceforward; . . . and the tombs of the coursers of Cimon, with which he thrice gained the victory at Olympia, are near to his own monument. . . . We ought not to deal with animate beings, who have become disabled or exhausted in our service, as we do with worn-out shoes or articles of furniture, which we cast away; on the contrary, we should be tender and indulgent towards them; and, if for no other reason, for the sake of our own humanity. For my part, I would not, to gain a few small coins, part with an *old labouring ox*, much less with an aged domestic, to whom long habit would render a change of diet or abode as great a trial as removal from the country, and who could be of no more value to the buyer than to the seller. Yet Cato boasts . . . . that he had saved the state the freight of his charger; whether such boasting is the proof of a lofty or of a petty mind, I leave for the reasonable to say."

The religious sentiments of Plutarch were much above the popular creed of his age and country. It is a just remark of Dr. Traill's, that we see in him a man who, by nobility of nature, rose as much above his national faith, as Josephus, by his servility, fell below his. That Plutarch was a firm believer in Providence appears in almost every page of his works. He seldom loses an opportunity of pointing out the workings of retributive justice, tracing the sequel of the sin in the punishment. This he sometimes describes, by a very felicitous term, as *coming round*† to the wrong-doer. Among his minor moral pieces there is one

* Vit. Cat. Maj. § 5.

† *Periellhein.* Vid. Vit. Mar. § 10. De Gen. Socr. § 5.

, "On the delay which takes place
e retributions," and it is no extra-
ulogy to say, that a more impres-
t of the kind does not exist in the
nge of ethical literature. It might
ass for a designed discourse or com-
2 Peter iii. 8, 9, with the very dic-
which we are at times half-tempted
the writer familiar. The observa-
at made are on our incompetency
to estimate the propriety of such
strictures on which the writer con-
much out of our line as would be
a patient on the course pursued by
sician. He then goes on to shew
ach more dignified a procedure is
ite than speedy retribution, and how
nt it is that no divine punishment
wear the appearance of a gratifica-
revenge. What we esteem tardi-
often, he argues, rather kind and
dmous forbearance, the wisdom of
is not seldom attested by the re-
on of the offender. Should this
ot follow, there may yet be reasons,
mits, for such forbearance in the
r's relations to others, sometimes as
pense for their virtue, at others as
ge to their depravity. He does not
at the self-punishing power of vice
adequately taken into consideration.
inclined himself to look on every
man as a malefactor carrying his
out him, so that it is less proper to
f sinners as punished only when
old, than as growing old under
of punishment. He concludes by
ning the equity of the divine con-
extending the punishment of trans-
to the families of transgressors,
ch purpose he alleges the essential
through successive ages, of commu-
nd bodies of men. The principles
he here lays down are precisely
hich divines are wont to use in de-
the moral headship of Adam: and
erhaps, therefore, deserve the atten-
any who are disposed to question
ctrine. Speaking, indeed, of the
ance as a whole, we can conceive
better adapted to repay the close
n of a theological student. It ex-
most advantageously, the points of
contact and approximation of natural and revealed religion, suggesting, by easy inference, what unassisted reason can and cannot do.

As it regards our author's conceptions of the divine nature, they are, for the most part, such as befit a philosopher. It is much more common with him to speak of the divinity in the singular than in the plural number.* In a noble passage of his Life of Aristides,† he represents the Deity as distinguished chiefly by three things,—power, immortality, and virtue. "While the first of these," he says, "calls forth only *envy* on our part towards its possessor, and the second only *fear*, the corresponding sentiment to the third is *reverence*." On the importance of cherishing reverential sentiments towards the Deity, and, in order to this, of forming worthy ideas of him, his whole piece "On Superstition" may be considered as a homily. "He had rather," he says, "that Plutarch should be held not to exist, or never to have existed, than that he should be deemed undeserving of confidence, inconstant, irascible, vindictive, fretful, disposed to resent slight neglects."‡ Thus he deprecates, as most debasing, all associations by which the object of our worship is made the object of our contempt, and would have us either conceive worthily of the divine nature, or not conceive at all.

Living in the age in which Plutarch did, and entertaining religious sentiments such as the above, it might be thought a reasonable expectation that he would have found his way into the ranks of Christian discipleship; but it is singular that, though his writings are voluminous, not the most distant reference to the facts of Christianity, whether respectful or otherwise, occurs in the whole of them. The malignant hostility of Gibbon has not failed to speak of this as a contemptuous silence, and would found on it a presumption unfavourable to Christianity—unfavourable to its excellence, and to its alleged early success. This is unfair: at the same time, we are free to acknowledge the disappointment thus occasioned. It is simply as an alleviation of the difficulty, that we make a reference, first, to the geography of our author's

withstanding this, it would scarcely be judicious, we think, to speak of Plutarch, as some have a believer in the divine unity. In fact as remarkable a passage as any in his writings, is one (De ic. § 24) in which he contends for a necessary plurality of deities,—contends in terms, some of rongly remind us of an argument in the "Scripture Testimony for the Messiah." See Scr. Tes. pp. 448, 449, Ed. 1829.

† Vit. Arist. § 6. ‡ De Superstit. § 9.

residence. We have no account, from any authentic sources, of the early spread of the gospel in middle Greece. The apostles and first evangelists, so far as our sacred records inform us, approached no nearer to Bœotia than Athens, and here they made but a trifling impression. In their journeys to and from Corinth and Macedonia, they do not seem to have proceeded by land. There is no evidence that any Christian church existed between Cheronea and the Isthmus, and thus no evidence that the gospel had been brought, so to speak, to Plutarch's own door. There is no evidence, certainly, that any *accredited* messenger of the truth had ever come into communication with him, much less, that he had ever seen any portions of the Christian scriptures. It is thus a possibility, that the claims of Christianity had never fully been presented to him, nor any just account of the life and miracles of its Author. If he had heard of a class of religionists called Christians, at all, he might hear of them only by rumour, and as an obscure and unimportant sect. He might hear of them only through parties who would present less a character than a caricature of them, and whose associations with their rise and progress might, very probably, partake as much of contempt as of any other feeling. Although, under these circumstances, his amiable nature would prevent his denouncing the new religion with asperity, it would not be likely to lead him seriously to examine its merits. Our opinion is, that the evidences and claims of the gospel had never properly come before Plutarch; and, that it is unjust, therefore, to tax him with deliberate rejection of either.*

The value of Plutarch's writings to a student of the original Scriptures, has not hitherto, we think, been adequately appreciated. More effective aid, as far as our own observation has gone, may be derived from them, for the elucidation of New Testament diction, than from many of the classical authors which have been collated for the purpose. The last biblical lexicographer much known in this country, Dr. Robinson, of the United States, would seem scarcely to have reaped a twentieth part of the field thus open. As in the case of Josephus, it is not merely in single terms that Plutarch throws light upon Scripture, but in points of syntax and construction; sometimes even by parallel sentiments. The following instances, chiefly of the latter sort, with which we conclude, will be sufficiently intelligible, we would hope, also, not uninteresting, even to English readers:—

In his treatise on "Divine Retribution," our author says, "If God reserves the punishment of offences to the future, . . . this is not owing to any misgiving respecting the matter, or to any change of mind, but is the fruit of his clemency and long-suffering;" and farther on he remarks, that "the whole space of human life is as a mere nothing to the gods, the difference between the present moment and thirty years ago being no more to them than between morning and evening to us." These are the coincidences of sentiment with the apostolic thoughts

* At the same time, we are far from sanguine that they would have met with a welcome reception on his part, how advantageously soever presented. Additional to the standing disaffection of human minds to the Christian system, there were, first of all, professional interests which might have stood in his way. He held, as we have seen, high consideration as a minister of the Delphic Apollo, in the repair or decoration of whose buildings he had taken a principal part; the oracle itself he believed (or professed to believe) to have existed 3000 years (De Pyth. Orac. § 29), and the antiquity of the fane would confer its dignity on the servant. No easy matter could it have been to induce such a man to descend from an elevation apparently so enviable.

Again, many of the literary predilections of Plutarch were adverse to his Christian discipleship. His reading had been chiefly among heathen historians, philosophers of the heathen cosmogonic systems, or poets of the heathen mythology. What erudition he possessed lay more or less in this direction. The models of excellence which he had studied and drawn, had been found in this school. What gratification to its tastes could such a mind have found in the solemn verities of the Christian scriptures? Practised as his literary talent was, he would, probably, have found the exercise of it as difficult, in an element of Christian ideas, as a bird that of its wings in a vacuity.

"All unawares plump down he must have dropped,
Fluttering his pennons vain."

Lastly, we regard the friendships with which Plutarch was linked so intimately, and to which we have already referred, as not likely to brace him for the sacrifices necessary to a Christian disciple. Self-denial, it is pretty evident, was no lesson to be learnt in this select circle. The majority who composed it might, without injustice, be described as men of the world, amiable, for the most part, in their dispositions, and virtuous in their habits, but not over fond of serious endeavour. Some of them were a sort of accomplished *dilettanti*, who knew little of *life in earnest*, and who felt much more at home in curious speculations and disquisitions than in the pursuit of truth. Few of their aspirations could be said to be after inward and spiritual holiness, or their consciousness that of moral self-displacency. However ornamental such characters might be *in the world, they might* be little prepared for the church, nor might it have cost our author less, as one of *them, to renounce his virtue* than others to renounce their vices.

ii. 8, 9) to which we referred in paragraph.

treatise "On Fortune," he asks · Aristides remained in indigence, rtune and *through* fortune?" [or ıe voluntarily retained it?] This ıdate the double prepositional ccurring both in Rom. iii. 22, and

Roman Questions (§ 26), he speaks rted soul as having "fought a good The three words used are almost with those of the apostle (2 Tim.

re, in his disquisition on Isis and 20), the same comparison of subtle ss fictions to *spiders' webs*, which the prophet gives us (Isaiah lix. 5).

The designed assonance of words employed by our Lord (Matt. xxi. 41), which is lost in our translation, but which might be represented by the terms "*wretches—wretchedly*," appears more than once in Plutarch.*

In the preface to the seventh book of his Symposiacs, he tells us that many call "graceful expressions" [literally, "graces"†] *salt*. Compare with this the exhortation of the apostle, Col. iv. 6.

* * * * *

We defer the analysis to which this and the former article are introductory, to the following month.

Stepney College.

Notices of Books.

ATE-CHURCH. 1. IN ENGLAND. IRELAND. 3. IN SCOTLAND. 4. LES. Pp. 112. London: British tate-Church Association.

of the new series of tracts of the te-Church Association. Unitedly sish a great amount of valuable on on the actual condition of the ed Church in the British Isles. s written in a perfectly calm and temper, and may be given, as they be very extensively, by Dissenters Church friends, without fear of unless, indeed, facts themselves be . Yet it is impossible to peruse cord of ambition, grasping avarice, opolizing of national property, for s part by the most Popish of Projects, and to moderate one's indig- In England, the Church of England , we believe, number one half of bo attend public worship; yet it about eight millions annually of property. In Ireland and in Wales t more than one tenth; yet these absorb one million a-year. The ed Church of Scotland is almost , except its paid officials and their nts. So that for a small minority, pire is taxed to this enormous —an amount which would pay three er all the expenses of the empire, hat of a standing army, an institu- intained for precisely the same purposes as the Church, namely, to repress liberty at home, and to create places for the aristocracy and its dependants. While glancing over these tracts,—while looking at the incomes of the Archbishops and Bishops, we could but exclaim, And is this avaricious, this over-gorged, this unchristianly wealthy hierarchy, to be protected by *Dissenters* against the assumptions of Rome! A grosser imposture can scarcely be imagined than that of the Bishops of London and Durham, or the Archbishops of London and York, with incomes of twenty-two, thirteen, fifteen, and twenty-one thousand pounds respectively, coming before the nation as christian ministers needing protection against the ambition of Rome. But we forbear on this point. Our readers must study the tracts themselves, to see the whole of this marvellous abuse of christianity and the nation, in the name, too, of religion and of Christ himself! One reflection inevitably forced itself upon us, and that is, *the necessity of liberating the politically enslaved*, before the burdensome impositions of Church and army can be got rid of. Eight or ten millions a-year for the Church, and double that for military purposes, must the represented few and the unrepresented many consent to pay, while the majority of the House of Commons is virtually in the hands of our aristocratical tax consumers. With our immense police force, for what purpose do we need a standing army in time of peace?

* De Sera. Num. Vind. § 7. Amat. § 16. † *Charitas.*

For what, indeed, but to uphold its kindred abuse of the Church, and to prevent a Government being compelled, as Mr. Cobden expressed it, "to content the people?" Meantime, such exposures as are furnished by these tracts will combine with those made in other departments, to produce an amount of general indignation which will, we trust, in due time, drive from the seat of power the selfish, mean, and unworthy aristocracy which has made even religion a means of grinding the people.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, EDITED BY ANN JANE. Vol. III. London: Benjamin L. Green.

This third volume of "The Mother's Friend," does "Ann Jane" great credit. We cannot open upon a page of it without meeting with something interesting and instructive. We know no Magazine which we can recommend with more confidence to mothers, especially to such as "have little time to read, and little money to spend on books."

THE CRISIS: A PRIZE ESSAY ON SENIOR CLASSES IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By HENRY HALL. Pp. 112. London: Benj. L. Green.

This Essay is intended to shew the necessity and importance of Senior Classes in Sunday Schools, and the best method of conducting them. The writer wished to make it a "practical book for practical readers." It contains many excellent suggestions, and could not be read by the Senior Class Teacher, without his deriving instruction and encouragement from its perusal.

THE LAST ENEMY, AND THE SURE DEFENCE: AN EARNEST CALL ON MEN TO PREPARE FOR DEATH. By W. LEASK. Pp. 174. London: Benj. L. Green.

The design of this little volume is sufficiently apparent from the title-page. It is solemn, earnest, and impr
ficulty will be in inducin
it for whom it is more es
and adapted.

THE PEW AND ITS RENT;
TICE OF CHRISTIAN
PARED WITH THE WOR
SAMUEL RICHARDS. P
A. Hall & Co.

This little tract, which
ed some months, ought
ticed before now. Its c
the unscripturalness of t
System. It contains man
which well deserve cons
tention.

Recent Publi

*Our Mighty All; or, C
living Way. By John
London: Ward and Co.)*

*Joy in Believing: a
happy Death of Mary
By the Rev. O. Winslow
London: J. Groom.)*

*Floriphania: an exp
gathered and arranged for
By Anastasius. (Pp. 40.
ston and Stoneman.)*

*Postscript to "The In
English Bible and its Co
the Author of "The Ann
Bible." (London: Ham
Co.)*

*Baptismal Regeneratic
tural Nature and Destr
By Hugh Anderson.
London: Hamilton, Ada*

*Popery against the Po
Protestants. By Joseph
London: Benjamin L. (*

*Common Sense to th
(Pp. 8. London: Benja*

A Page for the Young.

THE GREAT BLESSING—WHAT IS IT?

You all know, dear children, that every blessing of your life comes from your heavenly Father. Every breath you draw, every supply of your bodily wants, every*thing* that makes you comfortable, healthy, and happy, *He* gives. Him daily for his uncea
mercy. To fail to do thi
ful and sinful.

It is very useful to t
ticular favours which Go
and the more we do this

come of his infinite kindness, and
do we find we have to excite our
and praise. But I have been
lately very much of *one* blessing
truly precious, but which I fear is
ciently valued. I wonder if you,
ht-eyed, happy little ones who read
ies, have ever thought particularly
? I am sure that many, perhaps all
ave this blessing; but I know, too,
les of little children that do not
and I pity them. They may have
ice of comfortable food and clothing;
homes and everything needful for
; they may have kind parents and
riends to take care of them; they
e beautiful toys and playthings, and
oks without number, with every-
ey could wish for their amusement;
if they have not this *one* blessing,
hem.

hat *can* it be, you ask, that is worth
h more than money, and clothing,
d friends, and books? I will tell
ar children: I mean *the blessing of
parents who pray for you.* Ah!
ow you now, in the careless gaiety
childhood, how rich a treasure you
your parents' prayers for you.
ay, as the dear ones of the house-
ther around the family altar, are
's choicest blessings invoked upon
Many a time, as you have laid your
ead upon the pillow, has your kind
knelt by your side and asked God
, and guide, and bless you, as she,
the fulness of her love, has not the
to do. If you have been ill, how
ly have your parents prayed for your
y to health! If absent from home,
rently have they commended you to
protection! And many, many a time,
either you nor I can tell; perhaps in
ill night when nearly every human
was hushed; perhaps when you were
umstances of trial, or temptation, or
, has that Great Being, "who neither
ers nor sleeps," listened to the suppli-
of your parents in your behalf!

ew years ago, when Dr. Judson was
United States, some one asked his
daughter, who accompanied him, "if
as not afraid when coming over the
ocean to America?" "Why, no,"
she; "father prayed for us." How
the sense of safety and protection
his little girl felt, even amid the dan-
f a long voyage, believing so heartily
as she did, that God would hear her father's
prayers, and take care of them all the way!
She felt the blessing of a praying father,
and when, recently, she received the sad
news of his death, do you not believe that
while she mourned the loss of so excellent
a parent, she also grieved for the loss of his
prayers?

Let me tell you of a little boy, about
eleven years old, whose parents have sought
to train him up in the fear of God. For
several years his father (the late Rev. H. A.
Graves) was an invalid, and was obliged to
seek a milder climate, where the air is
softer and warmer than it is here. The
change was beneficial, and for a time his
disease was stayed; but a few months ago
he became more ill; his strength failed, his
frame grew weaker day by day, and it was
very plain that he would soon die. About
midnight, a few Saturdays ago, his wife
was reading to him an account of a wicked
man who attempted to steal money from a
bank, and was shot. As she read she spoke
of their own dear Charley, who would soon
be left fatherless, and for that reason the
more exposed to those temptations that
crowd so thickly the path of the young.
The father lifted an earnest prayer for his
little son: "Lord, keep him! Lord, bless
him!" and in an hour after, just as the
Sabbath dawned on earth, his soul ascended
to heaven, and he entered his eternal rest.
These earnest petitions were the last words
of that dying father, and in the circum-
stances of that hour, how full of meaning!
"Lord, keep him!" From what, think you,
children, did he desire God should "keep"
his beloved child? There are many pain-
ful and distressing things which every parent
wishes his children should escape; but is
not *sin* the greatest of all evils? It was
from that, in its thousand forms, that this
christian father, in the last words he had
breath to speak, prayed that Charley might
be preserved; from the sin of his own
natural heart,—from the corrupting influ-
ences of ungodly associates,—from the
snares and allurements of those deceitful
pleasures which the world offers. And that
other petition, "Lord, bless him!" Oh,
how full of the tenderest affection was his
heart, as he uttered this prayer! How do
you think he desired God to "bless" his son?
With wealth that should bring him luxury,
and ease, and splendour? With a noble
name that every lip should praise? With
rare mental gifts that should have the power

to move at will thousands of minds and hearts? No—no, not these, but better, purer, richer gifts, by far, did he implore. A heart reconciled to God in Jesus Christ, loving to render Him a service of obedience, and faith, and reverence,—oh, is not *this* the best of blessings? And thus did that fond father pray that Charley might be blessed. What richer legacy could he receive than such prayers, uttered just before his father entered that holy, happy home in heaven that he so loved to anticipate? Happy child! though many hearts weep with him and for him, so early bereaved, yet we too find solace in commending him to God to "keep" and to "bless."

Dear children, are you not grateful, that your father and mother, besides being so good and kind and affectionate, also *pray* for you? Will you not, henceforth, love them more, and strive, each of you, to become a better child? You know not how long they may live to watch over you. The little girl and the little boy, of whom I have told you, are now both fatherless. Will you not, with all your hearts, thank God, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," that your parents pray for you, and ask Him to help you to become all that they desire?

A MOTHER'S LEGACY.

I was five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, gentle being, with a smile and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred—for I was a wild, thoughtless child—there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect that she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was one day very sick, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and, laying my lips close to hers, whispered "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arms around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shudder creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's when she died. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it; it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard; and only the lovely expression that always rested on her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me.

She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral always remained indistinct. I only entertained the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fancying I saw her mild eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life.

My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not, do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of eternity her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This, I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me during the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother.

Obituary.

MR. LEWIS SMITH,
OF ALDWINKLE.

bject of this short notice was
Jesus under the ministry of the
Hawels, who for many years was
All Saints' in this place, and
ne was fondly cherished by him,
many of the aged at Aldwinkle
unding villages, who received
r him. The death of this excel-
man may be said to have occa-
Baptist interest in this place;
spel departing out of All Saints'
those who had felt its power,
be satisfied with "another gospel,
not another,"—but *no gospel:*
a number of them united separ-
worship, and at length formed
into a church, and in the year
resent Baptist chapel was erected,
God had owned his word to the
of many souls, and where He
a people to "shew forth His
The departed had, for many
a member with them, and his
had been consistent. He had
married, and when a youth, lost
legs, and often complained of
kness and depression of spirits.
resembled Bunyan's Mr. *Feeble-*
Mr. *Ready-to-Halt;* though it
ly evident that "the root of the
in him." He was "an old dis-
ough one of those *doubting* dis-
could but seldom appropriate the
to his own use, and was often
h! that I knew where *I* might
Jesus he loved, and deplored
e. "I want to see him,—I want
shining of his face,—but I can-
m!" I have frequently endea-
disperse his doubts, though almost
le certainly was humble-minded,
is unworthiness before God,—a
f peace. It may be truly said of
he was one of those "who,
ar of death, are all their life sub-
dage." "What shall I do in the
f Jordan?" many a time he was
ay, through this fear of death,
writer and others have endea-
direct him to the promises of a
d. Well, he has passed through
gs of Jordan, and the writer saw
him pass through; and, certainly, the tide did not seem to be *high*, nor the waters *rough*:—God was better to his aged servant than all his fears.

The Saturday preceding his death, which occurred on the 23rd of December, I was pleased to find him calm, and, to my surprise, all but confident of his hope of acceptance, through Christ Jesus. Yes, *now* he could trust,—*now* he could believe, not only that "God is love," but that His love was manifested to him,—not only that there is "an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," but that he was interested in its blessings. On the next day, the Lord's-day, I saw him for a few minutes, but did not suppose him to be so near to eternity, when his mind was calm, and he spoke of himself as a sinner, and of the grace of God in the salvation of the sinner, and of his reliance on the Lord Jesus alone for his salvation, repeating, as well as he could, in a low, broken voice, several passages of Scripture, such as, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and several appropriate verses of hymns, as,—

> "Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling;
> Naked, come to Thee for dress,
> Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
> Black, I to the Fountain fly;—
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

During the night—his last night—he was much in prayer, and on the coming morning, prayed earnestly to the Lord, as raised up in the bed, and said, "Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?" Ah! that chariot was *nearer* than he supposed; and ere the clock struck twelve, behold, the chariot arrived, conducted by angelic charioteers, who, softly placing him therein, escorted him up to the mansions, prepared by Jesus for all christian pilgrims; and we doubt not but this doubting christian was welcomed, by those who had gone before, "into the joy of his Lord!" It is remarkable, that nearly the last words he uttered, were those of Simeon: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: *for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!*" Thus there was light at *even-time*,—thus faith triumphed *at last in the trying hour!* And let this fact afford encouragement to

those desponding christians who are left behind,—let them hope in God, nor doubt

—— "his faithfulness and pow'r,
To help them in the trying hour!"

His death was improved by his pastor, from the words of dying Jacob: "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!"

Miscellaneous.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.—Give all diligence in the use of the means of grace, if you desire a flourishing state of soul. They are the divinely appointed channels of conveyance from the Fountain. They are the tributary streams from the Great Ocean. You cannot possibly maintain a healthy, vigorous state of the inner life, without them. You cannot neglect, with impunity, private prayer, meditation, and self-examination; or public ordinances,—the ministry of the word,—the services of the sanctuary,—the assemblies of the saints. A slight thrown upon these must entail a severe loss to your soul. Some professors can go from Sabbath to Sabbath, plunged in worldliness, or eager in the pursuit of gain, in total neglect of the social prayer-meeting, or of the weekly lecture,—those needed rests and hallowed pauses in the way,—as if there were no such appointments. These are among the things which weaken the hands, and discourage the heart, and hinder the usefulness, of the faithful pastor. But a more painful calamity even than this, is the dryness, deadness, and barrenness, which this neglect brings into their own souls. It would seem as if this were the punishment of their sin. They turn their backs upon God, and God turns his back upon them. They neglect to make the pool, and he withholds the rain that fills it. But, christian professors, this must not be! The well must be digged,—the water must be searched for. We are told that "Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water,"—or, as the margin renders it, "a well of living water." And he is pronounced a blessed man, "who, passing through the Valley of Baca, makes it a well; the rain also filleth the pools." It is in this way, a diligent, prayerful waiting upon the means, that "he goes from strength to strength, until he appears before God." Oh, dig for this precious water! Search, oh, search for this living grace! Make the pool, and trust the faithfulness and loving kindness of God to fill it with "the early and the latter rain." No man shall wait upon the Lord in vain. "They that wait upon the Lord *shall* renew their strength." They who plough deeply the fallow ground, and in its furrows sow the precious seed, shall not lack the Holy Spirit's descending influence, in silent dew by night, and in copious showers by day, to quicken and to fructify it. Only honour the God of grace *in all the* means of grace, and God will *honour you by imparting* to you all grace through the means. "The diligent soul shall be made fat."—*O. Winslow.*

THE BOOK OF WONDERS.—O thou Bible! holy book of wonders! what more can we need, when He who bears "the key of David," opens to us thy treasures? Where is the darkness which thy light will not dispel? where is the emptiness which thy tree of life will not satisfy? where the thirst which thy living streams will not quench? where the mountains which cannot be ascended, when we have with us thy rod and staff? O Word of God! sent from heaven, who can estimate the fulness of that service of love which thou hast wrought for us? We seek after God,—thou unveilest to us his face. We desire to know his will,—thou discoverest to us his law, with its thunders and lightnings. Terrified by the voice from Sinai, we enquire into the state of our hearts,—thou discloses to us their most secret depths. We sink under the heavy load of our sins,—thou showest to us the sentence of condemnation torn asunder, and nailed to the Saviour's cross. We tremble to find that we are naked in the presence of a holy God,—thou tellest us of the spotless righteousness of Immanuel, and sayest gently, "Go in peace." We fear, lest we should not walk worthy of our calling,—thou sayest to us, "Take courage; for Christ is made of God unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." We tremble before the enemy who would fain swallow us up,—again thou raisest our heads: "The lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered; take courage." Trouble surrounds us,—thou liftest us out of the abyss: see, it was the chastisement of love. We are left alone,—thou directest us to a friendly bosom, where all tears are wiped away. The path of our pilgrimage is dark and gloomy,—thou givest us the wings of hope, so that we may fly away over this world's mountains. The day of our life is coming to a close, the evening is drawing nigh,—thou openest to us a window that looks to the east, and behold, we see in the distance the glorious lights of our own eternal home, and oh, what a house! O Word of Life! treasure of salvation! without equal; which makes our poverty rich, our weakness strong; gilding with heavenly light the shades of our earthly pilgrimage; let us kiss thee with kisses of love,—let us cover thee with tears of joy!—*Krummacher.*

HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.—How vain must be our hope for entering into heaven, if we

present delight in what are said to
s. A christian finds his happiness
ss. When he looks forward to
: is the holiness of the scene and
n on which he fastens as affording
ness. He is not in love with an
paradise, with the green pastures,
ng waters, and the minstrelsy of
rpers. He is not dreaming of a
land, where he shall meet his
indred, renew domestic charities,
a live human life, in all but its
d tears, and partings. "Be ye
I am holy,"—this is the precept,
l conformity to which is the busi-
christian's life on earth,—perfect
y to which shall be the blessed-
eaven. Let us take heed that we
ot ourselves. The apostle speaks
ng the powers of the world to
s though heaven were to begin on
he grave. We may be enamoured
s, because we think that "there
ld cease from troubling, and the
y at rest." We may be enchanted
poetry of its descriptions, and
l by the brilliancy of its colourings,
angelist John relates his visions,
hes the scenery on which he was
l to gaze. But all this does not
on the high road to heaven. If it be heaven toward which we journey, it will be holiness in which we delight; for if we cannot now rejoice in having God for our portion, where is our meetness for a world in which God is to be all in all, for ever and for ever?—*Melville.*

WHERE SHALL I PRAY?—A christian sustains a personal relation to God, has personal wants, sins, and obligations, and feels it, therefore, both his duty and his privilege to go and speak to God alone. To this he is enjoined by the highest authority; "But thou, when thou prayest," says Christ, "enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly" (Matt. vi. 6). The word "CLOSET" in the original, signifies *chamber*, *warehouse*, or even *cellar*; in short, any secret place; and some suppose our Lord designedly employed a word of such latitude, that none might omit prayer under pretence that they had not a proper place to which to retire. Place is nothing, disposition in prayer is everything. "I will" said the apostle, "that men pray *everywhere*, lifting up holy hands." Blessed privilege! there is no place in which it is suitable for a christian to be found, in which it is unsuitable for him to pray.—*J. A. James.*

Intelligence.

THE PAPAL MOVEMENT.

f our readers are already aware, Parliament was opened by the Tuesday, Feb. 4th. One of the tions that has come under discus- e recent Papal movement, and the ch shall be taken by the legislature ice to it. At the time we write, further has been done than that n Russell, after several nights' s formally "obtained leave to bring "—the purport of which appears t no Roman Catholic Bishop shall ted to use a title connecting him district in the United Kingdom; any property bequeathed to such nder such title, shall revert to the

easure is exactly what all men expected—too insignificant to e excited, yet irritating enough t Ireland. The measure is chiefly o please those greatest obstructors ation's interests, the Bishops of ch of England,—to secure their ecclesiastical disparagement. It very partially do even this. If Bishops do not *assume* the titles, ill *give* them. As to the part bequests, we could almost wish ndowment of religious institutions was prohibited to all sects, as sects. The proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference (which we think, considering the light enjoyed by English Protestants, as bad as Popery itself) could never have been dreamed of, but for the power conferred by the chapel property vested in Conference. Thus far it may be difficult to say that Government has overstepped its providence. Territorial titles, possibly, and accumulations of money in the hands of corporate bodies, lay or ecclesiastical, certainly are proper subjects of Government control. The error is in allowing a Queen to confer territorial titles in a church of Christ, and in limiting the pecuniary prohibition to Catholics more than other sects; this appears to partake of persecution. The safe course would have been to rely on moral and religious means exclusively, and in dealing with Government, as Dissenters, to have attacked its own practical assumption of Papal powers in our semi-Popish State-Church.

Just as we go to press, we learn that Lord John Russell's Ministry has resigned: probably, therefore, the *present* measure on the Papal question will be proceeded with no further. What ministry may succeed, and what measures they will propose, remains yet to be seen: possibly it may be known to our readers before the present number reaches them.

THE CHOLERA IN JAMAICA.

Most of our readers have already heard, through the circulars which have been issued from the Baptist Mission-House, of the fearful ravages which the cholera has recently been committing in Jamaica. The details of the progress of the disease, and the suffering consequent upon it, are almost too painful to be read; but it would appear that some of the towns and villages have lost one-third, and even in some instances one-half, of their inhabitants; the churches have been swept of great numbers of their members, and the congregations almost entirely dispersed; and the poverty and suffering which survivors have endured, and the horrible scenes of wretchedness which have presented themselves everywhere, are such as almost to baffle description.

Even now, though the disease itself has abated, the poverty continues most painful. Children have lost their parents, and wives their husbands; and many, who were previously in positions of comfort and respectability, are now entirely deprived of the means of livelihood. We are thankful to be able to record that none of the missionaries have been removed by the disease; though, of course, their labours have been incessant, and the demands upon their generosity have been such as almost, in some instances, to place them on the point of starvation.

We have no doubt our readers will deeply sympathize with our brethren in the sufferings they have been called to endure, and that they will not fail to remember their case in their public and private petitions. If any friends have not contributed to the fund which has been raised for the relief of the sufferers, which we are glad to know has reached a considerable sum, their contributions will be thankfully received at the Mission-House, or we should ourselves be gratified to receive and forward them. Previous to the breaking out of the scourge, the cause of Christ in Jamaica had been rapidly declining. Let us hope and pray that this calamity, fearful as it has been, may be the means of renewing in the churches their former devotedness and piety, and of awakening the multitudes who are unconverted, to a sense of their position and danger.

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEEDS.

This elegant building, erected by the congregation under the care of the Rev. R. Brewer, was opened for divine worship on January 15, 1851, when the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A. preached. The service in the morning was held in the New Chapel, at eleven o'clock: when, after reading and prayer by the Rev. A. M. Stalker, Mr. Noel preached from Acts ii. 1—4. In the evening the service was held in the largest chapel in the town (Oxford-Place), kindly lent by the trustees for the occasion. The spacious building was quite full; and *the auditory listened* with deep attention *to a sermon from Acts ii. 38.* Between the services, a dinner was provided at the Scarborough Hotel, at which the Mayor of Leeds (who is a member of the church for whose use the new building has been erected) presided. The services were continued on the following Sunday, when the Rev. Dr. Acworth preached in the morning, from Rom. iii. 31; the Rev. G. W. Conder (Independent) in the afternoon, from 2 Cor. vi. 1; and the Rev. W. M. Bunting (Wesleyan) in the evening, from Mark v. 36 with Rom. iv. 5. The amount collected is between £130 and £140. Several presents have been made to the new chapel, in which members of different communities have displayed both their taste and their liberality. The style of building is Gothic, of the early decorated order of the thirteenth century. Its present arrangement will accommodate six hundred people, and such is the judiciousness with which it has been planned, that nearly double that number could be arranged for without injury to the main building. Its cost is about £2,500 altogether; *i.e.*, for building £1,700, and for land, &c. £800.

SHEFFIELD.

The re-opening of Townhead-Street chapel and school-rooms, which had been closed three months for improvement and enlargement, took place in January last. On Lord's-day, the 12th January, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A., of Nottingham; on Monday evening the 13th, the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, of Masborough, preached; on Tuesday evening the 14th, near four hundred persons took tea in the large school-room, after which they adjourned to the chapel, where others joined them. After an introductory address by the pastor, the Rev. C. Larom, speeches were delivered by the Revs. J. H. Muir, D. Loxton, J. E. Giles, J. A. Baynes, S. Clarkson, W. B. Landells, and J. Stokol. The collections at the various services amounted to eighty-three pounds. The cost of the improvements will be about seven hundred pounds, near the half of which sum has been contributed and paid; and it is hoped that by another effort, in about a year to come, the whole will be cleared off. The re-opening services were, throughout, of great interest. The improvements gave general and high satisfaction, and will, it is earnestly hoped, subserve the advancement of the work of God.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

On Wednesday evening, January 15th, a meeting was held on church business in the above chapel, when one of the friends, in the name of the church, presented to their pastor, Mr. E. J. Rodway, a purse of ten guineas, at the same time very kindly and affectionately addressing him, only regretting, as he said, that the sum was so small. Those who best know Weston, and the capabilities of the friends here—what they have done and are still doing in relation to their new place of worship—will know best how to estimate such an act as this.

THE CHURCH.

Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

APRIL, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 16.

"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," &c.—*Eph.* vi. 11—18.

Last Sunday we made a number of observations on this passage. We left off with observing, that a great advantage is possessed against man by that enemy who can employ so many "*wiles*,"—that he can act without being acted on,—that we have never measured his power. There cannot be too much caution—a Divine defence is necessary against such an enemy—and therefore this advice is exceedingly proper. "Put on the whole armour of God," &c. We are to make use of every thing against an enemy that has so many modes of attack,—that is able to put his own spirit within us,—to embody it. It is a dreadful thing that he can find a serpent in the heart to receive it,—a serpent native of the soil.

In verse 12, the apostle displays the extent of the great contest, and gives a description of the foes. "*We wrestle not against flesh and blood*," &c. Think how much contempt is thrown on all the splendour, the mighty deeds of conquerors and heroes; they are all thrown to the winds. The apostle gives to the shades and oblivion all the splendours of that heroic time: the wars and conquests of Greece and Rome. But yet he might plainly advert to the wars of flesh and blood, in order to aggravate the horrors of this; for it is a serious thing to look on embattled lines,—to think that their arms will be stained with the blood of those who look on and stand here. There are the arms, bright and shining, and soon they will be soiled with our blood. It is no small matter, certainly, to war a warfare of flesh and blood,—to think that men will expose themselves to laceration. It would be a foolish thing to make light of this protracted bodily anguish and suffering. But, after all, the apostle indicates that this is, in comparison, an inglorious contest. He might have addressed one of these warriors "against flesh and blood,"—"Now, you smote your foe to the dust! What then? You assume very high consequence; but what a chance that you were not the victim, that you were not lacerated, and the field strewed with the dead bodies of yourself and your companions!

"You slew your foe! But now, have you no compunction, thus to have destroyed *and smitten down* your fellow-mortals? Recollect the first

attack of one brother on another,—of Cain on Abel,—and do you feel nothing of the same horrible remorse and fear of being branded with a mark?

"You smote your foe to death! But are you imagining that Death will spare you for having given him a victim? Have you taken his departed life into your life? Are you not still exposed to all the hazards of a single life?

"You slew your foe! What did you gain? Perhaps, fame and honour. But how much worse would it have been, had you gone to the grave without it? When your last sun sets, what matter will it be *then?*

"You have smitten your foe! But Satan lives; the Devil did not bleed. He, in perfect impunity, was witness of this work, carried on by his inspiration; he himself retained his perfect, unhurt immortality."

Our warfare is against him who laughs at the contests of flesh and blood. Imagine the infernal delight of this wicked spirit, who wishes to destroy the works of God! Against *him* is our warfare to be carried on; and against a numerous and direful legion, as is mentioned in the evangelic history. It is very striking to consider that there is more unanimity, more reference to one purpose, and the plan better laid, and more carefully followed, and vigorously maintained, in spite of all that should make Devils enemies, than any plan of goodness on earth. It is striking to consider the "firm concord," as the Poet says, that is held among the dire agents of evil,—this unity in the invasion of the wretched world of man.

It appears that there are degrees among these evil spirits. There is no reason why they should not retain their relative proportion of dignity, as there is a mighty intellect retained, though perhaps not *all*. They have not lost their relative dignity, though fallen from light to darkness. We may be very sure, that whatever difference there may be, none are little, none are small in power; all are "*principalities and powers,*" all are possessors of power dangerous to men. What an amazing world is that of evil spirits, and never displayed to view!

How readily do men pronounce the name of the great Evil Spirit, and how little does any body think about it! This makes it as if the thing were not so. So with reference to God; men use his name, but with no clear meaning; therefore it is the same as if there were no God in the world. It is the same as to the Spirit of Evil; some persons may have heard his name pronounced a hundred times in the last week; no name is pronounced with greater gaity. Alas, for the state of human beings, that men pronounce with a strong accent of humour the name of this being! If he should rush with dreadful apparition on our view! Think what an impression if he made a manifestation of himself in one clear flash of vision! Think what a mighty impression on any soul! But *now*, men can trifle; they can walk in the great black path of the Destroyer, and take his very name as the most suitable for their merriest hours.

Our ignorance protects us from great terrors; yet a complete manifestation would be insupportable, and therefore so far it is a mercy that it is withheld. To see the dreadful form of this antagonist of God and man,—to make such a display around us,—such a dreadful sight as would make the world appear vital with evil spirits, would be something not to be borne by men, who yet, because they do not see, make light of all danger. There is no danger to the wicked spirits from any thing man can do; but God puts them under a higher sense of danger.

God does defend us, in comparative peace and safety, from the world of *Devils; but there is* a world of Darkness too. "*The Rulers of the Dark-*

ess of this world." It is worthy of the Powers of Darkness to promote intellectual and moral Darkness. And what Darkness there is! When you think of the ignorance, thoughtlessness, and unbelief, that exist all around, instead of concern and conversion, say, is not *that* Darkness? Not to go to the darkness of heathen times, let a man think of the darkness in his own mind. Now, there are beings who make a regular work of propagating darkness. Look at the things that make the darkness continue, and we may well suppose that Satan presides over them. The number of wicked principles that keep the mind in darkness, and keep out the light of Truth, are well worthy this Evil Spirit. How many things *should* men acknowledge with deep feeling! Now, *do* they acknowledge them? Things should press upon their souls, which perhaps they do profess to believe. It is well for the Evil Spirit that they do admit such things into their belief, and think themselves not the enemies of Truth. There is so much darkness; it looks as if there were some order and method in diffusing it. To teach Truth there must be order, rules, leading minds, writers; but since all these have produced so little effect, it looks as if there was a more complete economy in instructors that lead to error, than in those that lead to knowledge and salvation.

In verse 13, the apostle repeats the exhortation he had before given. He takes for granted that the evil day will come. We shall be constantly beset by sin; but it is quite probable that there will be times of peculiar besetment, stronger attacks of sin upon the mind than usual. When we read the accounts of a pious man, and remark the accounts of each day, he records scarcely any day without lamenting this or that tendency to sin, this or that occurrence that awakened evil passions; and no man, even the most pious, has a complete conception of the evil of sin; he never used words too strong for *that*. And, indeed, how can it be otherwise than that temptations should occur to an evil nature in an evil world? A man cannot go from *self*. He may say, "I came out of the way of temptation." But is there not temptation in that? Temptation may arise in a cavern, —a quick succession of thoughts that tend to evil. Yet we said there are special occasions of temptation. A man may be going on right, and it may come all at once—like a wild beast in India or Africa, springing on the traveller—darting upon his soul, and his conscience becomes the victim. But a christian should aspire to meet every evil day *so*, that when he looks back upon it, it may appear a good day. We may say a day of battle is an "*evil day;*" but looked upon by the conqueror, in the language of the world, it is looked upon as a good day. The great difference between the day of a good man and of a bad man is how it appears when passed, as viewed by a conscientious mind. Though none have days quite pure, yet there may be a real dedication of the day to God. A good man will ask God's forgiveness, and thank him that he has been enabled to pray, and will think it right to look back on the day with pleasure. It was an "*evil day*" to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when the burning fiery furnace was heating; an "*evil day*" to see the rage of the monarch, with the certainty that his will would be accomplished by his ready agents; but how different the next day! Yesterday began with heating the furnace, —began with some trembling, though they knew God might deliver them. And so it was with Daniel, when he was thrown into the lion's den. It was a most "*evil day*" when the Messiah suffered death,—a most awful day; and yet we date the era of salvation from that day. No storms give the day so black an aspect, as the certainty that evil will come upon the soul. An earthquake is not so bad as the wiles of Satan. But men may so meet these evil days, as to gain bright and brilliant trophies to carry into immortality.

Verse 14, "*Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth.*" This refers to the girdle worn by men of war, bound round their armour. Now, what does this mean? Perhaps, simplicity or sincerity of intention, or true principles of religion. But it rather seems to mean that a man should feel he had a grand determining purpose,—one grand conviction that he must constantly follow the great business of a christian, so as to feel no force in any reason against it. This one grand governing principle is of great importance; it loves no wavering, no delay.

"*Having on the breast-plate of righteousness.*" Christian virtue; practice resulting from the prevalence of christian principle. The actual habits of the mind prevent many temptations. Think, when the human agents of Satan go about, they do not come to a man who has, as they understand, an established christian conduct and character. A thousand things they propose to others, which they never mention to him. Tempters do not think of coming near him. The internal feeling of conscience inspires confidence, when a man can say, "I am absolutely solicitous to maintain a good conscience." This gives confidence, when there is a practical proof of sincerity within.

Verse 15, "*Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.*" It is of great consequence to a man in war to have his feet well equipped, when he has to march or engage. Perhaps, it may mean here, a settled habitual readiness to move. Christian habits should be adapted to move, to advance. It is desirable to have all the motives of the gospel in sight, —to make the soul *a moving mind;* not to sit down *there,* not to remain *so.* The gospel is full of moving principles. A man, therefore, should bring them all into his mind.

Verse 16, "*Above all, taking the shield of faith.*" After all, there is still something wanted for protection,—there is no doing without this in the christian service. Now, Faith is, in general, a firm reliance on the declarations of God; in a specific sense, it is a firm reliance on the work of Christ; but faith in the declarations of God includes that. Think how many things are thus to be relied on! There is one part of Divine truth adapted to defend men against *that* and *that* point, and so on, with all the different truths. If you meet with a temptation, doubtless you will pray to God; but, then, you will also think what religious consideration is proper to meet *that* temptation. And it is of great advantage to do so. Faith takes account of all the parts of Revelation,—brings all to be in the mind. It deserves to be called a shield, because it brings to the mind things applicable to a defence.

"*Fiery darts.*" We often seem to think such terms extravagant. "*Fiery darts!*" You talk of them, and feel all the while at the most perfect ease. Why, my friends, so much the worse, to make light of things that the apostle's language makes so important; and the very things may be in action, while you are talking,—the "*fiery darts*" may be striking your souls, while you make light of their images that seem to flame.

Verse 17, "*The helmet of salvation.*" It is of great consequence to feel that we can hope for salvation.

"*The sword of the Spirit.*" Let the word of God be comparatively abolished, and then what becomes of a christian as a fighter; if there are not in his soul the mighty promises and declarations of God.

Verse 18, "*Praying always with all prayer.*" This must be added to all. Every thing else depends on this. Those men who are determined in the contest against evil, are always disposed to call on God.

Fishponds, Dec. 27, 1818.

THE DESERT; OR, THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

ur Saviour is entering upon his work; the angels who sang at his
ı have returned to heaven; the eastern sky looks again as it always
ooked; silence reigns around the banks of Jordan; the voice of God
longer heard there; the heavenly Dove is no longer seen hovering
the deep blue waters; our Lord has instituted that ordinance by
h his name and example are ever to be perpetuated among his dis-
; he has received the expression of his heavenly Father's approval;
ıow he enters upon another scene, one of conflict and trial; yes, he
forth into the desert; and who can conceive in what manner those
days in the desert were spent, what prayers would be offered up,
emotions would be cherished, as he looked on to the work which
ret to be accomplished, and thought of the glorious results by which
ıuld be followed? But the forty days are at an end, and the Saviour
longer alone; no, the morning light is just streaming from the
rn skies over the mountains and plains of the wilderness; the
ıur himself has just risen from what would seem to have been an
ıde of deep and intense devotion; and another form appears before
ome other being draws near to him. Is it some passing traveller who
turned aside from his path, and is seeking in that solitary spot the
ty of a fellow-man? No, it is too solitary for that; no pathway has
been formed there; no traveller is ever seen. Is it some one from
of the towns or villages around, who has wandered thus far in search
ıat solitude which many love, and which is not to be found amongst
more busy haunts of men? No, all are intent upon their various
uits in trade and commerce. Is it John the Baptist who has followed
Lord after his baptism, that he may still be cheered by his presence?
John, if he is not yet cast into prison, is, doubtless, preaching among
multitudes around, telling them of what he has heard and seen at
an. As we all know, reader, it is Satan. And if we come to think
, what a sight it is, those two beings standing before us in the desert;
Son of God,—and the Leader of all the impious, rebellious hosts who
sought to banish God himself from glory; the King of glory, adored
ll the hosts of heaven,—and the Prince of Darkness, the Ruler of
lower world, the Monarch of hell; the Saviour of the world,—and
vorld's most powerful, crafty, and malignant foe; man's best, purest,
lasting friend,—and man's worst, cruelest, everlasting foe; there
stand in the wilderness before us face to face; the one seeking the
d's salvation,—the other its final, entire, and everlasting destruction;
ne claiming the world, stolen as it had been by him from its Creator,
is own,—the other seeking to snatch it from the fatal, burning grasp
ıe robber, and to give it back cleansed and purified into the hands of
Creator again; the one just entering upon a work that should ever
lop the glorious will and purposes of Jehovah,—the other seeking,
a boldness of which only he would be capable, to oppose that will
overthrow that work in its very commencement.

nd what thoughts does it suggest, that meeting of those two beings
ıe desert; for instance, it was not the first time they had met; no,
he devil was not always what he was then or is now; there had been
riod when he *was indeed* what he *then* only *professed* to be, namely,
ngel of light; when he was one of those who stood at the right hand
od, who bowed in holy, angelic reverence before the Being whom he
w attempting to lead into sin; yes, there was a time when that eye,

which now looks upon the Saviour with such an expression of mingled fear and hatred, would kindle up as only an angel's eye could when it rested for a moment upon the glory of God, and that glory was reflected back from, and beamed in, itself; when that voice, which is now urging the Saviour to sin, was one of the loudest and, perhaps, sweetest in praise of his spotless purity and perfection; when that being, who is now seeking, if possible, to thwart the plans and purposes of Jehovah, would have clapped his glad wings and have flown from world to world through the vast universe, to have accomplished his wish and secured his smile. Hence, "O Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen!" Man has fallen, but not like this, because he was never raised so high, for he was made "a little lower than the angels;" true, he fell from Paradise, fell from the favour of God, as it might have been enjoyed in the loveliest spot *upon earth;* but here is one who fell from heaven itself, fell from the very right hand of God, or, rather, was hurled thence, and, so daring, so dreadful his crime, hurled thence at once to the very lowest, darkest depths of hell; once a "ministering spirit" sent forth to cheer and bless the creatures of God in other worlds, now "a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour;" once in the highest, happiest, most glorified state in which any created being can be found *even in heaven;* now in the most abject, fallen, degraded state to which any created being can sink *even in hell:* and thus he comes to tempt our Lord; let us look, then, a few moments longer at what may strike us most, perhaps what we may most profit by, in the Tempter and the Tempted before us.

We see in each of them, then, three things that may be worthy of notice; look, first, at the Tempter; and the first thing to be noticed is his *boldness.* From all we know of his history before, we might have expected this; we know that he was led by his pride and ambition to seek to dethrone even God himself, at the head of his confederate legions to usurp even the throne of the universe, and that the majesty and glory of God, revealed as they only can be in heaven, were insufficient to daunt his impiously daring spirit; we know that man was no sooner formed—man in his glory, man in the image of his Maker, man the noblest work and delight of God—than he assailed him in his own dwelling-place of loveliness and purity too, where God condescended to walk and hold communion with him, that there he poured out his blasphemies, sought to ruin this fairest, noblest of all his works, and in spite of man's purity, dignity, and powers too succeeded, thus pouring in at once upon the world all the countless train of miseries and evils under which man is now groaning; we know that both Heaven and Paradise had thus been scenes in which his boldness had been already exhibited, and God in his glory, and man in his majesty, the beings against whom it had been aimed; we know that through all the thousands of years that had elapsed since, there was not one from among all the millions of the human race but could bear testimony to it, as all had been attacked, and all had been more or less overcome; but yet here seems to be the climax even of the devil's audacity, in tempting the Saviour; for just look at the circumstances under which he makes the attempt. Man had fallen, but yet the Divine Being had declared that the time should come when "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head;" ordinances, types, and prophecies had taken up the prediction; thousands of years had rolled away; and now "in the fulness of time" the Saviour appears in the world, really and professedly for this purpose, that he might destroy "the works of the *devil,*"—*and* he tempts *Him.* Oh, let us not think lightly of our great *Adversary, or think* much of *our own strength* and boldness when com-

pared *with his*. He set himself up in heaven in opposition to God with all his limitless power; he overcame the very angels themselves, and dragged them down with him from their starry thrones to the everlasting dungeons of darkness and despair; no man has ever lived, from Adam down to the present day, not even the best among them all, but has had to mourn over his success; when our Lord himself appeared in the world he dared to ply even him with his temptations; knowing, then, with whom we have to grapple, let us gird on "the whole armour of God;" "for we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Another characteristic of the Tempter that we cannot help noticing, is *the craft with which his approaches are made*. If we might venture to do it without being thought merely fanciful on a subject which we cannot but regard as of such solemn and momentary importance, we might notice this in the very form and guise in which he appears before those who are tempted. Look, for instance, at the form he assumes in Paradise; he does not appear before our first parents as he does before our Lord; no, that might only have excited fear in their minds, and they would have shrunk, in all probability, from his approach; for Adam and Eve, for all they knew, were alone with God; true, the morning stars had sung together, and the sons of God had shouted for joy over the newly-made world, but the song and the shout had long since died away; true, there were myriads of happy beings in heaven, and other worlds, but they knew not of them; they were familiar, however, with every form of the lower order of creation; and hence he assumes the appearance of one of this order to seek their overthrow and effect their ruin. But look at him in the wilderness and how changed; he appears before us no longer as the serpent, but as an angel of light, one of those beings whom he might know would be frequently sent in the course of the Saviour's career to minister to him in his necessities, and some of whom, indeed, came soon after this event; thus assuming this form that he might, if possible, deceive the Lord of life and glory himself. But this craft is seen still more in the general spirit and tone of his temptations. Does he go to our first parents? how well does he understand human nature, and how to work upon it. He refers at once to the restriction that had been laid upon them, speaks of it as arbitrary and unkind, and with what success we all know. Is he anxious, again, to have Job given over into his hands? with what consummate craft does he seek to effect his object. And does he seek to tempt our Lord? he goes to him after forty days fasting, and he does not urge upon him any thing that would seem in itself to be a flagrant sin; no, but, command that these stones be made bread for the supply of your own wants; if you are the Son of God, as has just been declared at Jordan, give proof of it, and it shall be well for you, men all around will reverence, fear, and adore you. And let us remember that as such a being he is our tempter; what need, then, that we should be wise as serpents as well as harmless as doves, seeing that we have to do with one who, as the serpent, seduced our first parents, and who, thank God, at last, as the old Serpent, the devil, shall be bound in chains and cast into the bottomless pit.

Then there is not only craft, this is dangerous enough, and especially such craft, but there is the *most consummate hypocrisy;* seen, for instance, in the way in which he goes to the Saviour, and goes to men now too, as an angel of light,—the form in which he seems infinitely more repulsive, though at the same time infinitely more dangerous, than any other he could possibly assume; the form in which he gains admittance into many a place, *many a family, closet*, chapel, and professed church of Christ,

from which, if it were not for his robes (so apt are we to judge entirely by external appearance, dress, &c.), he would be at once, and for ever, shut out. Then, again, look at the nature of his approaches. He goes to our first parents, and he only seeks their welfare, that they should attain to more wisdom, and be more like what they might and should be. He comes to our Lord, and he only seeks, with his quotations from scripture, to place before him an opportunity of shewing the divinity of his nature and glorifying God. Such is the devil, and such are his temptations now.

But, now, there is the Tempted; and the first thing that strikes us is, that *his mind is prepared for the temptation.* It is impossible for the enemy, with all his craft and hypocrisy, to throw him off his guard. May it not be because there is so little of this with ourselves that we are so often overcome? How easy and gradual the steps from one temptation to another; first, make the stones into bread, exercise the power God has given you; then, cast yourself down from the pinnacle, presume upon the power and faithfulness of God; and then, fall down and worship the devil, give up every hope, and make him your god and your all. But, no, the Saviour is prepared at once to resist the temptation, and hence he flees from him.

Then, again, if you look at the Being tempted, *there is no parleying with the tempted;* no time allowed for argument, or enforcement. How often do we fall because we allow the Tempter time to beautify and adorn the object from which we should have shrunk with horror if it had been presented *as it must have been if we had not allowed time for this;* and which, when thus beautified and decorated, we accept. Let us remember that there never was but one Being in this world over whom Satan had no influence, *and he never allowed him a moment for parleying.*

Then, again, *he meets him with the word of God.* He does not say, "I will not;" that might have left room and time for discussion; no, but "It is written." Let us ever strive to meet him in this way. Take any other course and it is but taking a reed or a staff in the battle; take this, and it is taking up at once "the sword of the Spirit," that before which he can never stand. Take any other course and you must be overcome; take this and you shall be "brought off more than conquerors."

Bradford. FRATER.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Approved in Christ."—*Rom.* xvi. 10.

We know not *who* Apollos was; but we are told *what* he was. He was a christian, for he was "in Christ." He was a consistent christian, for he was "approved in Christ." He was created "anew in Christ Jesus unto good works," and was a living proof of the apostle's statement, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." His character was good, his state was enviable, his commendation was honourable. Oh, to be in Christ! This is our highest honour. Oh, to be approved in Christ! This is true dignity. Let us think of it. Let us aim at it. Let us pray over it. Let us strive for it. We may be in Christ, and so be eternally safe. We may be approved in Christ, and so be "found unto praise, and *honour,* and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Let us briefly *consider,*—

First, THE PRIVILEGE. "*In* Christ." This flows from the free,

sovereign, and distinguishing grace of God. It is of pure grace, and of grace alone, that God puts us "among the children," and puts us in his beloved Son. He chose us to this privilege before time began. He appointed us to this blessedness in the ancient covenant. He called us to this grace in the fulness of time. To be "in Christ" is to be *quickened by his Spirit.* We are all naturally dead in sin. We have no spiritual life. We walk according to the course of this world, and are the "children of wrath, even as others." And in this state we remain, until "God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, quickens us together with Christ," and saves us by his grace. Life from Christ is communicated instantaneously; the dead "hear the voice of the Son of God," and, hearing, they live. Then they feel their need of Christ, think about Christ, desire to possess Christ, seek an interest in Christ, and can find no rest until they come to Christ. To be "in Christ" is to be *justified by his obedience.* His perfect work is placed to our account, his glorious righteousness is imputed to our souls. We feel we need it. We perceive its exact adaptation to us. We pant to possess it. We see that the gospel gives us a warrant to appropriate it. By faith we embrace it. God justifies us through it, accepts us in it, and we are entitled to glory by it. We now have peace with God. We now joy in God. Jesus is precious, unspeakably precious to our souls. We love him, but cannot love him as we desire. We adore him, but cannot exalt him as we wish. We speak of him, but are never satisfied with what we say, and therefore often exclaim,—

> "I would for ever speak His Name,
> In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
> With angels join to praise the Lamb,
> And worship at His Father's throne."

To be "in Christ" is to be *ruled by his word.* Custom must now give place to precept,—fashion and feeling to the law of Christ. For no man is justified by his work, who does not reverence and obey his word. The soul naturally asks, What does my Saviour wish me to do? how would he have me walk? what does he require of me? And the precepts of the New Covenant answer these enquiries most fully. There is no need of tradition. There is no necessity for the direction of the priest. For the man "in Christ" finds that the Holy Scriptures, which were given by inspiration of God, are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," and are sufficient, in the hand of the Holy Spirit alone, to make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnishing him for every good work (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17). To be "in Christ" is to be *united to his person.* As the branch is united to the vine, as the building is united to the foundation, as the bride is united to the bridegroom, so the believer is united to Christ. He derives his life, his light, his righteousness, his holiness, his happiness, his strength, his all, from Christ. He rests upon Christ, he is sustained by Christ, his safety is from Christ. Christ and the christian are one. Glorious fact! Unspeakable mercy! Blessed privilege! "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Oh, for an angel's eloquence! oh, for a seraph's powers! to set forth, in suitable terms, the greatness, the glory, the blessedness of being one with Christ. If in Christ, we are safe. If in Christ, we are honourable. If in Christ, we shall be glorified with him for ever. But let us notice,—

Secondly, THE COMMENDATION. "*Approved* in Christ." Approved by good men, by wise men, by holy men, and approved by God himself. To be "approved in Christ," we must *breathe his* spirit. That is a spirit of love, *meekness, self-denial,* benevolence, and consecration to God.

Jesus was the loving one; his love was perfect, constant, and wisely manifested. We also must love, in measure, as Jesus loved. He was meek and lowly of heart, and we must be meek and lowly too. The proud, the haughty, the unbending, the lordly, can never be "approved in Christ." Jesus denied himself; he never consulted his own ease, pleasure, or earthly prosperity, but his Father's glory, and his people's present and everlasting good. The lovers of themselves,—those who feast on earthly pleasures, or those who, under spiritual duties, give way to promote outward prosperity, cannot be "approved in Christ." Jesus breathed pure benevolence, and consecrated himself entirely to God; he "went about doing good;" his meat was to do the will of his Father, and to finish his work. The selfish, the covetous, the close-fisted, the earthly-minded, can never be "approved in Christ." To be "approved in Christ" is to copy his example,—to do as he did,—to walk as he walked,—to aim at what he aimed,—to study him as our model,—to look to him as our exemplar,—to imitate him in all his inimitable excellencies. Such do not ask, "what will men think?" or, "what will men say?" but, "what will Jesus think of this? how will this appear in his eyes? what will he say? will he commend, or will he condemn?" To be "approved in Christ" is to *aim at his honour*. This is the object of the man's life;—this the end of every plan he draws, of every purpose he forms, of every course he pursues. He wishes to honour Jesus in his thoughts, in his creed, in his converse, in his conduct, in all that he does. Does he work? It is to honour Christ. Does he suffer? He aims to honour Christ. Does he give his property? It is to honour Christ. He is willing to lie low, that Jesus may be exalted. He is willing to debase the creature, that he may exalt the Saviour. His heart and his voice unite in saying,—

"Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath."

To be "approved in Christ" is to *endeavour to bring others to him*. No one can sympathise with Jesus who does not long, pray, and strive to save souls from death; and if we do not sympathise with Christ, can we be "approved by Christ," and by those who are like Christ? Impossible! Jesus entered into covenant before time, came into the world in time, lived, laboured, agonised, and died, to save souls. He sent forth his apostles, gave his Holy Spirit, and commanded his church to preach the gospel to every creature, in order to save souls. And if we do not long and labour to bring souls to Jesus, we have another and an opposite spirit in us; and if we have a spirit opposite to the spirit of Christ, can we be approved of Christ? Yea, can we be Christ's at all? Hear the apostle,—"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Beloved, are you in Christ? Have you been quickened by his Spirit? Are you clothed in his righteousness? Are you ruled by his word? Are you united to his person? There is no safety out of Christ. There is no true honour without union to Christ. You can have no title to heaven except you are one with Christ. To be without Christ is to be under God's curse, exposed to eternal woe, and to be surrounded by all the elements of misery in the present world. Never rest short of union to Christ. Are you approved in Christ? Do you breathe his spirit? Do you copy his example? Do you habitually aim at his honour? Are you daily endeavouring to bring poor sinners to him? Search, examine closely, look narrowly into the matter, and let nothing satisfy you short of this. Make *your calling* and election *sure*. If you are in Christ, then live upon *Christ, walk* closely with Christ, work daily for Christ, strive to become

y like Christ, aim in every thing to honour Christ, and anticipate ıy when you shall be introduced into the glorious presence of Christ, ɔ be for ever with him.

"Heavenly Adam, life divine,
Change my nature into Thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole;
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but Thou."

remont-Street, Shrewsbury.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice,
That night, in dreams:—
"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dews of love:
Lend me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven."
But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.
"Thou hast a little harp;
How sweetly would it swell the angels' hymn:
Yield me that harp."
There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.
Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth,
In childless agony.
Again, the Voice
That stirred her vision—
"He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon the fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

LOOK ABOVE!

Life is dreary,—I am weary;
Rest I seek, but seek in vain;
None believe me,—oh, they grieve me;
Life is weary, full of pain.

Head and heart alike are aching;
Are my days of joy all o'er?
Life is dreary,—I am weary;
Break, my heart, or ache no more.

Hark! a voice is whispering sweetly,
Through the darkness and the gloom;
Grief it lightens,—woe it brightens,—
Throws a halo round the tomb.

"Heed thou not the cold world's scorning;
Weep no more the silent tear;
Every night precedes a morning;
Soon the day-dawn shall appear."

Wounded spirit! lone heart breaking!
Look above! though life be dreary,
There's a cure for every aching,
There a home for all the weary!

Marie.

Biblical.

HINTS FOR STUDYING THE BIBLE.

The great mass of believers in God's Word can know it only in their own tongue. To them the translation they have is *the Bible*. It reflects, indeed, much discredit on their religious instructors, if they are not fully aware that prophets and apostles have left their writings in Greek and Hebrew,—languages no longer spoken, not even the Greek, in the same dialect as in New Testament times yet, to the multitude of our fellow-countrymen, the *English* Bible is practically the Word of God. So far, in truth do they carry this feeling, that many are rather annoyed than pleased, by the suggestion of emendations and corrections their favourite expressions are, perhaps, interfered with, or some shades of unpleasant doubt hover over their minds, as to the fidelity of the whole translation, if particular passages may be amended. All such doubts are quite needless. Our English Bible is, at the same time, capable of a thousand emendations, and yet is a most noble and admirable translation, and fully to be depended on by all who love it. The vast majority of improvements which can be made, would only make the sense *clearer*, not alter it; would render the thought more *easy* of apprehension, not give us a different one: the *ecclesiastical* words, such as church, baptize, bishop, retained by the monarch's order, we are now so used to that it would not suit even all Baptist ears to exclude them, and *we* know their right meaning the *antiquated* words (which we have already fully explained in The Church") were better modernized, perhaps and after deducting these three classes, which do not affect the integrity of the version, the number of passages is truly small in which our translators really mistook the sense of the sacred original. Of those translators, be it never forgotten, that the martyr Tindal is the chief. The fulsome flattery bestowed upon the loathsome king James, and the arbitrary bigot Elizabeth, should be replaced by a page to the memory of the man who, by God's grace, in the teeth of Henry the Eighth and his bishops, and at the cost of his life, determined that English ploughboys should be wiser than a superstitious *and corrupt clergy."*

To return, however; one object in expressing so strongly our confidence in the version of the Bible which we daily use, is to introduce a few cautions and hints which may aid our thoughtful and devout young friends in ascertaining from it the mind of the Spirit. While knowledge of the originals of Scripture facilitates enquiry, and is, in some cases, indispensable; yet let the reader who knows no language but his own feel assured that inexhaustible treasures are fully opened to him in his plain English Bible.

We may drop a caution, in the first place, against a habit, partly arising from our sense of the supreme excellency and value of the Bible, that of reading it *only* in small portions, as chapters, or half chapters, or a single verse. We pay the Scriptures the homage of reading a little of them before our social or private devotions. And we are right. To listen to some word *from* God ere we address him, is a natural preparative to entering his presence, and often must suggest to us how to pray and what to pray for." Yet if we do *only* this, especially if we limit ourselves to the more devotional parts of the Bible, it rather hinders a more intelligent and comprehensive acquaintance with it, and, further, may cause misapprehension of the meaning of particular passages. There is not a book of Scripture, which we should not understand better if we read it through attentively once or twice at least, without stopping. The recurrence of the same phraseology in different connections would throw much light on expressions before dark or ambiguous, while even the parts previously well understood would appear more interesting and instructive when viewed in their *connection* with the whole of which they form a part. A single sculpture may be beautiful, but how much more so when seen in its place in the building for which it was designed.

A remark, kindred with the last, may be made on interpreting each writer as much as possible by himself. Whatever the *nature* of inspiration, it is clear that it did not in the least interfere with the peculiar style of each writer. Each wrote, so far as *expression* is concerned, precisely as he would have done without inspiration. Isaiah and

Jeremiah, Paul and John, differ in *style* just as all other writers differ; and even the connections of thoughts and the illustrative figures are various in each. Inspiration plainly used the faculties and words of each writer. The Holy Spirit did not create one uniform style for himself, but put the treasures of Divine truth in earthen vessels. Hence, with the sacred penmen as with other writers, each is his own best interpreter. While, as agents of the same Spirit, one *general* and grand harmony of intention and thought runs throughout all revelation, yet each writer's own thoughts and language are most closely connected with each other. Paul is best explained by Paul, John by John. When we enquire, indeed, what are the great and common truths of "our most Holy Faith," we, of course, reply, those which may be found in *every* book in the New Testament; but if it be a question of the phraseology or meaning of a single passage, then the *first* light should be sought from other parts of the same writer.

These remarks suggest the need of care in the use of Concordances. The same word is not used every where in the same sense. Indeed the explanations appended to many words in "Cruden's Concordance" would teach this to all who use it. Yet we apprehend no mistake is more common than that of merely *verbal* illustration. The passages in which any particular word occurs are enumerated as if they all bore equally upon the elucidation of a text. This is to "number arguments, not to weigh them."

Perhaps one of the most serious mistakes into which the unpractised are thus led, is that indicated by the expression, "it *may* mean" thus or thus, because such a meaning can be found perhaps elsewhere. A certain interpretation may be quite good theology, may seem very ingenious too, may suggest some pleasing, practical, or devotional thoughts, thoughts just, perhaps, in themselves, yet, however true in itself, it may not be *the* truth of that particular passage. The more ingenious it seems, the less likely to be correct. The natural, not the ingenious, is the only object of the honest interpreter. Considering the course of thought in the context, extending perhaps through several previous or subsequent chapters,—considering the writer's thoughts on the same subject in other places,—taking into account, also, any peculiarities of his time and its customs connected with the matter,—then, what can we *naturally* understand him to mean?—this is the golden key which the profoundest scholar and the plain Sunday school teacher alike must use.

We must defer further remarks till another number.

Tales and Sketches.

"NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

What does God teach us in his works? What is the lesson which he there bids us read concerning the great end of life?

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go speak to it.

"Why do you hang there, beautiful flower?"

"I hang here to sweeten the air which man breathes,—to open my beauties to kindle emotion in his eye,—to shew him the hand of God, who pencilled every leaf and laid it thus carefully on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning with my opening face, or folding myself up under the cool curtains of evening, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

"But suppose you hung on the distant mountain side instead of the garden?"

"Why, then I should live in brightness under the bare possibility, that man might direct his footsteps there, and smile to see me there already awaiting his arrival; or that other spirits might see that God loves to give so freely, that he throws his glories even on the desert in vast profusion. Even there I should not live to myself."

Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say, "Surely that must stand and live for itself alone."

"No," says the tree: "God never made me for a purpose so small. I am old. I

have stood here more than a hundred years. In the summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds as they lay and rocked in their nests. In the storm, I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller. The acorns which I matured from year to year, have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top; for the humming-bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wings ere it danced again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark; and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling the ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyfully and fearlessly down. Go ask that leaper, "What are you doing there?"

"I was born high up the mountain; but there I could do no good; and so am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to create the sweet valley,—where the thirsty cattle may drink,—where the lark may sing on my margin,—where I may drive the mill for the convenience of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, and rise again in vapour, and perhaps come back in the cloud to my own native mountain to live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel on whose bright face you may not read, 'none of us liveth unto himself.'"

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler, "What are you doing there?"

Its voice comes down the path of light and cries,—

"I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation, and had all my duties marked out. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the creation of the earth. Aye, I was there

'When the radiant morn of Creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath.
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play.
Their silver voice in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung'—

'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;—just and true are all thy ways.'

"Here, among the morning stars, I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom, and when I have done all this, I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm and fixes his eyes on me, and finds his way across the great ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one, not one lives or shines for herself."

And thus has God written upon the flower that sweetens the air,—upon the breeze that rocks that flower upon its stem,—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert,—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chambers,—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in his light,—upon all his works He has written, "None of us liveth to himself." And, probably, were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing—from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise that flower which best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure. We value and praise that horse which best answers the end for which he was created; and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant. The star that is the most useful in the heavens is the star which we admire the most.

Now, is it not reasonable that *man*—to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any being on earth—man who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—"not to himself, but for others?"

IE DEAD SPEAK.

speak to us from the page of
e archives of nations have a
stands out in bold relief for
of generations yet unborn.
k, whether the actors be still
ie drama of life, or lying in the

One tells of the instability of
tness,—another, of the impo-
man power,—a third, of the
y nature of worldly pleasure.
vanities—all is vanity," is the
all.

speak in biography. The mi-
's lives teach a lesson as useful
e prominent and public deeds.
ted character, delineated by a
, has a voice of peculiar force.
onified speak to the heart with
gy than mere precept, and the
d warnings of evil actions have
erful effect.

l speak in the works of art.
r, who has chiselled the marble
life-like form, that it almost
l moves,—the painter, who has
e canvass,—the architect, who
the stupendous fabric,—the
ho has exercised his ingenuity
being of his fellow-men,—these
will continue to speak, whilst
ements exist.

l speak in their writings: and
responsibility attending the
s uttered. The productions
gate falsehood, immorality, and
of terrific magnitude: they aid
ward those who listen to them
end. But the pen used in fur-
growth of virtue and piety, will
improvement and happiness of
ough every succeeding genera-
may truly be termed *imper-*
ghts.

speak to us as they lie in their
. They tell us that death is
the whole human race—being
of sin. They tell us that the
me day riot on *our* flesh, as it
rs, and that the lovely form of
with decrepit age, will be its
st thou art, and unto dust thou
!"

the Dead speak to us by all
s in vain? Shall we turn a
he truths they teach, and thus
s of the profitable lessons their
may afford? The Past is a vast seminary in which the *wise* of every age have been instructed, and we of the present generation have the united testimony of nearly six thousand years. The Dead—the unnumbered Dead of that period speak to *us*; and if we refuse to *hear* them now, we shall *see* them in the great day of account, and they will then be so many *living* witnesses to our condemnation.—*A. M. Sargeant.*

"GIVE WISELY."

One evening, a short time since, the curate of B——, a small village in the north of France, returned, much fatigued, to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning upon his stick, and thinking, with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamour of tongues, taking the form of a by-no-means harmonious duet—an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely overscreeched by a remarkably high and thin treble, easily recognised by the placid curate as proceeding from the well-practised throat of his housekeeper.

"A pretty business this, Monsieur!" cried the dame, when her master appeared, as, with flashing eyes, and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and taking the box from the man, who, at his approach, civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed

to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:—

"To Monsieur the Curate of B——.

A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848.

Charles F——,

Formerly sergeant-major in the —th regiment; now a gold-digger in California."

On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, as on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier with a haggard countenance, and wild, bloodshot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate fearing he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company. This avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew——"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in this world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God, you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which, indeed, belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and, after a pause, said:—

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise, that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and *soupe maigre*.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he shewed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give Him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine; and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"

HAVE A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

We do not need to enter the closet to find the Lord. He is ever near to us. But we enter in order to escape distractions, and in order to regain those associations, and, it may be, to surround ourselves with those mementos, which we formerly found helpers to our prayers. One who has great powers of abstraction may take refuge from surrounding bustle in the depths of his own spirit, and pass along the crowded streets in the perpetual hermitage of his own self-seclusion, undiverted and undistracted by all that is whirling round him. But few have this talent of inward sequestration—this power to make a closet of themselves; and, in order to find for their thoughts a peaceful sanctuary, they must find for their persons a tranquil asylum. It little matters where or what it is. Isaac went out into the field, and Jacob plied his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and, in the cool shadow of his oaks, at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel; and it would appear, from some of his psalms, that a cave, a mountain fastness, or a cavern in the rocks, was David's frequent oratory. Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his sea-side lodging, when the messengers of Cornelius found him. It would seem that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place"—the hill-side, with the stars above, and the shadowy world below—the fragrant stillness of the

garden when evening had dismissed the labourers, were where the Man of sorrows loved to pray.

It was in the old church of Ayr that John Welsh was wont, all alone, to wrestle with the angel of the covenant; and we have stood in the wild rock-cleft where Peden found frequent refuge from his persecutors, and whence he caused his cry to ascend "unto the Lord most high." It does not need four walls and a bolted door to make a place of prayer. Retirement, and silence, and a sequestered spirit will create it anywhere. By the shore of the sounding sea,—in the depths of the forest,—in the remoteness of the green and sunny upland, or the balmy peacefulness of the garden bower,—nay, amidst the dust of the dingy ware-room, or the cobwebs of the owlet-haunted barn,—in the jolting corner of the crowded stage, or the unnoticed nook of the travellers' room, you have only to shut your eyes, and seclude your spirit, and you have created a closet there. It is a closet wherever the soul finds itself alone with God.

Correspondence.

OUGHT THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF CHRIST TO BE MADE THE SUBJECTS OF ANNUAL RELIGIOUS COMMEMORATION?

To the Editors of "The Church."

Gravesend, 7th March, 1851.

My dear Sirs,

I have a class of young men who meet for mutual improvement once a week. Most of them are in the shops of this town. At one of our meetings the accompanying essay was produced by a young man in a grocer's shop, and I thought it would be suitable for the pages of "The Church." I think you will unite with me in opinion, that it is sufficiently valuable to claim insertion.

I am, my dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

E. S. Pryce.

The spirit of enquiry is now abroad as to what the Romanist church is, and what she intends to do; and while the masses are busily employed in memorializing the Queen, and petitioning Parliament, to take steps for the immediate extirpation from the country of the "Cardinal Archbishop," there are other courses open, which may profitably employ the hearts and hands of those who, not having been seized with the mania, cannot join to swell the "No-Popery" cry. One of these is, carefully to guard against Romish innovation, in either the spirit or form of our worship, and, with christian jealousy, to subject our present systems to a rigid scrutiny, to see if they retain any of the leaven of Romanism. It is in this spirit we come to the question:—"Ought the birth and death of Christ to be made the subjects of annual religious commemoration?"

I take as the basis of a few remarks, in defence of the negative position on this question, the grand Protestant principle, that Holy Scripture is the only rule of faith and practice. I presume that by most of the readers of "The Church," this principle will be readily admitted; therefore I need not stay here to say anything in demonstration of it, but shall take it for granted, and upon it will rest the argument I have to bring forward.

The course I shall pursue, I will state in a few simple propositions.

1. The Saviour, when he founded the christian church, anticipated, or foresaw, the wants of that church.

2. As the result of this anticipation, he established institutions, means, for the supply of those wants.

3. Any addition to such institutions can be neither more nor less than a reflection on the great Head of the church, as not having provided sufficient means for the welfare and happiness of his people.

4. The annual religious observance of a day, in commemoration of the birth and death of Christ, is an addition to such institutions. Therefore,

5. We ought not to observe such days.

Let us now proceed to examine these points in order.

First, the Saviour, when he established the christian church, anticipated, or fore-

saw, its wants. To those who admit the divinity of Christ, this proposition needs no defence. The foreknowledge, the omniscience, the omnipresence, possessed by the eternal Father, are enjoyed equally by the Son; and He who could say to his sorrowing disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," had passing in review before his mind the course his church would take,—the particular trials, persecutions, temptations, and sorrows, to which she would be exposed in her onward path, not only collectively as one great body, *the church*, but individually as members of himself. All the wants of every individual believer were anticipated, and were graciously provided for, by the kind Redeemer. It was part of the work which He accomplished in his earthly mission, to provide for the sustentation, the continuation, and the progressive development of the christian life; and this brings me to my second proposition.

Secondly, that Christ, seeing and knowing all this, established certain institutions—means of grace, if you like the term better—to meet and to satisfy these wants. Every institution in the christian church is, more or less, directly or indirectly, connected with its Head; but there are some which more especially act as memorials, as remembrancers of Christ, which point directly to him. I will call your attention to two, the one being an institution appointed by Christ for the specific purpose of a memorial; the other being an institution of former dispensations, brought out in a new light, and placed in a somewhat different position, incorporating an ancient religious privilege with a memorial of the great Head of the christian church.

The first of these you will immediately perceive is that institution which we call "the Lord's Supper." Now, there are more ends than one to be answered by this ordinance; but taking it as it stands in Holy Writ, with the words, "This do for my memorial," falling on our ears, it is evident that while there may be many collateral ends to be secured, yet the one grand, prominent idea is that of a memorial, a remembrancer.

Then with regard to the other institution, I refer to the christian Sabbath, is not this like a finger-post pointing us to the Saviour? I am fully aware that for the change from the seventh day to the first as the Sabbath, we find no express command; but from the fact that from the day that Christ arose, the disciples regarded the first day of the week as a peculiar day, that they met for christian worship, and for the observance of the Lord's Supper on that day, and that the christian churches continued to observe that day during the lives of the apostles, we take it for granted that it was agreeable to the will of Christ, at any rate, if not in exact obedience to his direct command: more than this, he sanctioned the practice by meeting with them, time after time, on the first day of the week. Why, then, the change? simply because we should have in the changed day a memorial of Christ. I think we frequently fall far short of forming a proper estimate of the christian Sabbath, because we lose sight of this great characteristic: we look upon it merely as a religious institution, without thinking so much as we should do of those great and glorious facts which it commemorates; for while the institution of the Lord's Supper brings to our minds the "love even unto death," the christian Sabbath bids us rejoice in a perfect and complete salvation, in a conquering and triumphant Saviour.

Should it be said that we have nothing to commemorate the birth of Christ, and that we need something for this purpose, I reply, first, that what Christ has himself instituted, will best contribute to the welfare of his people. We may, in regard to this, safely adopt the axiom, "Whatever is, is best;" but even our poor finite minds can observe the law of fitness admirably working here. That which is in itself inferior, is subordinated to the superior. The birth of Christ is to us a matter of deep interest and delight; but how much more intense is the interest and delight with which we contemplate his resurrection: his birth is comparatively of little moment, when placed side by side with his resurrection; in fact the interest with which his birth is invested is borrowed, in a great measure, from its relation to his resurrection; for if, on the third day, the mighty Conqueror had not arisen but slept calmly on, the subject of death and decay, his birth would not be of such value to us as it now is; and though the halo of glory around the manger of the inn of Bethlehem be bright, yet the halo resting upon the brow of the Conqueror, when, having "entered the iron gates of death, he tore the bars away," is far more beautiful and re-

splendent. I say, then, we see here the law of adaptation; the things we are called upon to remember are those of the highest moment. But, secondly, I contend that we are called upon to look at the resurrection, not so much as an isolated fact, but as being the finishing-stroke of the work, as an epitome of the Saviour's whole career, this one fact including all other previous facts in his history. I say, then, that the Sabbath, by reminding us of his resurrection, carries with it the whole life and work of Christ; and I close my remarks here with those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts (using, in reference to both these institutions, the sentiment he adopted for one):—

"He knew what treach'rous hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our souls he gave
These kind memorials of his grace."

Thirdly, I come now to the proposition which is the turning-point of the argument, the key-stone, so to speak, of the arch, and needs a careful consideration. Any addition to such institutions can be neither more nor less than a reflection on the great Head of the church. Bear in mind, that the point in question is not whether this annual religious observance is an addition; that we shall take up presently; what I now contend for is, that *any* addition is a reflection on the Head of the church. By making an addition, we virtually say that there is something wanting; something does not exist which needs to exist. Now, if we need any memorial which is not already established, then I think we are bound to admit, that the founder of the christian church was ignorant, forgetful, or unkind; that he did not know what his people would need; that he was forgetful or careless in reference to their wants; or that he was unwilling to provide efficient supplies for their wants. There are few who would like to admit any one of these conclusions, when put in so many words; but I think that those who contend for the opposite side of the question, are fairly shut up to the adoption of one of them, when their practice is submitted to a careful analysis. It now remains for me to prove,

Fourthly, that the commemoration of the birth and death of Christ, by an annual religious observance, is such addition. Scripture is entirely silent in the matter. We approach with reverence the sacred oracle of truth; we *submit our enquiry*; but the oracle is dumb, there is no voice, and we turn away empty even as we came. We trace the words of Christ through the evangelists' writings; but in reference to no birth-day, or in anticipation of no day of death, do we find the words, "Observe these days for my memorial." We trace the writings of the apostles, and review the practice of the early churches; but we can nowhere find, directly or indirectly, any such observance referred to. Could we read, "And when Christmas-day was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place;" or hear Paul exclaim, "I must needs be at Jerusalem on Good-Friday,"—that would alter the case; but no shadow of a proof exists in Holy Writ, to shew that these days were observed. How is this? Just because they considered the institutions of Christ's own appointment sufficient. How, then, came we by the observance of days for this purpose? We find a very ancient feast-day observed in England, called Yule-day, prior to the introduction of christianity into this country by the Romish church. When christianity was thus introduced, that church seems to have grafted, so to speak, this religious observance upon the established national custom of a feast. We derive, then, not only the day, but the principle itself, from the Romish church. Now, I would not set it down as bad, necessarily, because it thus comes to us from the Romish church; but I place it there, side by side with the hosts of saints' days, &c., which are observed by that church. We find that even in the apostolic age, the principle was in existence; for Paul, when writing to the Galatians, expostulates with them for this very thing. "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years; I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain" (Gal. iv. 10, 11). Now, that which, springing up so early in the church of Christ, met with the rebuke of the apostle, ought not surely to be indulged in by us, although it has been more fully developed, systematized, and reduced to working order by the priesthood of a corrupt and degenerate church. We *do* repudiate the idea of observing saints' days generally; but we tolerate and admit these, simply, I apprehend, because of the person identified with them. Now, I think, that if we admit the principle to be bad in the one case, it is equally so in the other; only that, being identified with Christ, furnishes it with a flimsy covering, by means of which

it passes current among orthodox christians. But let us look the thing full in the face, and we see that beneath this flimsy covering of truth, there lurks a great error. If, then, this observance was not instituted by Christ, and neither practised nor sanctioned by the apostles in the early churches, but received its birth in a corrupt and formal church, which had departed from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, it appears plain to me that it is an addition, of human invention, to the simple institutions of Christ.

Fifthly, admit the foregoing propositions, and the last will be self-evident. If it be true that Christ knew the wants of his church; that for those wants he made a special provision; that any addition to his institutions is a reflection on his wisdom and benevolence; and that the annual religious commemoration of the birth and death of Christ is such addition; then there can be no difficulty in coming at once to the conclusion, that we ought not to observe such days.

S. E. PURCELL.

Gravesend.

Plutarch,

AND HIS TESTIMONY TO THE MEANING OF "BAPTIZO."

BY THE REV. DR. GRAY.

No. 3.

In the undisputed works of Plutarch as many as thirteen instances occur of the use of the word *baptizo:* to these may be added two others, found in tracts which are commonly inserted among his writings, but as to which his authorship is somewhat doubtful.* Of the above instances four are met with in the "Parallel Lives," which we have already mentioned, and the remainder in what are called Plutarch's "Moral Works." Taking them up according to this order, we propose, as in our former paper on Josephus, to present so much of the context of each example as shall enable the readers of "The Church" to judge of the force of the term for themselves.

I.

The first instance which offers itself is contained in the interesting relation which Plutarch gives us of the wonderful mechanical apparatus employed by Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. He describes the Syracusans under the direction of this eminent man, as sinking some of the enemies' ships by means of enormous beams suddenly let down upon them, and then adds:—

"Others, by means of iron hands or grapnels resembling the beaks of cranes, they hoisted up from their prows till they stood perpendicular, and [then] *baptized* on their sterns."—*Vit. Marcel.* § 15.

II.

The next instance of the term is in a very different connection. It occurs in the "Life of Alexander," and in the description of the luxurious march of his army through the province of Carmania. During this march, says the historian,—

"You would see neither buckler, nor helmet, nor spear, but all along the road the soldiers, with cups, or horns, or Thericlean goblets, *baptizing* out of large casks and bowls, drank to each other, some of them continuing their march at the same time, but others sitting, as if at table."—*Vit. Alexan.* § 67.

III.

We meet with our next instance of the employment of the term in the "Life of Cæsar." During one part of his stay at Alexandria, that celebrated general, we are told, was exposed to such danger from his enemies that he was obliged to throw himself into the sea and swim for his life. All this time, says Plutarch,—

"He is said to have held several papers in his hands, which he would not let go, although assailed with missiles and *baptized*, but holding them above the water with one hand he swam with the other."—*Vit. Cæs.* § 49.

IV.

Our remaining instance from the "Lives" is taken from that of the emperor Galba:—

"It can hardly be supposed," says Plutarch, "that this emperor would have adopted Otho as his heir even to his private property, knowing how licentious and profuse he was in his habits, and

* *These are,* "*An Epitome of* a Comparison between Aristophanes and Menander," and "A Disquisition *on the Life and Writings of* Homer."

that he was *baptized* with a debt of fifty millions of drachmæ."—*Vit. Gal.* § 21.

V.

In quoting from the Moral Works of Plutarch, we notice, first, a passage which occurs in his treatise on the education of children. He thus illustrates the mischief done by some parents to their children through an over-anxiety to push them forward:—

"Just as plants," he remarks, "are nourished by a moderate supply of water, but are choked by a superabundance, so the soul from well-proportioned labours acquires vigour, but by inordinate ones is *baptized*."—*De Educ. Lib.* § 13.

VI.

In the next passage where the word occurs, Plutarch is exposing the absurd fears of the superstitious, who allow the same phantoms which have harassed them by night, to disturb their peace by day. He represents such persons as becoming the easy dupes of religious impostors, who would be likely to give them such counsels as the following:—

"*Baptize* yourselves in the sea, invoke some sorceress, and sit a whole day on the earth."—*De Superstit.* § 3.

VII.

Our next example of the use of the word is found in the treatise entitled, "The Genius or Demon of Socrates." The conduct of such demons, he observes, towards ourselves is like our own conduct towards persons whom we see in danger of drowning. If these unfortunates are near the shore,—near enough, that is to say, to be within our reach in any manner, we eagerly render them assistance; but if they are far out in the ocean, we content ourselves with looking on:—

"So," he observes, "these divinities leave such of us as are *baptized* (*i. e.*, voluntarily) by the affairs [of life] to struggle out for ourselves, and to bear [our troubles] patiently, and to rely on our own efforts for getting safely into harbour."—*De Gen. Socr.* § 23.

VIII.

Comparing the state of persons quite intoxicated with that of others partially so, he remarks of the latter,—

"Only the *mind* of such persons is confused; its impulses their *bodies* are still able to obey, not being yet *baptized*."—*Symp. Lib.* iii. Q. viii. § 2.

IX.

We quote next from a tract entitled, "Political Precepts," which will shew our author somewhat more to advantage. He is enforcing on those who would engage in public business, the importance of a superiority not more to *avarice* than to *ambition*:—

"Just," he says, "as a mariner who had sailed safely by the Syrtis, but was afterwards wrecked in the Straits, would have little to boast of; so he who keeps his hands clean from the public money, but is convicted of malversation as to dignities or honours, is dashed against an elevated promontory, it is true, but is *baptized* notwithstanding."—*Reip. Ger. Præcep.* § 27.

X.

"Why," asks Plutarch, in the next instance where he employs the word, and which is in a heading to some "Physical Questions" which he proposes,—

"Why do persons pour sea [water] on wine? and why do they say that some fishermen once received an oracle ordering them to *baptize* Bacchus towards the sea?"—*Quæst. Natur.* § 10.

XI.

Our readers will, we hope, find more to interest them in the next example, which is taken from a treatise "On the Sagacity of Animals." As an instance of this, Plutarch cites the case of a mule employed to carry salt, which having accidentally slipped once while crossing a river, perceived, on getting up again, that the water had made its load lighter:—

"Ever after," Plutarch states, "the shrewd animal, when crossing the same stream, would lower and *baptize* the salt of its own accord, stooping down and leaning to each side [successively]."* —*De Solert. Anim.* § 16.

XII.

In the same discussion one of the disputants complains thus of his adversary in argument:—

"This fine fellow sets on us just as a sober combatant would on others who might be suffering from a yesterday's debauch, and be still *baptized*." —*Id.* § 23.

XIII.

Lastly, in a piece entitled, "Gryllus," Agamemnon, who is enamoured of one Argynnus, is represented as *baptizing* himself in the lake Copais, with the view of extinguishing his passion.

On a review of the above quotations, little doubt, we think, can be felt with regard to the significance of the word in these instances, where it is not figuratively used. In almost all of these it is plainly equivalent to "dip," "plunge," "immerse,"

* The creature was cured by its masters, at last, of this trick, by the substitution of sand in the bags for salt.

"sink," or "submerge." Such are, *e. g.*, examples 1, 2, 6, 9, 11, and 13. What is meant by Cæsar's baptism (No. 3), can only be, that he was under the necessity of *diving* continually, or *keeping his head under water*. Some obscurity attaches to No. 10, from the unusual preposition employed; we are inclined ourselves to regard it as an instance of what is called the *pregnant* mode of expression, viz., that the fishermen were to *bring Dionysius to the sea, and then baptize him;* but as this is uncertain, we forbear to press any conclusion from this example. Nos. 8 and 12 differ only from No. 4 quoted on Josephus, in that the nature of the saturation is not specified. "Drenched" would, in each of these cases, be the nearest equivalent term in our language. The remaining instances, viz., Nos. 4, 5, and 7, are all figurative; but it is not difficult to see that the idea of a pressure, more or less overwhelming, is involved in each of them. Liddell, now the chief authority as a Greek lexicographer, translates No. 4, "over head and ears in debt."

As it respects the two disputed passages which yet remain to be noticed, the one is so fragmentary that it can throw no light, either way, on the point under question;* the other is part of a grammatical disquisition, in which the nature of *emphasis* is explained. As an instance of emphatical expression, a line is quoted from Homer, in which *a sword is said to be warmed with the blood* [it had spilt], and the criticism is, that there was the more emphasis in this expression, inasmuch as the sword was so *baptized* as to be warmed. Those of our readers who will not think the trouble too great to refer to the article in the November number of "The Church," will see that this is an instance quite analogous to example 8 there quoted.

If our readers are not tired of these classical discussions, we shall hope, in the course of the summer, to present them with a like analysis of the evidence from Strabo on the subject, together with such information as may be suitable respecting the writer; for both of which purposes, however, a single paper will be sufficient.

Stepney College.

Notices of Books.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A CONVERT FROM ANGLO-CATHOLICISM TO THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS: A NARRATIVE OF FACTS. Pp. 48. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

This little work will be read with interest by many; with a considerable class it will have more weight than a fuller or more profound argument. There are some things in it of which we could not entirely approve, but the spirit in which it is written is earnest and pious. The writer was "brought up" in the Church of England. The picture he gives of the state of things in the locality in which he at first resided, is applicable, we fear, to too many others. "The clergyman, at the time of which I write, was generally known as being one of the principal magistrates, the man possessing the greatest political influence in the neighbourhood where he resided, and a conversational, sociable sort of person. Of him as a 'spiritual' man persons never gave a thought; and all the intercourse about their souls he ever had with the people professedly under his charge was when he administered the sacrament to them on their sick-beds, as a *viaticum* and passport to some undefined happy state of existence, the thought in the mind being rather an escape from hell than an entrance into heaven. 'Service was performed' (such was the expression in common use) once on Sunday, at which all the respectable inhabitants of the place attended, paid little attention to the sermon (which was always omitted on Sacrament Sunday), and came to the prayers, and departed satisfied with themselves and their religious exercises, for another week. No thought that the blessed Jesus, who 'came from God and went to God,' was the author of this so-called worship, or that He was in any measure recognized in it, ever entered my

* *The sentence is as follows:* "He" (*i. e.*, some one unknown) "is commended because he *baptized* the *stewards, who yet were not stewards*" (Gk. *tamiæ*), "but lamiæ, i. e., monsters."

ind, or the minds of any. The minister as one who knew not God, and obeyed ot the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, nd who was as little troubled as any of the ock about anything beyond this solitary unday service." The author was led to dopt Tractarian views, even the extreme one, which he states to be common among Anglicans, that "no person could be saved except he had been baptized in the Greek, Anglican, or Romish Church; and that all who were not identified with episcopacy (as at present commonly understood by these systems), were heretics and schismatics, doomed to eternal perdition." He was, however, afterwards made to see the unscripturalness of these views, and hold the truth as it is in Jesus. "Dating from my new birth," he says, "I am now seven years old. Seven years have passed since I awoke to life and light. That period has unquestionably been the stormiest and most eventful of my life; it has been eventful in trial, disappointment, suffering, and sorrow; but I can deliberately say, that, in all, the 'hope set before me' has proved 'an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast.' The sense of God's love and adoption I have never been permitted to lose. Variation, change, and weakness there have been, I sorrowfully acknowledge, but God's heart to me has been ever the same; I have confessed my sins, and proved his 'faithfulness and justice in forgiving my sins, and in cleansing me from all unrighteousness.' If I have wandered from my Saviour for a moment, or ever been tempted, like Peter, to deny Him, sorrow and repentance have been the result. I have found no satisfaction, no peace, at a distance from Him. God's 'favour is' to me 'life, and his loving-kindness better than life.' Beloved friends, I stand, as it were, at this seventh milestone of my journey, to tell you that I have had a faithful and trustworthy Guide,—one who has saved me from many a danger, delivered me out of many a difficulty, upheld me when I was faint and weary, and brought me, in spite of all the hindrances, 'by a right way.' 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.'"

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE ON THE WORSHIP OF GOD IN PUBLIC. BY SPENCER MURCH. Pp. 49. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

A very useful manual, comprising an arranged collection of Scripture passages bearing *upon public worship*, with the author's view of their meaning and application. It deserves, and will repay, careful perusal; though there are some things in it upon which each reader will have to form his own opinion. With respect to the admission of a member into a church, the author says, "It is enough that a brother, in whose judgment we have confidence, introduce him *as a believer*:" the Lord's-Supper, he thinks, should be observed *every* Lord's-day: "the collection for the poor saints" he considers an urgent duty, and one not now sufficiently attended to: he would have all "church meetings" public: he would practise "the *ordinance* of Salutation:" respecting the Sabbath, his view is the same as that of the late Dr. Carson, whose essay on the subject, in an abridged form, he adopts as a part of his pamphlet. Mr. Murch concludes in the following words, with the spirit of which we entirely sympathise:—

"Be *thou* like the first Apostles—
Be *thou* like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly—speak it all.

"Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
And if *thou* hast a truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God."

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD: A SERMON. BY CHARLES STANFORD OF DEVIZES. WITH A PREFACE BY JOHN SHEPPARD, ESQ. Pp. 26.

An admirable and interesting sermon, from Isaiah xli. 8, fully justifying the request that it should be printed. An extract will be found among our "Miscellaneous."

Recent Publications.

A Guide to the Pronunciating Scripture Proper Names. By the Rev. J. Thompson, M.A. (*Pp.* 68. *London: Houlston and Stoneman.*)

Take Advice! addressed to Church Members. By the late Rev. James Smith. (*Pp.* 28. *London: J. Kennedy.*)

Anti-Popery: a Lecture. By James Hoby, D.D. (*Pp.* 30. *London: Houlston and Stoneman.*)

The Holiness of Christ Maintained; being a Glance at the Statements of Scripture respecting the Imputation of Sin to Jesus Christ, his Suretiship, and Substitutionary Work, &c. Eight Letters, by Thomas Crumpton. Pp. 55. (London: Houlston *and Stoneman.*)

A Page for the Young.

THE NEW BOOK.

"Another new thing, Cecil!"

"That is right, uncle! that is right! I do love to hear you say, 'Another new thing!' How old is the new thing that you are going to tell me of?"

"Only five or six thousand years."

"Five or six thousand years; and yet you call it new!"

"Yes, Cecil; I call it new on account of the new purpose to which you are to apply it. The new thing you are about to hear of I shall call a new book, and you must learn to read it."

"But has it any pictures in it?"

"Pictures! It has nothing but pictures in it! Some of these are grave, some fearful, some beautiful, and others so transporting that you cannot look at them without the tears coming into your eyes in a moment."

"Shew it me, uncle! shew it me! Are there many pictures in it?"

"It is made up of pictures—thousands of pictures; and then they are so large."

"Thousands of large pictures! Oh, let us have the book spread out on the great round table! I see we shall have a fine treat. The book! the book, uncle! The new book!"

"As to spreading out the new book on the great round table, that will be impossible; for it is far too large for any table to hold it."

"I never heard of such a thing! A book larger than the great round table! That *must* be a curiosity! We will open it then on the parlour floor."

"The parlour floor is not half big enough."

"Uncle, you astonish me! But we must have the book opened, however big it may be; we shall find room for it on the lawn, I am sure."

"Not so, Cecil; for the book of which I have been speaking is bigger than the world!"

"What! bigger than the world! Now, uncle, how can you possibly make it out that this new book, let it be what it will, is bigger than the world?"

"I think that you will admit that it is so, when I tell you that the new book is THE *SKY, and that the pictures* are the heavenly bodies and the beautiful clouds which adorn it."

"The sky! But why should you call it a book? A book is to be read, and how can we read the sky?"

"With a little instruction I trust you will be able to read it very well. You have heard of the two great books of our heavenly Father—the book of Revelation and that of Creation. Now, if creation be called a book, why should I not call the sky a book, if I find that it sets forth much of our great Creator, which I am able to read?"

"Oh! how I should like to be able to read the book of the sky!"

"Astronomers read the book of the sky, philosophers read it, and why should not christians? Yet, among the thousands who are daily looking at the pictures of this book, how few are there who comprehend what they mean! Thousands have not yet learned the alphabet of the skies. But listen, while I explain the language of a few of these pictures; for God speaks by them to us, and we ought to understand Him. When we see above our heads at night the great book of the sky opened, and the glowing picture of the stars spread out before us, it is as though God was manifesting his wisdom, power, and goodness to us; and the language of the picture is, '*Believe me!*'"

"I knew you would make it come right."

"When the tempest is abroad, and the big black clouds hang heavy in the air,—when the forked lightnings flash to and fro, and the bursting thunder seems to shake the solid earth and the heavens,—when the rain comes down like a deluge! what says the awful picture of the skies? It says, as distinctly as if the voice of the Holy One was heard, '*Fear me!*'"

"That is an awful picture! I seem to understand all that you mean now, uncle."

"When the storm has passed by, and the rain has subsided,—when the heavens are lit up on one side by the glorious sun, and spanned on the other by the glowing rainbow, the picture of the sky appeals to every eye and heart. God speaks through it, and his language is, '*Trust me!*'"

"Better and better! I do see that you may really read the pictures in the sky."

"When the heavens above are clear, and bright, and blue, and peaceful; and when the piled-up snowy clouds, with their sunlit edges, are still,—when the vault above is so beautifully tranquil that your spirit feels expanding with joy and thankfulness; again it appears as if God were speaking, and the language of the picture of the new book is, '*Love me!*'"

"When the rising sun is gilding the firmament with glory, and when his setting beams are mingling purple, azure, and crimson, with a flood, nay, a sea of molten gold, we look at the picture with astonishment and admiration, and though half blinded by our tears, we are still able to read what is written in the picture before us. Hardly could the Lord of heaven and earth utter more distinctly the expression. '*Praise me!*'"

"You make the meaning of every picture so plain, that it must be just as you say."

"I have now explained the language of a few pictures in the new book; but sometimes the pictures so mingle what is striking, awful, convincing, beautiful, and transporting, that one thing at a time is not enough to satisfy us, and we are compelled to believe, fear, trust, love, and praise Him all together."

"Well! I did not expect, uncle, when you called out to me, 'Another new thing, Cecil! another new thing!' that it would turn out to be what it is. At first, after you talked of 'thousands of large pictures,' I felt disappointed to find that it was the sky you meant; but you have satisfied me. The sky is a new book to me now, and I shall do my best to learn to read it, and to understand as many of the pictures in it as I can."

Obituary.

MRS. WIGNER,

LYNN, NORFOLK.

On the Afternoon of Friday, Feb. 7th, Harriet Louisa, the valued and beloved wife of the Rev. J. T. Wigner of Lynn, took her departure from this dying world to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." To the readers of "The Church," an outline of Mrs. Wigner's career may neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable; the writer, therefore, offers it hopefully, especially praying that the perusal of it may promote, to some valuable extent, the holiness, earnestness, and usefulness of those whom it will reach.

The subject of these remarks was a daughter of Geo. Ovenden, Esq. of Dalston. It was her privilege to be the child of godly parents, whose first desire on her behalf was, that she might grow up in the knowledge and fear of Him, whom to know is "life eternal," and whose fear "is the beginning of wisdom." These desires were not disappointed, for as soon as she began to know the use of a book, *the bible* became her companion and her treasure; and so effectually was it studied, that, at the early and tender age of six years, she not only proved herself to be well acquainted with the letter of the word, but gave satisfactory evidence also of having received "the grace of God in truth." About this period, this interesting child was called to part with her beloved mother. Seeing her bereaved father in tears, she said, "Why do you cry, papa?" Her parent replied, "Because your mother is dead, my dear." The little comforter further enquired, "Did mamma love the Lord Jesus Christ?" Her father replied, "Yes, my dear." "Then," said she, "mamma is *not dead;*" and fetching her bible, she turned to John xi. 25, and read, "Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." At sixteen years of age, this young disciple became a member of the Independent church, meeting in Maberly chapel, and continued her connection with that cause until her marriage with the Rev. J. T. Wigner, when she was baptized, and received into communion with the Baptist church under the care of her husband.

Mrs. Wigner's history as a pastor's wife covers about ten eventful years. To enumerate, in this brief account, the various acts of usefulness in which she was occupied during that time would be impossible; suffice it to say, she shared in the labours of her husband, and though dead, yet speaks by living witnesses to her loving and faithful instructions. Mrs. Wigner

was admirably fitted for the important position she held. Added to the very perfection of amiability, God had endowed her with a large amount of "the Spirit of Christ," so that she was emphatically an imitator of the meek and lowly Jesus. In all the trying circumstances which must of necessity mark a pastor's path, Mrs. W. was, indeed, a "help-meet" to her husband; she knew how to bear chastisement, and how to advise and console the chastised.

During four or five years of growing disease, our departed friend manifested an unwavering faith in the power of divine grace to sustain its possessor under the heaviest load. Her patient submission to the will of her Lord, her calm resignation of her all into his hands, and her complete readiness to depart, were marks of an enviable state of "perfect peace." The change that immediately preceded dissolution was rather sudden, though for several days she seemed to have death as her settled prospect. For some hours previous to her departure, she spoke almost entirely of her anticipated removal; and, though suffering intensely, she said, "I rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." She commended her children and husband to the blessing of their best Friend, and about three o'clock on the day mentioned, in the arms of the sorrowing partner of her youth, she calmly obeyed the summons: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Her remains were deposited in Abney Park Cemetery on the following Thursday; and as a proof of the extensive regard borne her, it may be stated, that, on the morning of her removal to London, some two hundred friends accompanied the hearse from the house to the railway station in Lynn, clad in mourning, and deeply bewailing their loss.

MR. GODFREY BERRY,

LOCKWOOD.

Mr. Godfrey Berry was baptized in his 17th year. In his 70th, on the 9th of October, 1850, he passed from sin and death to glory. Through last summer a gradual decay was perceptible. The closing scenes of his life were solemn and affecting. His last distinguishable words were, "Victory! victory!" the third attempted repetition became inaudiable on his faltering lips.

As a member of the church, his regularity in attending meetings for prayer was worthy of universal imitation. Prompt to relieve the needy and infirm, he sought, in a variety of ways, to aid the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. His liberality was, in many instances, an influential means of soliciting from other hands what else might never have been laid on the altar of the Lord.

As a deacon, he was grave in his deportment, guarded in his language, and judicious in his deliberations; but had he acted with less reserve towards his associates in office, whose confidence he certainly possessed, it would have rendered his counsels more available.

He was interred on the 14th of October, the Revs. J. Barker of Lockwood, J. Stock of Salendine-Nook, and J. Thomas of Meltham, taking part in the service.

Miscellaneous.

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD.—Facility of access to God is one advantage of this friendship. We approach a cold stranger with contrivance, with palpitation, with the utterances of second thoughts and the chill of artificial forms. But these circumstances are not allowed to regulate the approach of friend to friend. We are always welcome—we are free—we think aloud. There are times in the life even of the unconverted man, when he longs for the privilege of free access to an almighty friend; just as he *longs to reach* heaven, as a shelter from *hell. In the chafing deeps* of trouble, when *"waves and billows roll* over him," it is natural for him to cry in agony, "O lead me to the rock which is higher than I!" But it may not be:—the conditions of this privilege are wanting. When, however, my name is written in the book of life as a "friend of God," I have free access to the Presence at all times. Through physical infirmity, or the impressions of recent sin, I may not be aware of the privilege, but still it is mine. Like the stricken patriarch, I may say, "Behold I go forward, and he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him;" but this is only because through mortal weakness or sinful principle, my spirit is blind to his light, and deaf to the

of his voice. Free approach to ight. If I wake in the night, "I with him." I have liberty to pour wed thoughts to him in still and reverence, and my gentle thoughts idential love, and my troubled in prayer, and my gladsome in the songs of the spirit. If I when I travel, I travel in divine when I walk in the midst of trouble, es me; when I droop in the valley hadow of death, he comforts me; am engaged in no defined act of —when not a voice is whispered, look reflected—"tender thoughts ne burn, to feel a friend is nigh." go out into the solitudes of nature, ound me a thinking silent life, and air is love." "Surely God is in e." I hear his voice in the song of ds, and the chime of the waters; h rocks to his tread in the tempest; mile the "wilderness breaks forth ging." When I return to my home, made "the desert rejoice," makes itary place glad." I can find him e, and at all times; and find him iend; in the work shop, in the loft with cobwebs, behind the screen of ed lane, I can find a "holy of holies;" ude of spirit, where I can find no of place, is often to me, "none an the house of God, and the gate en." This is not fiction, it is not mless we mean by poetry, fine, deep, truth; it *is* that—it is experiment—*—Friendship with God, a Sermon, sford.*

EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.—ears since, Mr. Jay was invited to before the Baptist Missionary So- London, with several of the found- hich he was well acquainted. The was a fine illustration of piety and of fraternal love. He beautifully sketched the origin of the missionary spirit, and the difficulties it had to encounter. He stated that he himself, when a comparative youth, had some doubts as to whether the time was come for the evangelization of the earth, and at length he determined to call and converse on the subject with the venerable John Newton. The aged apostolic clergyman received his younger brother with ardent affection, and requested him to detail the peculiar difficulties which oppressed his mind. Mr. Jay did this at considerable length, especially insisting on the manifold obstacles which idolatry and human depravity, in all their various forms, presented to the extension of the gospel. When he had ceased, the venerable clergyman slowly laid down his pipe, gathered up his form to an erect posture, and looking his junior brother full in the face, said, in a most emphatic tone, "My brother, I have never doubted the power of God to convert the heathen world since he converted *me!*" "Never from that period," said the preacher, "have I had a doubt on the subject. Facts, too, have proved the fulfilment of divine prophecies, and have gone so far to accomplish the divine oath."

THE BEST STUDY.—Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity. This is the only library in which is *that* which cures the soul of all its maladies and distempers. Other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent, —this settles and composes them; other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceits and opinions of themselves,—this brings them to the truest views of themselves, and thereby to humility and sobriety; other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them,—this alters them and makes them new, so transcendent an excellence is there in the knowledge of Christ crucified.

Intelligence.

THE PAPAL MEASURE.

ast number left her Majesty's mi- ll out of office; our present num- s them all in again. Financial in- nce, haughty rejection of the most e extension of the suffrage, above l John's anti-papal letter and bill, ie causes of their disgrace; and e write they are endeavouring, by the public business of the country, censure for the gross blunders and xecutions by martial law, perpe- by their Colonial governor in the f Ceylon. Lord John's determina- stick to his anti-papal measure; l his junction with more competent n, and has left him and his col- to shift, for the present, as they best e has now stripped his bill of the rendering legally void all bequests olic bishops, the only clauses of any worth, and which, as we mentioned last month, we could wish extended to all Ecclesiastical corporations; and nothing now remains, but a confessedly nugatory clause, forbidding the use of the new Episcopal titles! in other words, forbidding the "Right Reverend Fathers in God" (we shudder while writing the impious words), of the Established Church to have any rivals in their proud titles! And for *this*, then, counties, cities, and towns have been called together,—Dissenting deputies have addressed the throne, and some of our most valued Dissenting brethren have even gone in form to the Queen! For *this*,—to save the English bishops! We differ from such brethren with all modesty; yet it would be unmanly to conceal that we do differ, and that entirely. We are confident in their upright intentions; but we cannot surrender our opinion that their mistake has

very seriously lowered the position of Dissenters. It is now acknowledged by the Premier that no *law* has been violated; and therefore all the stir has been made *ostensibly* to uphold the Queen's right to confer Ecclesiastical titles, which all Nonconformists abhor; but *really*, we think, because it was hoped that chastising papal impudence by legislation would aid in repressing popery. We think that popery has gained by all legislation against it, and will gain.

It is now alleged that the Romish Canon Law is the sting of the Papal aggression, and that English Catholics do not wish to be under it,—then, let them renounce their popery, or that part of it. That powerful and thoroughly consistent journal, the *Norfolk News*, thus writes:—"We have repeated the argument, *ad nauseam*, that the Catholics have as much right to their bishops, as Nonconformists to their congregational ministers—that diocesan bishops are necessarily territorial bishops, and as such are essential to the development of the religious organization of the Roman Catholic body—and that to permit the *reality* and refuse the *name*, is a ridiculous act of legislation beneath the dignity of a British Parliament. With the canon law of the Romish Church, we, as Protestants, have no more to do than with the laws and traditions of the Jews, or the laws of the Wesleyan Conference. Whatever the laws may be to which any body of religionists may choose *voluntarily* to submit themselves, Parliament has nothing to do with them. The growing intelligence and the increasing love of freedom which characterize this age, will deal, in due time, with every thing that subverts the rights of the people to exalt a despotic priesthood."

We conclude with a brief extract from the *New York* (Baptist) *Recorder*:—"Hereafter we hope to give our reasons for hoping that nothing may lead the English people, especially the Dissenters, to depart from the great doctrine of liberty of conscience. *The present juncture in England will be a severe trial to those principles which every Baptist holds so dear. We hope that our Baptist brethren will be equal to the occasion.*"

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH MOVEMENT.

The Anti-State-Church Association has just concluded a series of public meetings, the character of which has evidenced the rapid advance of its principles in public estimation. The largest buildings in the largest towns in the kingdom have been filled by enthusiastic audiences, by whom Anti-State-Church principles have been adopted, in some cases unanimously, and in others by very large majorities.

On the 10th of February, Mr. Edward Miall and the Rev. G. W. Conder of Leeds commenced a tour, which included Boston, *Lincoln*, Nottingham, Derby, and Liver*pool, and at each place* addressed crowded *meetings. On the* 27th and 28th, the *same gentlemen visited* Manchester and Birmingham, and at each addressed, perhaps, the largest audiences ever assembled on the question. The Free-Trade Hall was crowded, and on the platform were between thirty and forty ministers of various denominations, and many of the influential Dissenters of Manchester. At Birmingham, the meeting was held in the Town Hall, Joseph Sturge, Esq. occupying the chair. Nearly 4,000 persons were present, and the whole of the resolutions were passed—six dissentients only holding up their hands against them. During the same week, the Rev. J. H. Hinton (in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Miall) and the Rev. Brewin Grant attended a meeting at Bristol, and Messrs. Grant and Kingsley at Worcester. At the former, upwards of a thousand persons were present; and at the latter, the large room was crowded. The resolutions at each were carried unanimously.

Mr. Kingsley and Mr. J. Carvell Williams, the Secretary, have attended several sectional meetings in Manchester, and also at Stockport, Ashton, Bolton, Oldham, Rochdale, and Staley-bridge, some of which have been larger than on any former occasion. At most of these meetings, working men have attended in large numbers, exhibiting the keenest interest in the subject, some of them coming forward and advocating the movement. The recent agitation, as might be expected, was the frequent theme of remark, and so far as the sentiments of the meetings were expressed, there appeared to be a decided hostility to any attempt to check Romanism by a resort to acts of Parliament.

BAPTIST UNION.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Will you kindly announce to your readers that the Thirty-ninth Annual Session of the Baptist Union will be held in London, on Friday, the 25th of April? The Union will assemble at the Library of the Mission-House, Moorgate-Street, at ten o'clock, when an introductory discourse will be delivered by Edward B. Underhill, Esq. Refreshments will be provided in the course of the day; and it is earnestly hoped that the brethren will arrange to devote the whole day to the business of the Session.

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD STEANE,
J. H. HINTON,
March 12, 1851. Secretaries.

RIDDINGS, DERBYSHIRE.

Mr. J. P. Barnett, of the Baptist College, Bristol, having accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation of the Baptist church in this place to become their pastor, commenced his labours amongst them on Lord's-day, March 16th, with many promises of happiness and success.

EYE, SUFFOLK.

The Rev. C. Carpenter, pastor of the Baptist church in this place, intends to resign his present charge as soon as he shall meet with another opening for usefulness.

THE CHURCH.

'Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

MAY, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 17.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—*Gen.* xxxii. 26.

Every one must recollect *who* said this, and on what occasion. It may recur to our minds that a great many remarkable sayings are connected with circumstances that give tenfold force to them; so that a person finds an effect, additional to the force of the expressions, produced by a view of the circumstances of the speaker. The expressions contained in the Bible are surrounded by a more striking array of circumstances than those in any other records; in this respect there is no comparison between the Sacred History and every other. You recollect the case of Jacob. The prospect of bearing his brother's wrath, and the consciousness that he deserved it,—this evil could come before him armed with conscious guilt, so that a portion of justice entered into it. Jacob made all proper arrangements, and committed himself to God. All were gone out of his sight; he was left alone; and we are told a man wrestled with him. It is the opinion of some divines that this was the Messiah. It always appears to me that that system is carried much too far. And it would be no little thing for angels to be darkened, and eclipsed, and let down to men. It is likely this was an angel; but, if so, he carried a deputation from God; he did it in God's name. We are told of the determined courage of Jacob. It is clear he connected a religious feeling with the whole service; he believed that God made something depend on his wrestling. It seems a lesson for men in all cases. Perhaps this was the hardest labour the Patriarch ever had; certainly the best; more depended on this than on any former action of his life; this was the grand turn; his efforts were most nobly and successfully bestowed. How many gloomy hours were cheered by the recollection of this! Many dark hours in his after life came on like the chill evenings of winter. What should he do then but think of this evening, when, expecting his brother, he was thus left alone, and obtained, in this contest, blessings to attend and shine on him all his way? The very name Israel would remind him of the time when he obtained it.

Every instance of men's prevailing with God supplies instruction. The word of God mentions such; and we are sure that thousands beside have

had their sorrows turned into joy under the Divine benediction. Let a man exert his imagination to contrive circumstances of difficulty; we should without doubt say, the Divine mercy has reached *that*. Whatever may be said of fictitious accounts, all *true* events are recorded somewhere in heaven—in the breasts of all the blessed. Think what a number of records are there! If we believe all this, and recollect that all we know is but little, we should be affected by the belief that a "number no man can number" have passed from grief to joy, have "come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

It may be said, we do not meet with God now; we never directly see God; we are never accosted by an angel. No angel has come darting in light upon us. We may imagine that this gave a superiority to pious men in earlier ages. But we shall be undeceived when we look to the display of Jesus Christ, manifesting God directly among mortals, bringing down the light of eternity. What do we want with regard to God as an object of faith, but that he is present? If we saw a form, it would do no justice to God. What do we know of God but what we know by the intellectual faculty? If we are sure God is present, that is enough. Will any part of a sinner's life be out of the eternal memory of God? Anything that proves God to be in one way present, proves that he is wholly present; so that we may have all the benefit of this celestial Friend. He must be a thoughtless man who is not often conscious of meeting much that is striking. We might ask a man at the end of the day, Have you recognised the presence of God? Did you hear one voice more than that of your companions? We might put the question now, How much of this faith has interfered, that God is here, just one more than all we here; we are judging, approving, perhaps, condemning; and here is God, one more. Thus men may meet God. It is important to have a sense of his being here.

We have been walking in a solitary scene. Now, was a God really there? *There was.* God met you there as much as he met Jacob at Peniel; what did you want more? Therefore, *then* you had an opportunity of doing what Jacob did. Why should not the same thing take place as between Jacob and the messenger from heaven,—the same emphasis of passion,—the same force of mind? How trifling the force of the sinews exercised by Jacob compared to the exercise of mind! Did you never in distress relate your case to one greater Friend? Men shall recite their distresses; some take a delight in doing so. Did it not occur to you while calling on man for help, that there was a greater Friend in existence on whom men might rest their cares? If not, what did you come into the world for? for what do you read the Bible? what have you a soul for? But if the thought did occur, what prevented you from laying hold on God, and telling him that he has made the promise? Why not lay hold on his word? We have often been present when good men called upon God. Did we ever hear them without believing God to be present to them? But if to them, then He was present to us. What a sin if we did not take part in their prayers. Could we be mere spectators? We should learn to take condemnation to our souls. How little do *they* meet with in the world who do not meet with a God! and yet who think they meet with much. We see the wonders of Nature and Art; but there is one thing more to see that is more glorious. You look at the sun; but if you think of the Maker of the sun, the Light of lights, the King of beings, how infinitely He transcends! Look at the Earth—its beauties, its flowers; but, then, think of Him who created all these, and who can blast them with the breath of his mouth; how little does all this world *appear! But* a man goes and sees life in the higher circles; what a

nighty story he makes of this to his humbler companions! Perhaps he never thought of one object more, before whom all this is but a trifle, a bubble! Men talk of armies, and never think of the Being who could send one of his angels and sweep all away. But then, we say, how little are *they* aware of what is in the world who do not see God! While we are surrounded by so many men, let us consider there is one being better than all—GOD; one who is more powerful than all the mighty. Think of the feebleness of our conceptions, and that in God's mind there is a perfect conception of every thing. As soon as my feeble thought is gone to Him, there is a thought in his mind applicable to it. If God puts himself in the way of distress and want, should not all be admonished that God is present? Distress and want are grievous things; but if they have the effect to remind us of God, there is a good arising from evil. If on a good man's mind there is an impression of want, and then the thought that it is met by God, that by Faith in Christ I have an interest in the treasures of his beneficence, if interested in Jesus Christ, the want becomes a blessing. What a glorious thing religion is to those who have Faith! It is the great office that we may possess all this ourselves. In some sense, *want* is the source of felicity. For, what do we go to heaven for, but to obtain felicity? What is that but the completion of desire? and what is that but want? through all eternity there will be a sense of want, but met immediately by infinite fulness. But men are not sensible of these higher wants. To think of human beings saying, "Who will shew us any good?" For ever testifying they are dissatisfied! What an endless series of dissatisfactions! Yet, wandering under the dreadful curse of loving the creature more than the Creator! Never thinking of the petition, "Lord, lift upon us the light of thy countenance." How unhappy to be kept under this deprivation and darkness of view! To be seeking felicity in the dust, while angels and God are looking on!

We can meet God, and must do so, in some way. Shall it be in serious, earnest devotion? Wrestling is a simple thing, but not more simple than addressing the faculties of the soul in devotion towards God; there is nothing difficult to conceive in this process. We do not say that religion is easy, but the conception of it is easy. I want so and so, I fear so and so. And there is a Being who knows all this, who has perfect power. If there is nothing in the universe to suit me, He can make it. We cannot utter the whole meaning of our thoughts; God can put it into far more expressive language. That is the whole theory. It is, indeed, no theory at all, no depth. There are many forms of pleading before God. The grand topic, without which no profundity of feeling, no fervency, will avail, is the awful and prevailing name of the Redeemer. He bore our sorrows and griefs, and suffered death and rose to heaven, that there might be reason in hope, and confidence in faith, and forgiveness in God. Jesus Christ brought down a sacred impression on earth, that other good things might follow,—that goodness might come instead of Him, while that *He* had been here should be the eternal plea.

"*I will not let thee go.*" How little they know of God, who have not patience to wait for a moment. Nothing stands disconnected with God. How little men have a sense of what depends on importunity, and how soon they withdraw the fervency of their petitions. Think of the mercy of God, that petitions are not followed by vengeance. No thunder replies to what they say,—no dreadful impressions of alarm for presenting the words of sinful souls to the throne of infinite purity. Every thing testifies that this is a system of love. If sensible of the state we are in, we need be sensible, too, of the only grand resource. In this dark state, travelling to another scene, it is very proper to look around, to look inward

at past sins, at all the evil influences that beat on the soul like a tempest from hell. We need to be impelled to seek the Divine mercy. In proportion as we feel these things, we shall feel the value of continuing to wrestle like Jacob,—of having a will and determination like his, to say, "*I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*"

Downend, Dec. 30, 1818.

Wednesday Evening, in the Vestry.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." —*Hebrews* ii. 15.

There is always something solemn, and generally something appalling, in death. We cannot love it. It is the effect of sin. It is the enemy of our nature. All the circumstances connected with it are painful and trying, and then the unseen, the unknown, the eternal world beyond it. When we reflect on these things, the thoughts will arise, "If I am deceived! If I should be wrong! If I should find out my mistake too late!" Dwelling upon such thoughts naturally makes us sad, they weaken our faith, they dim the eye of hope, and they give Satan an occasion against us. To dwell on them is to strengthen them, and to deepen the gloomy impression which they make. Some dwell on them so much, and so frequently, that they can seldom enjoy their present mercies, and can never look forward to their departure from this world without gloom. It embitters life, and renders the idea of death dreadful. This is wrong, decidedly wrong. We should look from death to Jesus, and never look at death but through Jesus. He has conquered death for us, and has deprived the monster of his sting. Nothing can make death dreadful but sin; and if sin is pardoned, even that cannot. But if we believe in Jesus, if we have committed our souls to him, if we are living to promote his glory, our sins are most certainly pardoned. God has blotted them out in the blood of his dear Son, and he assures us that they shall never be mentioned against us. We have his word for our security, and he has added his oath, that we might have strong consolation. We should trust in God's faithful word, and do honour to the blood of Jesus, by believing that it will save us from all condemnation.

"But my faith is weak." So it may be, and yet weak faith will lay hold on an omnipotent Saviour, and bring everlasting salvation to the soul. "But my fears are strong." Yes, and so they will be so long as you nurse them, and look at yourself, or at death, instead of looking to Jesus. "But I find it so hard to believe." So it is while we attempt it in our own strength, but when we seek the Holy Spirit's aid it is easy enough. "But I have no assurance of my interest in Christ." Perhaps not, nor is it likely you will, while you look into self, at your sins, or at death: nor even if you make assurance your principal object. Faith is giving credit to God's word, exercising confidence in God's faithfulness, and relying on the perfect work of Christ for life and salvation. Out of this grows our assurance of our interest in Christ. Now if, instead of giving credit to God's word, placing confidence in God's faithfulness, and relying on the finished work of Christ, you are hunting about for the sense of your interest in Christ, or for what you call assurance, you are *not likely to obtain it.* You must renounce self, rely simply on Jesus,

d expect him to save you, because he has promised to save all that trust his name; so doing you are safe, you have nothing to fear from death, id you will be happy. But the moment you look from Christ to self, ace confidence in your evidences, or think of death apart from the infiite sacrifice of Jesus, you get into bondage. It must be so. It always ill be so. Death can do no harm to a believer in Christ. It ought not) be the object of his dread. His sins are pardoned, God is his Father, he Lord Jesus is his Advocate, the Holy Spirit is his Guide, and Heaven s his Father's house, and his home. God is always, and everywhere, is Father; no matter, therefore, whether in the body or out of it, whether in this world or another, he is safe; death cannot affect his state, it an make no alteration in the relationship. Believe, then, in Jesus, look o Jesus, place your entire dependance on Jesus, and never trouble about leath until it comes; it is no business of yours to-day, it belongs to o-morrow; and when death comes, Jesus will come with it, and he will ive you grace to die as a christian, as he has given you grace to live like one.

But some, from the weakness of the nerves, or a naturally melancholy temperament, or from bad training, are always in bondage from the fear of leath. Some fear dying, and some fear the consequences of death. They never look forward but with gloom, thus making themselves sad, and all about them. Now such seldom fear death when it comes; it is never found to be what they feared. The fear of death is gone before they come to it, and the dreaded act of dying is comparatively easy. I have often known this to be true, and my friend Mrs. Chin, who was lately called home to be for ever with the Lord, was a remarkable instance of it. She was always fearing death. In vain I told her that Jesus had conquered death, that he would be with her in it, that she would be disappointed when she came to it. In vain I directed her to look to the cross, and not to the grave; to Jesus, and not death; or assured her that at evening-time it would be light. A gleam of light would sometimes irradiate her dark mind, a little joy would occasionally drop into her troubled soul; but generally a deep sigh would say, "I am in bondage still." Nothing that I could say, no prayer that I could offer, would give her more than transient relief. But how was it with her at last? A letter from her daughter, in whose house she died, which now lies before me, says, "*The fear of death had been removed from her mind for some time past, and she longed,*" as she said, "TO GO HOME." Often and often had I told her that this would be the case, but she could not believe me; she feared that I had mistaken her character, that all her past experience was a delusion, and that her christian friends thought too well of her. Sad were her days, and often sorrowful her nights, and all for want of one thing, and what was that? Just giving Jesus credit for being true to his character, and faithful to his word. But she often feared dying too, and how was it with her in this respect? The same letter says, "She had been ill for nearly a fortnight, but a day or two previous to her decease we thought her better. She was rising to dress to have her bed made, when she suddenly fell back and said, 'I am faint;' she never spoke after, and in about half an hour after this she ceased to breathe, and entered into the presence of that Saviour she so many years loved, and whom she so much longed to see."

Reader, are you harassed with the fears of death? encourage them not, but confide in the care, kindness, and grace of thy Saviour, "who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Live upon Him now by faith, live for Him endeavouring to promote his *cause, and he will never* leave thee in the article of death, or

suffer thee to be deceived. Thousands beside my friend Mrs. Chin have found their fears groundless, and have realized deliverance from them before called to contend with that last enemy. Satan loves to harass you; it is often his suggestions that direct your attention to death, when you ought to be looking to Jesus, and to be rejoicing in his dear name. Death is yours, if you are Christ's. It cannot injure you. It will only undress you, that you may be clothed upon, with your house which is from heaven. It will open the cage-door, and let the bird fly and enjoy its native element. It will knock off every fetter, bring you out of the dungeon of clay, and introduce you to the presence of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." Though your faith be weak, it connects you with the Saviour, it preserves you from all the terrible consequences of death, and entitles you to everlasting life. If you cannot live without Christ, death will never be allowed to separate you from Christ. If you love Christ here, and long to enjoy his presence and his smile, you will rise to see Christ in glory, and so be for ever with him. Let not death terrify you, you will not find it what you fear; it will not be when near, what it appears in the distance. The grace that sustains you now will sustain you then, and will make you more than a conqueror over death, through Jesus who has loved you. Jesus, who died for you, will be with you when you are dying, and will give you a glorious and eternal victory over death.

Claremont-Street, Shrewsbury.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

BY THE REV. S. LILLYCROP.

"Search the Scriptures" is a Divine command, which all genuine believers feel a pleasure in obeying. They sit down to the sacred volume, and pore over its historical, experimental, and practical pages with a peculiar enjoyment unknown to the rest of mankind. Gratitude is felt in the highest degree, when the soul can trace an interest in all the precious promises. Then the language of the "sweet singer of Israel" is truly appropriate to the feelings of the heart, which often exclaims, as it turns from promise to promise, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits towards me." For it was God, in his infinite mercy, who put that blessed book into the hands of his people, having caused "holy men of God to write it, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

But there is something exceedingly pointed in that word "*search*." It leads the mind at once to the conduct of the merchantman who was seeking "goodly pearls." We fancy we see him, with all anxiety, turning up that clod of earth; dislocating this curious piece of rock; sifting carefully that and the other bed of sand; or descending into the deep and dreary mine. What anxiety, care, and perseverance are here displayed! And this is just that sort of application which is implied in the injunction, "Search the Scriptures."

It is not to read certain favourite chapters over again and again, merely because they contain some peculiar dogma, or tend to confirm our preconceived notions; for by such a method—which, it is to be feared, is too general in our day—prejudices are strengthened, truth is kept in the back ground, and the mind remains in ignorance of the will of the Lord as revealed in many momentous portions of his word. And to this very *cause may be* traced the various divisions which separate the visible *church. If men* were to adopt the system of the noble Bereans, and

"search the Scriptures daily whether those things were so," numbers would soon bow to the command of Jesus, and renounce at once "the ordinance of man." How clearly has this fact been established, in the secession from the State-Church of one of the most pious and enlightened chaplains of our illustrious Queen.

But how many, instead of reading the word of God from Genesis to Revelations, are content to adopt this or that man's selection of a few verses for their morning and evening portion, and thus remain totally ignorant of some of the most beautiful parts of the Pentateuch and Prophets. Leviticus, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel are little known by many who would fain be considered Bible christians, and lovers of the sacred volume. But God's word is a whole, and each book has its design; and as "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," we may be well assured that every part is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God"—not only the minister, but every disciple also—"may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

"Search the Scriptures" is a command wholly neglected by that individual who contents himself with hearing the master or mistress of a family read a chapter at the morning and evening devotions. It must be studied in retirement, in the quiet of the secret chamber, where no eye seeth but God's,—where no friend or business is likely to intrude. It should be perused either before the duties of life demand attention, or after the toils of business are closed. These are times the most favourable for seizing the word of truth, and bending the knee to the Father of spirits, for illumination and guidance into all the fulness of its glorious mysteries. While thus engaged, the christian has often been enabled to adopt Dr. Watts's language, and say,—

> "In secret silence of the mind,
> My God and there my heaven I find."

The primary object in searching the Scriptures should be to know more of Christ and his great salvation; for how little are we acquainted with the "length, breadth, depth, and height of the love of God in Christ Jesus?" For this cause—as well as another which an inspired penman has assigned —"many are weak and sickly among us, and many sleep." In reading the word of God, we should follow the plan of one who goes to Doctors' Commons to peruse the will of a departed relative, viz., to ascertain what interest we have in his estate. Our gracious Lord is both dead and buried, and has left his last dying will and testament, sealed with his own blood, in which are large estates, mansions, and legacies, bequeathed to his nearest and dearest friends. If we, therefore, are the friends of Jesus, we should search that will carefully, to know what interest we have in "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" so that we may "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear."

In the day in which we live, we have every facility given for searching the Scriptures: Concordances, Commentaries, Illustrations, and Harmonies. But while these are excellent helps, are they not too often read instead of the Scriptures? And thus the soul is drawn away from the fountain-head of the waters of life, to drink of the turbid streams which have been polluted by the meddling hands of man. We are reminded of a friend who found Scripture wholly against a practice which she had adopted with all her children, who replied to her antagonist, "I will go home, and look over my *Notes on the Bible*." The Notes, indeed, might serve her *purpose; but the Bible* wholly condemns her practice. However,

it would prove a great advantage to the rising race, if, while Commentaries of a certain order are multiplying to an enormous amount, there were *one* sent forth to the public, wherein the command of Christ was fully honoured, as taught and practised by himself and his apostles.

But with all the assistance we derive from human interpreters, these are wholly eclipsed when compared with the divine Spirit: who teacheth like Him? David acquired all his biblical light and knowledge from his illuminating power. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," was the prayer of this man after God's own heart; and whoever has an earnest desire to become divinely instructed in "the lively oracles," will make that prayer his daily petition at a throne of grace.

In conclusion,—When our blessed Lord uttered the divine mandate, "Search the Scriptures," he added a most persuasive reason for this important duty, viz., "For in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." And where else can we search for eternal life? Surely not in the Hindoo Shasters; neither in the Koran of Mahomet; nor yet in the Mass Book of Romanism: these only lead the mind into the blackness of darkness for ever. No; eternal life is only revealed in the Word of God, where Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, and he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and, again, "Behold, I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hands."

With these sublime encouragements before us, we have every inducement,—

"To read therein by day,
Windsor. And meditate by night."

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"*I wish you a pleasant journey,*" said a friend to the writer, as they were parting; who, after thanking him for his good wishes, pondered the saying in his heart as suggestive of an article for "The Church."

Christians are pursuing a journey from earth to heaven, and the word of truth declares "its ways are pleasantness, and its paths are peace." It is true, some parts of it are rough and rugged to the poor pilgrims' feet; but the Lord of the way has put into their hands a staff for their stay and comfort. Dark clouds too, and threatening storms, make the traveler look out for shelter; but hope discerns the rainbow on the cloud, while the light of the everlasting covenant is seen beaming through its every opening, and tinging its verge with glory.

Christians! fellow-pilgrims! we wish you, therefore, "a pleasant journey;" and we will shew you the course our meditations took in ruminating on this subject.

1. *It is pleasant for a weary traveler to lay down his burden.*

All Zion's pilgrims set out with the burden of sin; not but all men are sinners, but these only are conscious of it; "fools make light of sin;" but the humble penitent feels ready to sink under its weight. And it is a sign of grace thus to feel it, and to "groan, being burdened." For, as in drawing water out of a well, we scarcely feel the bucket while it is under the water, but as soon as it comes above the surface, hardly know how to draw it: so, while a man is over head and ears in sin, he is not *conscious of it*; but when he is raised out of it by the cords of love *divine, he is* heard to cry, "mine iniquities are gone over my head; as a

heavy burden, they are too heavy for me." And a pleasant thing it is for such an one, when he is led by the Spirit to that resting-place, the *cross of Christ.* And while looking by faith to Him whose "face was marred more than the face of any man;" whose sacred brow was full of thorns; whose back had been given to the smiters, and was full of stripes; whose eyes were full of grief; whose body was full of wounds, and whose soul was full of sorrows; who sowed in tears, that we might reap in joy; —oh, it is a pleasant thing, we say, while thus gazing on the great Burden-bearer, to "see the curse removed," and to be enabled to lay the burden down. It is no wonder that Bunyan's pilgrim should give "three leaps for joy," when he was thus lightened; and well might he sing,—

> "Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest, rather, He,
> The Man, that thus was put to shame for me."

2. *How pleasant it is, in our journey, to have agreeable company.*

An old traveler has said, "I am a companion of all them that fear thee." And so the christian traveler finds that it makes a journey very pleasant, whether on the stage coach, by the swifter railroad, or by the way-side, to fall in with God-fearing company; we may never have seen them before, but by a glance of some book in their hand, by their abstinence from the vain conversation of others, or by some few words of the language of Canaan, indications are perceived of their being fellow-travelers to Heaven, and though we may have to part at the next station, it is very pleasant to think we shall meet again at our journey's end.

It is not essential to the enjoyment of christian communion, which is "so good and pleasant," that our fellow-travelers should have their creed cut and dried to the exact shape of our own; we may have been surrounded by different associations, have been trained under different influences, and may bear different names; but if we are taught by the same Spirit, we agree in all the sanctifying, consoling, and saving truths of the everlasting Gospel. The holy angels who visit our world, and bring with them the love of heaven, come not to visit a sect, but to minister unto all "who are the heirs of salvation." And our heavenly Father looks with complacency upon all his children who love and obey him; albeit, they are not all of the same age, the same stature, or wear the same apparel. If, therefore, this heavenly mind of "love to the brethren," be not in us, we had better travel alone in our sullenness. But it does sweetly smooth the asperities of the journey, and make the christian's heart burn within him by the way, to walk and converse with kindred minds.

> "Christ and his character their only scope,
> Their subject, and their object, and their hope,—
> Their souls drawn upward in communion sweet,
> While they, conversing in some cool retreat,
> Discourse, first of the way, then of their home,
> Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come."

3. *Some parts of the way are peculiarly pleasant.*

Not that which lies through "bye-path meadow." It is better to keep the road, however rough, than to turn out of the King's highway; nor should we even look "over the stile," but turn off our eyes from beholding vanity. Sinful desires must not be dallied with. It is a dangerous thing to try the experiment how near we may approach to evil, like reckless boys trying how far they can make the ice bend over deep waters without breaking through. For a christian pilgrim who *will* go as far as he *may*, is sure to go further than he *ought*, and then will find to his cost, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Nevertheless, we know from the diary of ancient pilgrims, that there are "*delectable mountains*," and there is the "land of Beulah," between *the City of Destruction* and the New Jerusalem; for one has said, "T

lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," and of another part of his journey, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside the still waters." Beautiful imagery! What a pasture of "living green" is the word of God. How pleasant to repose on its promises,—to cull its choicest consolations, and to regale ourselves with its fragrant and perennial truths. Then, what life-giving waters are those that flow in the *sanctuary*. How pleasant the resting-place, where upon its verdant banks the travelers meet, and where their confluent voices send forth a tide of joy and praise, that flows to the very throne of God. There, too, sitting under the cool shade of the palm-trees, they drink from the wells of the gospel ministry. And, oh, how pleasant, after six days' toilsome journeying, to come to this Elim, and hear "the joyful sound," the voice of them that "publish peace, that bring good tidings, and say unto Zion, thy God reigneth." Let but Christ and him crucified be the theme, and we are not curious to enquire whether the messenger be or be not ordained by the imposition of prelatical hands; that man carries his commission in his soul; and if he give us to drink of the water of life when we are parched with thirst, we shall not enquire about the form or antiquity of the cup out of which we have been refreshed; but each for ourselves, drinking of "the brook by the way," may sing,—

"And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine."

4. *It is very pleasant to have a prospect of home.*

There are, as we have seen, many pleasures by the way. But at home, with the Saviour, and "at his right hand," there are "pleasures for evermore." Moses was permitted to see the "beautiful land and Mount Lebanon" from the summit of Mount Pisgah; and the Israelites actually tasted of the grapes of Eshcol on this side Jordan. And what a prospect was that enjoyed by Dr. Payson, who, writing just before his death, and at the very time suffering great physical agony, said, "When I formerly read Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah, where the sun shines, and the birds sing, night and day, I used to doubt whether there was such a place, but now my own experience has convinced me of it. The celestial city is full in my view; nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill. The Sun of Righteousness shines brighter and brighter, pouring all around me a flood of glory. Yet I almost tremble while I gaze on this excessive brightness, wondering, with unutterable astonishment, that God should thus deign to shine upon a sinful worm." What a recompense for all the toil and sorrow of the way, now and then to catch, from the brow of a hill which we may have found it hard to ascend, such a glimpse of the home to which we are going. So pleasant a prospect, so blessed a foretaste, may well call forth that pilgrim-song,—

"And now I've tasted Canaan's grapes,
My soul desires to go
Where Jesus does the vintage keep,
And all the clusters grow."

We have only, in conclusion, to ask our readers if they have set out on this journey? If not, they are pursuing another, the end of which is death; with no real happiness here, and no hope beyond the grave! Oh, that they would be wise to understand this, to consider their latter end. *To you*, fellow-pilgrims, who are journeying, by way of Calvary, to *Mount Zion above*, we have only to say, we hail you happy; and, in the *language of our* motto, we "wish you a pleasant journey."

Bury St. Edmunds.

LEANING ON THE SAVIOUR'S BREAST.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON.

Oh, happy disciple was he,
Who lean'd on the breast of his Lord!
Not earth, no, nor heaven, to me
A pleasure more sweet can afford.
Let others indulge their desires
For joys by the worldling possessed;
My higher ambition aspires,
Dear Saviour! to lean on thy breast.

Thy breast is the pillow of peace;
Thy breast is the fountain of love;
The source of the river of bliss,
That waters the Eden above.
And while upon earth we reside,
Where, fainting, our way we pursue,
The streamlets delightfully glide
To cleanse and to comfort us too.

When guilt presses hard on the soul,
A burden too heavy to bear,
This burden on Jesus we roll,
And leave it with confidence there:
He died for our sins to atone,
Then burst the weak bonds of the grave,
That when the poor prisoners groan,
Redemption through Him they might have.

When Satan comes in like a flood,
And threatens our hope to destroy,
We flee to the arms of our God,
And find a Deliverer nigh.
He trampled the winepress alone,
And vanquished the legions of hell,
Then rose to his glorious throne,
Their malice and rage to repel.

When care is corroding the mind,
Or sorrow depressing the heart,
The soul on his bosom reclined,
Finds ease from the bitterest smart.
His wisdom determines our way;
He knows every pain we endure;
And though He may seem to delay,
His truth is eternally sure.

When sitting with joy at his board,
To think on his wonderful love,
And lean on the breast of our Lord,
Seems heaven let down from above:
Oh, could we but lengthen the stay
Of scenes so delightful as those;
Or soar to the regions of day,
Where Sabbaths will know not a close!

At evening when stretch'd on our bed
We lay the frail body to rest,
How sweet if the soul, too, is laid
To repose on Immanuel's breast:
Then if in the hours of the night
Our eyes should be sealed in death,
They'll gaze on a vision more bright
Than all the vain trifles beneath.

And when our last moment shall come,
And earth must receive our adieu,
Our Jesus will bear us safe home,
And grant us his glory to view.
The bosom on which we recline
(Whose love even death could not sever)
Will glow with affection divine,
And warm us for ever and ever.

Biblical.

HINTS FOR STUDYING THE BIBLE.

No. 2.

In continuing our "Hints," a word will be expected from us on the use and merits of *Commentaries*. To give a fair opinion of all in the English language, would far exceed our limits we may, however, observe that we quite dissent from those who object to the use of commentaries altogether. Had we been in company with any of the commentators whose works have proved their merit by living beyond their own generation, we should certainly have deemed it a privilege to listen to their views. Why, then, should we turn a deaf ear to those deliberately *published* views, by which they being dead yet speak? If, too, we should think it instructive to listen to the pulpit explanations of any living expositor of Holy Writ, why, again, should his more careful opinions in print be slighted?

There is, indeed, danger in confining our studies to *one* commentator, even though of distinguished ability, lest we acquire a *bias* in the interpretation of Scripture. Dr. Gill, for instance, will find election, and the high forms of the doctrines of grace, in almost every part of the Bible, and attempt to soften and lessen the force of all passages asserting or implying the freedom of man. Whitby or Macknight, on the other hand, would smooth down strong assertions of the sovereignty of God, and develop strongly the force of those which speak of liberty and responsibility. While Scott goes through the Scriptures, never forgetful to guard them against Hyper-Calvinism on the one side, and Arminianism on the other, and thus to shew that the Sacred writers are Moderate Calvinists. Yet each of these commentators has made abundance of valuable remarks, and they are all well worth perusal. On the Old Testament and the historical books of the New, Matthew Henry well deserves the appellation given him by Mr Jay of Bath, The Prince of Commentators. No one, so far as we know, is equal to him for devotional impression, and for holy ingenuity in pertinent application of the Scriptures to the innumerable circumstances and relations of life. If he sometimes appears too little concerned to decide between conflicting interpretations, he never fails to breathe in his remarks the "mind of the Spirit." His very quaintness is refreshing, in comparison with the uniformity and inanimate polish of modern style. Of Barnes, so popular just now, we can only say, that we do not think his knowledge of Hebrew and Greek can be relied on; that he is, however, an independent and respectable writer, and would doubtless have done much better had he *written* at most but one-fourth of what popularity and success have induced him to send to the press. He is, nevertheless, a useful help. For the understanding of ancient customs, oriental habits, and the like, a good Dictionary of the Bible is the most valuable aid. Of these there are many, from Green's excellent Manual, to Kitto's admirable Cyclopædia.

We have had occasion, in reviewing, to advert to the value of Paragraph Bibles. Our Bibles, as ordinarily printed, are perhaps somewhat easier for reference, yet the division into chapters and verses, such as we are unused to in other books, a division frequently at variance with the sense, is a serious disadvantage in *studying* the Scriptures. The Tract Society has deserved well of the christian public for its excellent Paragraph Bibles, furnished too, as they are, with good references to parallel passages, introductions, tables, notes, and maps. One of *family* size is now printing, a beautiful pocket edition, and a medium size, having already been published. We strongly recommend them. The same Society has also published an excellent *Harmony of the Gospels*, exhibiting, in *parallel* columns, all the parts of the Gospels which record the same things, while those which are to be found in one Gospel only, of course occupy the entire page. We need scarcely say that this is a most valuable help in studying what must be deemed the most valuable portion of the New Testament.

There is one qualification on which too much stress cannot be laid, that is, the *spirit* in which we study the Scriptures. A soul hungering and thirsting after communications from its Heavenly Father, and earnest in prayer to the *Great Author* of the Bible, will assuredly learn most of its

meaning. Such a person may miss the logic of an obscure argument, but he will feel the force of the *truth itself*, to which the argument is but subordinate. He may be ignorant of a point in Geography or History,—may mistake the gem, plant, or animal intended by the original,—but he will imbibe the Life and the Spirit to which the illustration was merely subservient. The motto, "To pray well is to study well," is unquestionably true in regard to the Sacred Scriptures; their real author is the God who heareth and answereth prayer; their human authors were men of prayer, and wrote in a spirit of the most absolute self-surrender to God. Such writings, therefore, can be understood only by a heart which longs after God, and seeks his Spirit as identical with that which breathes throughout the Bible. There is more in the Bible than logic, grammar, and antiquarian knowledge can reach; and while the neglect of these things must terminate in *mysticism*, exclusive reliance on them is perfectly compatible with thorough *infidelity*; the instances are but too numerous of thorough Scholars who have investigated the Scriptures just in the spirit in which they have studied Homer or Virgil, and have found accordingly in the Bible little more than a Jewish mythology, parallel with the mythologies of their favourite Heathen authors! Communion with God, and devotion to his will, are the blessed requisites to the knowledge of his revealed Truth.

After all, some real difficulties will, however, remain; single passages or whole paragraphs and chapters hard to understand, and others which *seem* irreconcileable with each other. Mark them. Do not expect to know all at once. To every *student* of any valuable book such difficulties are of common occurrence. They will not for the more part remain many years without some light breaking in upon them. "We have need of patience," when our natural restlessness under doubt would prompt us to a hasty judgment without the materials to form one. In revelation, as in other things, we must in many points be content "not to know."

One word, in conclusion, to our more intelligent young friends, who can find time for it. Try if you cannot gain some acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew themselves. There is not a more improving mental effort than the study of a dead language; and though you can never hope, without *much* time and application, to be thorough scholars, yet you may, *if you study accurately as far as you go*, obtain sufficient knowledge to read much better the commentaries of real scholars. Be encouraged to make the attempt. We have just heard with pleasure of a *class* of young men thus engaged with their minister in one church,—why should it not be a common thing? Greek and Hebrew grammars and dictionaries in English, are now easily attainable. The first few months will be dry work, perhaps, but you will soon begin to receive ample interest for all your toil.

Tales and Sketches.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY OLD JACOB.

"A story of the olden time!" Yes, of the far, far past, when men began to call on that Name which has since been uttered in hymns of praise in almost every kingdom of the earth, and to which every knee is yet to bow! You and I, reader, who live in the days when christianity has become a predominant religion, and no danger and little shame attend the profession of it, will find it very difficult to realize the position and the trials of those who, when they said, "We are christians," passed upon themselves *the sentence of* imprisonment, of banishment, or of death. They might acknowledge Moses and the Prophets; they might sacrifice to Jupiter, and Apollo, and Minerva, or to any of the almost numberless deities of the Pantheon; but they might not call upon the name of the Crucified One of Calvary. The Jew and the Gentile, who ridiculed and despised each other's faith,—the Pilates and the Herods, ever at enmity among themselves, were yet one in their hatred of the "new superstition," and in their efforts to extirpate it from the earth. It will be my endeavour to present before the reader a picture of the past, traced, not with the pencil of the imagination alone, but also with that of history.

On the evening of a summer's day, about the year of our Lord 112, there sat, in a delightful grove on the banks of the Tiber, at a little distance from the densely populated city which had become the mistress of the world, two individuals, a male and a female. Both were apparently in the morning of life, and seemed to be enjoying, with keen relish, the scene before them. The sun, as he sank in the western sky, threw a flood of golden light upon grove and lawn. A thousand boats were gliding either way on the unruffled surface of the river; a thousand voices, of man, of beast, of business, or of song, filled the air; magnificent dwellings, with gardens of wonderful luxuriance, lined each shore as far as the eye could reach; while, now and then, the glittering arms of bands of Prætorian guards, marching to their evening quarters, flashed upon the eye. The scene was one of surpassing beauty. As the individuals, to whom reference has been made, sit gazing in silence on all around them, let us draw near in silence, too, and listen to the conversation that at length ensues.

"It is now more than a year, Constantia, since we wandered together in this beautiful grove of thy father's, and thou heardst my vow of affection, and gavest me thine in return. I trust another year will not pass away without beholding thee altogether my own."

A silent pressure of the hand was all the reply.

"I have observed of late, Constantia, that thou art ofttimes sad. Thine eye is not so full of life and joy as formerly, and when thou lookest on me, sometimes thy look seems strange. Surely, I am not less to thee than I once was."

"Oh, no;—no, Marcus—why should I not say it—thou art more than ever to me. I never felt so great regard for thee as now,"—and she burst into tears.

Marcus felt perplexed. Whence those tears? What could be the meaning of those seasons of sadness? The subject of conversation was changed.

"Constantia, I saw a christian die to-day in Rome. By Hercules, he died like a man. His eye never blenched, nor did the smile on his countenance flicker for a moment, as the sword of the executioner descended, and his head rolled on the ground. I could praise him for his courage, if his obstinacy *in adhering to this austere and accursed superstition did not* render him worthy of *reprobation.*"

The agitation of his companion increased as she asked, "Said he anything?"

"Only this, that I can remember, for the words struck me with some force, 'O Christ, I thank thee for counting me worthy of this hour.' Right or wrong, he was brave, and displayed a heroism worthy of a Roman; and, after all, I think far better of him than of those who saved their lives by abjuring their faith, execrable as it is."

The extreme agitation of the fair being at his side, could no longer be concealed from Marcus. He regarded her with surprise for a moment, and, when she asked in a voice scarcely audible, "And what if it should be a true faith, Marcus?" turned pale as death. They sat in perfect silence for several minutes. It was impossible to mistake the agitation of Constantia, or the expression of her countenance. Her sympathies were with the proscribed sect; yes, she was one of them. Marcus felt it now. Horror at the idea of her embracing such a religion, apprehension for her safety, the thought of separation, all crowded together upon his mind. "Constantia, you are a christian." It was a moment of agony while he awaited her reply.

"O Christ," exclaimed she, with eyes uplifted to heaven, "give me strength for this trial, more dreadful to me than death for Thee; may I confess Thee without shame. The time has now come," said she, addressing her companion, "when I must tell thee all. Yes, I am a christian!"

"Lost, lost to me for ever," he exclaimed in anguish.

"No, Marcus, no, unless thou dost cast me from thee. The religion which I have embraced teaches us fidelity to all our lawful vows. Oh, Marcus, didst thou know its holy teachings, as I know them, thou couldst not feel that it would render me less worthy of thee, than that faith which I have forsaken."

"Constantia, thou hast ever been to me as purity itself. I have wellnigh worshiped thee for thy truth and virtue. I will believe all thou shalt say. Tell me, then, is it true that such horrible crimes are committed in the assemblies of the christians? Do they forget the ties of nature, and drink the blood of children, and break loose from the restraints of propriety and decency?"

"I know to what thou dost allude, Marcus, and I could even now smile at the mention of these things, but that I am well aware of the harm which these foul tha-

ders have done us. I tell thee, no; nought that any good Roman might not approve, is done or taught in our assemblies."

"But why, then, are the christians so hated by all, even by the vile Jews from whom they are said to have sprung? Why is the christian the only religion the practice of whose rites is not lawful? Is the mildest and best of emperors mistaken, and has the most distinguished of our historians falsely pronounced it an execrable superstition?"

"Alas, I know not why Trajan should be so jealous of our assemblies, and allow them to be suppressed, and us to be punished for our worship, when no crime is laid to our charge, and the only offence is, that we cannot bow to images which we feel are not to be adored!"

"This is truly the offence, Constantia; for it seems like despising our religion. Trajan has no objections to the worship of your Christ, if the gods of the empire are not neglected. He would have honour done to all. Then, too, you do not join us in any of our festivities. The christians are not seen at the theatres, or in the Coliseum, or at any place where people of all religions congregate."

"Dear Marcus, if our religion is true, all other religions are false. The God whom we worship is the only God. We cannot unite in his worship the rites of any other, unless we would prove false to him. And our Christ is above all whose names and images are in the Pantheon. May I say yet another thing to thee, Marcus?"

"Say what thou wilt. If thou art false, I know not where to look for truth upon earth."

"Wouldst thou dare to go with me, to-morrow evening, to one of our secret assemblies? Thou shalt be known to no one, and shalt see all our rites and worship."

"If thou, Constantia, canst peril thy life in going thither, surely I should not be afraid to peril mine. These meetings are not lawful, yet will I go with thee."

"Meet me, then, here, to-morrow, at this time. And may I ask of thy kindness and thy love but one thing more?"

"Whatsoever thou wilt."

She paused a moment, and then produced from the folds of her dress a small roll of parchment, beautifully written, saying, "It is the Life of our Christ, written by one of his own disciples,—one whose head always lay on the bosom of the Master, as they reclined at their meals. Wilt thou read it for my sake?"

"And for my own, too. Surely, Constantia, it cannot harm me to do so much. And now, farewell. I must hasten to the city before darkness shall set in. Jupiter protect thee."

"And may our Christ regard thee with favour."

Punctual to his appointment, Marcus appeared on the following evening at the house of Constantia. Proceeding to the Tiber, attended by two servants, they entered a boat which was in readiness, and found themselves borne swiftly on the stream, to the place of their destination.

"It is the day on which our Christ rose from the dead," remarked Constantia, "but, alas, we cannot celebrate it openly! We must employ the night for our worship."

Marcus looked with apprehension at the servants, as this observation was made, but soon came to understand that they too were christians. "I have spent the whole day," said he, "in reading what thou gavest me. It is wonderful, if true."

"What thinkest thou of our Christ, as the disciple has portrayed him?"

"It is a strange character, surely, and so different from aught that I have ever heard or read of; so high, and pure, and self-sacrificing, that methinks it never could have been imagined. It must have been seen to be so described. He is truly worthy to be received among the gods of Rome, as they say our Tiberius once proposed. But thou well knowest, that he is not so regarded generally by us at Rome."

"He is, indeed, different from all whom I or thou, Marcus, have heretofore worshiped."

A mile was soon passed over in conversation. The boat now touched the bank of the river, and having disembarked, they entered upon a road which seemed somewhat solitary. Not a word was spoken, and ere long, a path was selected, which, separating them from the more traveled way, and passing through a somewhat extensive wood, at length terminated at a garden gate. They were admitted in silence by a person who seemed to be stationed there for some particular object, and who recognized Constantia at once in the moonlight. The door of the dwelling, which they reached in a few moments, opened as if of itself, almost as soon as they touched it, and presently they found themselves in a

sort of hall, shaped like an oblong square, and capable of containing one, or it might be two, hundred people. By the light of a few wax tapers, Marcus perceived that it was already nearly filled. Seated by Constantia, he indulged in a variety of reflections. He was now in the midst of an assembly of christians,—the hated,—the accursed by so many,—the perpetrators of the most horrible crimes, as he had been taught,—the haters of mankind,—the followers of a crucified malefactor. There was no shrine,—no altar,—no image of any kind,—nothing but a small table in the middle of the room, yet they were there to worship. He felt that the only bond of union between himself and them, was the fair being who sat by his side.

In a few moments, a man of venerable appearance rose and approached the table. There was nothing in his dress to distinguish him from the rest of his sex in the assembly. As he raised his hands upwards, all arose, and Marcus heard a short and simple prayer offered to the christian's God, as the Creator of heaven and earth, God of angels and of the spirits of the just, Father of our Lord Christ, all wise, all good. His protection and blessing were sought. The young Roman felt the strangeness of worshiping an invisible Being, without any manifest sign of his presence. There was something to him very impressive in this. The assembly being again seated, a small roll was now produced, from which portions were read. Among these, Marcus recognized passages which he had on that very day perused in the manuscript of Constantia.

When the reading was finished, another individual arose, and in a few affectionate and simple words, exhorted all to love and honour Christ, to imitate his glorious example, to die, if need were, for him, to abstain from every crime, to practice every virtue, and especially the holy precepts which had been read.

During this part of the exercise, Constantia could not but steal a glance at the countenance of Marcus, and plainly saw that it expressed surprise. The exhortation ended, the first line of a hymn, which appeared to be well known to them, was repeated, and the whole hymn sung in subdued voices.

"It is in praise of the God and Father of all *things,*" *whispered* Constantia to Marcus. *I have ventured to present* to the reader the following, as a sort of version rather of the sentiment than of the words of the original:—

Oh, glorious God, thy works divine
Proclaim all power and goodness thine;
This song of praise we lift to Thee,
Accepted let the offering be.

Before the mystery of thy being,
By all unseen, and yet all seeing,
In lowliness our spirits bend,
And faith, and hope, and reverence blend.

No limits mark thy dwelling-place,
For thine abode is boundless space;
Throughout that vast, unmeasured dome,
Thou find'st in azure depths thy home.

Those fires of heaven, which cheer the night,
By Thee were kindled, God of light;
And on the deep blue vault above,
In light 'tis written—God is love.

In the dark cloud, in rainbow hues,
In ocean's waves, in pearly dews,
In tempest's roar, in zephyr's sigh,
Thy power and beauty meet the eye.

In evening's shade, in morning rays,
In autumn's fruits, in summer's blaze,
In winter's storms, in spring's fresh green,
Thy grandeur and thy care are seen.

O God of life, all live in Thee,
Fountain of immortality;
To Thee *alone* be glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

One of those who seemed to preside over the religious services, now rose, and placed upon the table a quantity of bread and wine. Prayer was then offered, after which each one was invited to come and partake, in remembrance of "our Lord Christ," and especially of his last hours of pain and anguish. As many as chose, came forward, and partook of the bread and wine, each one taking what he saw fit, and retiring in silence to his or her seat. After the simple and touching ceremony was ended, another hymn was sung, addressed more particularly to Christ.

The last strain had scarcely died upon the ear, when the door of the room was suddenly thrown open, and there rushed in one, pale and almost breathless, exclaiming, "Fly, friends, fly! we are at last betrayed!" A heavy tread, as of a large body of horsemen, and the clashing of arms, were almost immediately heard. It was evident that escape was wellnigh impossible. For a moment, the wildest confusion prevailed. The lights were extinguished, and a rush made for the doors. Marcus laid hold upon Constantia, fearing lest they should become

separated, and resolved to remain with her to the last extremity. A large force had surrounded the building, and few of the unfortunate christians escaped being taken. All were hurried to the city, and thrown into various places of confinement. Marcus and Constantia, with a few others, were consigned to the same apartment.

"Alas," said she to him in a low voice, "I shall be the cause, perhaps, of thy death!"

"I will willingly die with thee," was the reply.

As the morning arose, clear and beautiful, many a prayer might have been heard ascending from the prisons of the christian captives, and many a thanksgiving, too, for being counted worthy to suffer for Christ. In the streets of Rome, many might be seen, as the day advanced, hurrying to the place where, it was understood, a number of Christians were to be examined.

Trajan, though he certainly did encourage accusations and scenes of this kind, yet could not always prevent them, if he had been so disposed. He was probably sometimes obliged to yield to the feelings of a persecuting Pagan priesthood, of a superstitious populace, and, not seldom, of a cruel and avaricious magistracy. He, too, may not have been without some regard for those modes of worship with which his earliest ideas of religion were associated, and which were distinguished for their antiquity, and for the number of those who professed them.

Marcus and Constantia were both brought, with others, before the tribunal where the Prefect of the city sat in judgment. Her youth and beauty attracted the attention of all, and excited the commiseration of not a few. It is to her that our attention, too, must be chiefly diretted.

"Maiden, thou art accused of having been in an unlawful assembly, and of being an atheist, and despiser of the gods of Rome and of the empire. What dost thou say, art thou a christian? Think ere thou dost answer."

"I must confess the truth,—I am a christian."

"Thou art young to die. Think yet again. 'Tis but a word or two. Curse thy Christ, whose name has brought thee into these dangers, and live."

"He encountered many dangers for me. He is my Lord, I cannot curse him."

"Nay, *nay, be not so perverse.* Acknowledge the emperor as thy Lord, and all may yet be well, and we will not remember that thou hast declared thyself a christian."

"I do acknowledge him as my lawful sovereign and lord, yet not so as to deny my Lord Christ."

"Has thou no father nor mother, whose gray hairs thou art in danger of bringing in sorrow to the grave? Hast thou no friend whose heart will be filled with anguish at thine untimely death? See, there is the image of the emperor, or, if thou likest it any better, the altar of Apollo. 'Tis but to burn a little incense to either, and thou art saved. We are merciful to thee, and thou wilt thus shew thy regard to the laws, and thy respect for the gods of Rome."

"I love mine aged father and mother, but Christ and truth more than ought besides. I cannot offer incense or do sacrifice; I worship the unseen God alone."

"Wilt thou, then, give thyself to death,—to be torn limb from limb, it may be, by wild beasts? Think ere thou doest this. Abjure thy faith,—say thou art not a christian, and go in peace."

"Let me rather die a thousand deaths, than forsake Him who shrank not back from death for me."

"Then perish in thine obstinacy, and as a sacrifice to the gods whose anger thou dost so brave. And thou," addressing Marcus, "art thou, too, a christian?"

He was about to answer in the affirmative, fully resolved to perish with Constantia, when she quickly exclaimed, "Marcus, thou knowest that in thine heart, thou art not a christian; couldst thou truly die for Christ he would accept thee. Thou shalt not die for my sake."

"Art thou a christian?" was again asked.

Half wild with conflicting emotions, he answered, "I am not."

"Then thou art free, let him be released. Depart to thine own abode, and beware how thou art found again in a christian assembly. We are merciful."

In a few moments more, Constantia was borne away from his sight to the prison designated for her reception.

Marcus felt, as he had never felt before, the worth and nobleness of that christian maiden, the truth, the constancy, and the love, now lost to him for ever.

At a late hour of the night, the old soldier who guarded the door of the apartment where Constantia was lifting up her heart in prayer and praise to God, was

accosted by a young man who, placing a heavy purse of gold in his hand, entreated admission for a few moments. The man hesitated. "But a few moments, my friend, no harm shall come to thee. She dies to-morrow; she is my betrothed. Thou mayest witness our interview if thou wilt." His haggard countenance and imploring expression completely subdued the soldier. "May I go down to the realms of Pluto this night, ere I deny thee this, poor young man. Go in, but tarry not long, it will endanger me."

The interview, I will not describe. The last words of Constantia were, "Farewell, Marcus. Thine I would have been. I am now the bride of Christ. I go to a glorious and blessed world. If I may think of thee there, it shall be to pray that thou mayest enter the kingdom of our Christ. This precious roll, I give to thee. Thou wilt keep it for my sake, and read it sometimes, when I am gone."

In that mighty amphitheatre, whose ruins still astonish every beholder; and whose mouldering walls have beheld so many bloody scenes; where Ignatius, of Antioch, about this same time, was, by the command of Trajan himself, exposed to wild beasts, and where so many had sealed their testimony for Christ with their blood, were assembled tens of thousands of all classes of Pagan Rome. The patrician and plebeian, the rich and the poor, females as well as men, the aged as well as the young, had gathered together, to witness the bloody sports of the arena, and the death of several of the "atheists," the "godless," the followers of Christ, alike indifferent to the sufferings which their fellow-creatures were doomed to undergo. In the centre of the immense building was the "arena,"—the scene of many a dreadful combat. It was strewn with the finest sand, and separated by the strongest barriers from the spectators, in order to prevent any accident from taking place in connection with the exhibition of ferocious beasts. Around it were the dens of wild animals ravenous with hunger, and awaiting, in eager expectation, their miserable victims. As the sanguinary spectacles proceed, we behold led out in the middle of this accursed enclosure, a young and beautiful maiden. Her dark hair falls loosely upon her robe of white. Her face is pale, but her lofty brow, and firm countenance, tell of the high resolve, and the noble daring to die for truth, for Christ, for God. Left alone, she kneels and lifts her eyes to heaven, and breathes forth a prayer to the Lord of Hosts, and to the Crucified One of Calvary. The mighty multitude is hushed. Even there, thoughts of pity were found. So young, so beautiful, so infatuated, was the silent thought of all. A door is opened—a monstrous lion rushes forth with a terrific roar, and bounds towards his victim. He gathers himself for the fatal spring. A thousand eyes are turned from the sight, when suddenly he raises himself upon his feet, walks slowly up to the almost unconscious girl, then crouches at her side, and reposes his huge head against her form. The shouts of fifty thousand people rend the air and almost shake those massive walls. "Let her be saved, take her away." The beast rose from his position and glared with fiery eyes upon the multitude, and when the keepers drew near in order to remove him and his human companion, a deep growl warned them that he could not be approached with safety. The mystery of all this is easily explained. He had found an old friend. Two years before, when sick and hurt, Constantia, for her own gratification and amusement, had visited him daily, by the permission of a near relative, whose official position gave him the control of a certain portion of the animals kept for the sports of the amphitheatre. She had fed him for a long time with her own hand, and a sort of attachment had grown up between them. The recollection of it had almost passed away, till called to herself by the shouts of the spectators, and the proximity of the noble brute.

"O Christ, I thank thee, thou art mighty to save," were the first words that burst from her lips. Rising, she led the creature to his cage, and, giving him some food which was handed to her, retired. . . . . .

Nearly twenty years after this event, and some seventy miles from the "eternal city," in a neat and well furnished dwelling, a youth stood gazing at a beautiful painting of a female in a white robe, kneeling, and a lion crouching at her side. "Marcus," exclaimed he to another young man near him, "this is the painting, of which thou hast so often told me, of thy mother, when condemned to suffer at Rome."

"My father had it done," returned the other, "in commemoration of an event which was the most trying and painful of his whole life. And I may say it to thee, Decius, he soon after became a christian himself."

THE POWER OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AS AN ORGANIZATION.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

How feeble and ephemeral are all the benevolent associations of the present day, contrasted with the organization of the christian church! Human power and wisdom could not produce a system which could compare with this institution for the perfection of social mechanism. Human nature itself, with its heart-ties, consanguinities, and home and household affinities, has not done it, and cannot do it. Contrast the family circle, or any circle of human society, great or small, or any association however powerful in its organization, with the church, and it will seem like the circle which the falling pebble sets in motion across the quiet pool, compared with the unchanging and everlasting harmonies of nature. The family—first and oldest of human societies, the kernel whence they germinate—is subject to mortality, and to the transitions and vicissitudes of individual life. The little community grouped around one parent-centre, and cemented by the closest relationships of nature, and by its liveliest affections and sympathies, is no sooner formed than it begins to dissolve, to widen out into the sea of common life, like the circle-ripple caused by a pebble's fall, and to merge with the indiscriminate generations of mankind. Even in the first years of its consanguinity and communion, the family circle is not a permanent society. While yet in the dew of youth, son after son, daughter after daughter, bids adieu to the parental roof, and in another region of the country, or, perhaps, of the globe, becomes the parent of another family; which, in turn, widens into the world in like manner. It is a rare felicity in the experience of a family circle, when all its members, even to the second generation, are able to meet, once a year, at five consecutive anniversaries. Its social mechanism, however perfect and harmonious it may appear at first, is a transient arrangement; a school-master, it should be, and was designed to be, to prepare us for larger communions in this world, and unchanging and everlasting communions in the world to come. Compare this with the social economy of the christian church. Come away to this quiet, rural village, and enter its gray-walled and ivy-netted sanctuary, which has braved the storms, the cold and heat of centuries. The music of its Sabbath bells, with silvery cadence, invited to its courts the unmemorialized generations, the fragments of families, that slumber in their last sleep beneath and around it. Look at the congregation here assembled. As it was in the beginning, and is now, it ever shall be, in the first attributes of its life and fellowship. Here is a family circle whose Parent-Centre never changes; whose consanguinity never attenuates with time. Relatively, it is an immortal and immutable community. Its age, and summer manhood, and womanhood, and childhood never change. One hundred years ago they were the same as to day. Now as then, and then as now, you see, what others saw, persons in the evening, at the noon, and in the fresh morning of life, and in all its intervening hours. Thus it will be to the end of time. Then look at another phase and fact of its social economy. It is the Sabbath day; this is not an anniversary meeting of the members of a society, drawn together by the forced attraction of an unusual circumstance. It is the weekly *reunion* of this great family circle. If we may so say, one day in seven they spend here in committee of the whole, on their duty and relations to God and man. All, from the youngest to the oldest, take part in this momentous consideration.

Such is the social organization of an individual christian church. For permanence and capacity of united sympathy and effort, it has no parallel in any human association. Then contemplate the fact, that in almost every village and parish in Christendom there is such a church; that one day in seven, hundreds of thousands of these unchanging and everlasting communions, on both sides of the Atlantic, assemble in their houses of worship and fellowship, and professedly consecrate these Sabbath hours to the contemplation of what they owe to God, and what they owe to man. How feeble and transient are all the benevolent associations of the age, compared with this divine and mighty institution! What are their Lilliputian activities compared with its immeasurable capacity! Let the church array the force of its omnipotent organization against war, slavery, intemperance, and oppression but for a year, and it would drive those capital evils from the world! Let it meet, on a dozen extra Sabbaths consecrated to humanity, and concentrate its power upon these gigantic sins, and the earth's suffering and degradation

millions would rise up and call it blessed, in their jubilee and joy! And would it be inconsistent with its godlike mission to bring its irresistible organization to a work like this?

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

Who would forget the loved and lost, the "dear departed gone before?" What sincere mourner would be willing to blot from the memory all traces of the dear one, and by this means lighten the burthen of grief? Oh, none! We would rather cherish the dear remembrance. We consider it a sweet, though sad consolation, to remember, and often muse upon, the loved form now hidden from the sight; the speaking eye that death has veiled; the sound of that voice, the music of whose tones yet lingers upon our heart-strings, though for ever silent to our ears. We may again mingle with the world; we may find things to please, and friends to love; but the inmost recesses of our hearts enshrine the images of our departed ones. We often think of what they did and said, and perhaps shape our plans with reference to what we conceive would have been their opinion and advice. If they were among those on earth whose walk was holy, who shed around the light of a christian life, then the remembrance of them will frequently prove a restraint upon us, preserving us from forbidden paths, and they thus become, indeed, ministering spirits.

The thoughts of the dear ones who have died in the Lord, will make the idea of death less painful. It seems to narrow the broad river, to think that those who have been so intimately connected with us have passed its bounds. When surrounded with cares, and filled with trouble, we think of the moment when they put off this mortal robe, and we long with them to soar unfettered to those holy realms. When faint and weary with the burthen of life, when struggling with sin, and oppressed with doubts and fears, we recall to mind that they "once wrestled hard as we do now,"—we witnessed their combats, but we viewed their victory, their triumphant faith at the last, and we look forward to similar conquest, through the help of our redeeming Lord.

But there are those who remember the dead with feelings that cannot thus benefit them. They brood with anguish and inconsolable sorrow upon the deep loss that they have sustained. They forget, in the depth of their affliction, that the living yet have a claim upon them; they are dead to every thing save their own sharp griefs, and make their hearts but the tomb of departed hopes and joys.

It is not wise, it is not right, thus to do; but who can conceive the desolate heart, with all its blighted hopes and crushed affections, that life has any charms or further claims upon them? Philosophy cannot avail; reason will not exert its accustomed sway; there is naught on earth can yield one ray of comfort. But there is a balm in Gilead, there is a sweet consolation in the promises of God to the afflicted. If the stricken one can but turn the eye of faith to its loving, though chastening Parent, a holy submission will fill the soul. The withered flower will send forth sweeter fragrance than ere the dew of love, though coming amidst darkness, rested upon it.

Our heavenly Father removes our friends that our thoughts may be diverted from earth; and this object would be defeated if the affliction exerted but a momentary influence upon us, and the memory of it passed quickly away.

Oh, if we have been called to lay those we love beneath the sod, let us not hinder our thoughts from wandering often to their lonely graves; let us cherish them in our memory, their gentle words and kindly sympathy, but let us fulfil the duties yet allotted to us, and bow humbly beneath the chastening stroke.

Correspondence.

"THEM THAT WERE ENTERING IN YE HINDERED."

ARE ANY HINDERED NOW?

Sir,

I perused with deep emotion the paper contained in "The Church" for November, bearing the above title, and emanating from that most persevering and devoted labourer in the christian vineyard, the Rev. James Smith.

"Are any hindered" (from entering the church of Christ) "now?" asks Mr. Smith;

and proceeds to specify various characters frequently found in communities of professing christians, whose coldness of manner, or warmth of temper, or backwardness in aiding the progress of Divine truth, presents a hindrance to many who would otherwise be found abiding within the gates of Zion.

By way of answer to Mr. Smith's enquiry, and likewise to shew how naturally ready we are to judge of the goodness or otherwise of the tree by the quality of the fruit which it yields, permit me to give a brief delineation of the workings of my own mind. I once was among the number of them that were entering in. The following facts will make this plain:—

From early childhood I have been religiously reared. By which you will be pleased to understand, that I was taught to refrain from telling lies and swearing, to "neither work nor play" during the Sabbath, to repress anger, and to say my prayers every night before getting into bed. Up to about the age of fourteen, I kept the faith, believing sincerely, as taught, that I should not go to the "bad place," as a reward for my so doing. However, the time came for me to "put away childish things."

I was induced, when about fourteen, to meet, along with a number of boys about my own age, in a class in the Sunday-school connected with the place of worship which the family regularly attended. I went early and always, soon caught the eye of the superintendent, and was removed into a selected class of youths meeting in a separate room, under the inspection of a man of piety, zeal, and talent. Here I formed friendships, became the associate of many of the teachers, and the intimate companion of others—a genial atmosphere this for the development of the christian life. Attending regularly, I joined in the school exercises; sang in the singing, was attentive in the prayers, and yielded all my faculties for understanding into the disposal of the worthy man who as teacher presided over our class.

Time changed our little band from youths to young men, and in several of them a change more important still was said to have taken place, to wit, a "change of heart." Five or six of them joined the church within a few months' time. The question frequently arose, "who is to be the next?"

About this time I became introduced to a new friend, an individual of strong feeling, clear, quick, and acute discernment, possessing a high standard of morals, and most *fervent piety*. We had many long and serious conversations about things "pertaining to salvation." He often melted me into tears whilst insisting that all men were doomed to everlasting misery unless renewed by Divine grace. He produced on my mind a condition of real heartfelt regret that such was the case, encouraged me affectionately to accept the escape offered by the gospel, and caused me frequently to feel desirous of being a partaker of like precious faith with himself. He applied to me for permission to hand in my name to the church as a candidate for admission. I hesitated, fearing that my feelings were only natural emotion common to humanity. I did not positively refuse, but desired a short period in order to give the matter due consideration. Judge, then, was I not among them who were entering in?

At this critical juncture of affairs—critical to me—one of the senior teachers in the school, one in whom I reposed much confidence, was brought under what is termed discipline for a flagrant deflection from moral rectitude. Another, holding a high place in the esteem of his fellow-teachers, was discovered embezzling his employer's property. And a third was suspended for a period, for dishonourable conduct, certainly inconsistent with the christian profession. The effect of these cases, occurring as they did within a very short period, was to induce increased hesitancy on my part. I looked most narrowly into the private life and ways of all the professors of christianity over whom I had any opportunity of extending my observations. I analyzed the character of the minister, the deacons, the most approved of the members, and of all, in short, with whom I came into contact. Here I found a man not always truthful; here one acting confessedly from motives of worldly policy, whilst at the same time he prayed constantly, and in public, to be, "while in the world, not of the world;" here a hot-tempered, hasty, impulsive man, who seldom had a civil reply even for his near friends. Ere long after this time, the church became divided in its opinion about a trivial matter. Much bitterness of feeling was shewn on both sides. The matter came to an issue at one of the meetings, at which each party flatly contradicted what the other advanced, the end being a separation of the two halves, each feeling rancorously towards the other. Of course "there is always a calm after a storm." So it was here. The remaining body held a series of devotional meetings, expressive of their

deep regrets at what had recently been enacted, and things gave promise of speedily resuming their wonted aspect. Meanwhile, I remained an observing spectator of passing occurrences. I still cherished feelings of kindliness to Zion, and always considered I should one day be numbered among her inhabitants, which, had my friend remained in the town, would probably have been the case. But about this time, circumstances removed him to a distance. With him went one of Zion's attractions. My feelings towards her assumed more the character of indifference than they had ever before felt. Subsequent injuries received at the hands of her disciples, have induced a feeling partaking more of the hostile than the indifferent; and if I am not in a state bordering upon open infidelity at the present moment, it is certainly not because I have not witnessed quite sufficient of guile, evil speaking, malice, and wrong doing within her walls, to warrant my relapsing into so fearful a condition. I am, Sir,

Yours truly, VERITAS.

[We hope all our readers will learn from the above statement the solemn lessons it is calculated to teach. At the same time, we must think it singularly unphilosophical and unreasonable to forsake any system on account of the inconsistencies of its professors. The inconsistencies of which "Veritas" speaks, are to be accounted for either on the principle of the apostolical remark—"They went out from us because they were not of us,"—or they occurred through the weakness and imperfection of our nature, which *no principles*, however noble, can entirely remove. In any case, as has been said many a time, the counterfeit would not exist were there not sterling coin. It is CHRISTIANITY we ask men to accept: not to receive as unalloyed the *always* imperfect embodiments of it which are presented by its professors.]

Notices of Books.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE POPE: A LECTURE. BY THE REV. JAMES EDWARDS, NOTTINGHAM. London: Benj. L. Green.

Mr. Edwards has taken the course, in regard to Papal assumptions, which commends itself most of all to our minds, viz., that of availing himself of awakened attention to enlighten Protestants on the almost forgotten abominations of Popery. He availed himself of a public lecture, which we think much better than so employing our ordinary services, to expose the leading imposture of the system, the "*Supremacy of the Pope.*" The lecture makes a very excellent tract, characterized by the writer's well-known lucidness of thought and expression, and therefore peculiarly suitable for general distribution. In the town where the writer resides, the Catholics are making great efforts by means of a large establishment, a prodigious mass of buildings, filled with priests, nuns, sisters of mercy, &c., imported from no one knows where, but especially by getting into their schools a *number of poor children*, to train no doubt *as tools for the priests*, to spread their enslaving and impious dogmas. The contents of the tract are:—

"Papal pretensions at the public bar.

"Priestly denunciations rebuked.

"I. Pope's claim to Supremacy asserted. 1. Cannot be proved by mere assertion. 2. Nor by the testimony of Scripture. 3. Nor by the conduct of Christ towards Peter. 4. Nor by Peter's own conduct and history. 5. Nor by the traditionary records of Rome. 6. Therefore a groundless assumption.

"II. Pope's claim viewed in relation to Prophecy. 1. A grand Apostacy foretold in Scripture. 2. Popery its exact counterpart. 3. The Pope identical with the 'Man of Sin.' 4. Pope's arrogance dovetailing with Prophecy. 5. An invasion of God's prerogative. 6. A contravention to the Divine Will. 7. A gross insult to God.

"III. Duty of British Protestants respecting this claim. 1. To give all possible publicity to correct views on the subject. 2. To avoid neutrality and inaction. 3. Address to Roman Catholics."

We hope Cardinal Wiseman's impudence will call for hundreds of such telling tracts,

and that Oxford and Roman Popery will be shamed out of the land. We thoroughly agree with the writer's concluding remarks on the undeserved and pernicious politeness with which Popish impostures have been treated of late by Politicians from selfish motives, and by Dissenters from an overstrained view of religious freedom.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE GOSPELS: DESIGNED FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS AND BIBLE CLASSES. BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES. CAREFULLY REVISED BY THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN. Pp. 858. London: Benjamin L. Green.

This edition of Barnes's Notes on the Gospels has already sold so extensively, that it seems almost useless now to recommend it. We doubt not that it is already in the hands of a great many of our readers. We are much gratified, however, to be able to give it our cordial approval. It is the handsomest and best printed of the cheap editions we have seen; and, as far as we have been able to examine it, it appears to be carefully edited and correctly printed, and we understand that it has met with the high approval of the author himself. We have no doubt that those who have subscribed for the volume before us, will be encouraged to do so for the succeeding volumes on the remaining books in the New Testament.

THE PUBLIC GOOD. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE. PRICE TWOPENCE. London: J. Passmore Edwards.

This is a monthly publication of a popular character, "devoted to the advocacy of great principles, the advancement of useful institutions, and the elevation of man." We can honestly recommend it to our readers, as interesting and instructive, and admirably calculated to subserve the great objects for which it has professedly been established.

THE DANGER AND DESTRUCTIVE TENDENCY OF NOVEL READING: A LECTURE. BY THE REV. W. WALTERS. Pp. 16. Preston.

An eloquent and effective protest against the *mere* novel reading so painfully prevalent in the present day. We wish there had been a London publisher to the tract, as, in that case, it would have been much more easily accessible, and we should have been glad to give it a hearty recommendation to our readers.

Recent Publications.

Biographical Memoirs of Deceased Baptist Ministers. No. 1. *To be continued Monthly. By Benjamin Swallow and W. A. Blake.* (*Pp.* 24. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

Tract Society's Monthly Volumes,—Nineveh and the Tigris,—Lives of the Popes, vol. 1. Both these volumes are valuable additions to the Series of which they form a part. The latter work will be an acquisition to those who are unable to purchase larger and more expensive ones.

The Scholar's Friend, designed for the Use of Sabbath School Scholars. (*Nos.* 1, 2, *and* 3. *Price One Penny. London: C. A. Bartlett.*)

The Poetic Companion for the Fireside, the Fields, the Woods, and the Streams. (*No.* 1. *London: J. Passmore Edwards.*)

The Claims of Christian Missions on Young Men: a Lecture. By W. A. Blake. (*Pp.* 14. *London: J. Kennedy.*)

A Letter to the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., on the Holy Spirit's Presence in the Church of God. By one who has been a Member of John Street. (*Pp.* 14. *London: F. A. Ford.*)

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE FISHER WILLY.

(From the German.)

Fancy, dear children, you are standing on the coast of Kent. Yonder, on the high shore, stands a fisherman's hut, inhabited by a poor fisherman and his wife. But it will not be so long, at least not by both. The fisherman's trade is a dangerous one. You know that even on the little sea of Genesareth sometimes a storm arose which made the boatmen quail; how much more so on the open sea, where the waves are sometimes a hundred times bigger than a fishing boat! One day the man set out alone in his boat in good health and spirits, to cast his nets in the sea, hoping

by God's blessing, to have a rich draught of fishes; for he and his family depended on the produce of the fishing. If all goes well, he will return in the evening; at least his wife hopes so; and in this hope she follows him with her eyes, as long as she can catch the least glimpse of the little ship, till it appears but a speck in the distance, and then it vanishes altogether. Sitting down with her needle-work at the open window of the hut, she cast her eye upon the sea and round the horizon. Yonder clouds, which are rising from the distant boundary of the sea, seem to her experienced eye to forebode a storm. She goes into the open air to examine the threatening danger, but soon the heavens are overcast; the breeze becomes a gale; the rain pours down in torrents, and the wind whistles and moans around the hut. She returns to her seat and strains her eyes to see if there is no appearance of the little boat upon the shore. She rings her hands, and sighs, and cries, "Have mercy, O God, and bring my husband safe to land!" Is yon not the white sail of his boat? Ah, no, it is only the illusive foam on the wave-top. Ever darker becomes the prospect; dusk comes on, and rapidly passes into the darkness of night. The lamp is trimmed and placed in the window to guide the poor fisherman to his hut if he should reach the shore; dry clothes are laid for him, and the teapot at the fire ready to afford refreshment. What an anxious night was that! But, like the longest night, it passed away; like the nights of the North, which last one half the year; like the night of death, to which the joyful resurrection morn succeeds. But no cheerful morning dawned upon this night. The storm, indeed, was past; the rising sun shone forth in a cloudless sky; the sea alone continued high, and beat its angry, restless waves upon the downs; but far and near no vessel could be seen. On a rock by the shore sat poor Margaret, gazing sorrowfully on the heaving billows, her hair fluttering in the fresh morning breeze, while her only son sat on her knee and rent her heart still more by his childlike questions. Long might she have sat waiting there, before the little boat would come dancing over the waves towards her. Her eyes would never see it more. He for whose return she was watching, had long ere this been engulfed in the raging deep, and the waves over which he *had often* rowed so bravely, now rolled *above his corpse.*

At last the mourning wife was convinced it was vain to wait for his return, and that this time, it had not pleased her heavenly Father to listen to her heartfelt prayer. Poor widow, where shall you find consolation! True, she had no reason to regard her husband as lost. He had been a Christian, and for many years had lived in the faith of the living God and his son Jesus Christ. And his parting words to her had been, "Margaret, trust in the Lord at all times; for if we fear God, we need fear nothing else. Bring up your child, whilst he is young, to render obedience and filial respect towards his mother; then, by Divine grace, he may be also led to render obedience to God, and reverence to all his commandments." This was very consoling, yet it cost the good Margaret no little struggle before she could bow to God's will without a murmur.

Indeed, her position was far from being an easy one, for she must now endeavour to maintain herself and her son; whereas hitherto, she had had a faithful and industrious provider. And now Margaret committed an error, one of frequent occurrence with parents: she made her son, in a great measure, her idol; she was excessively afraid of losing him; which, especially in a widow who has an only child, is not to be wondered at, though not to be justified. Afraid that he might form a liking for the trade of his unfortunate father, and be as unfortunate as he, she made him promise solemnly, that he would never go to the fishing with the neighbours; thinking if she bound him in this way there could be no danger, for she never dreamt that he would venture alone upon the sea.

Willy kept his promise, and would not listen to the persuasions of his father's old comrades, nor to his young companions, who were most anxious to take him along with them in their expeditions. He was now twelve years old, a fine, strong boy. Whenever he could render his mother assistance, he did it with the greatest alacrity; but he had not yet fixed upon a trade; and, in fact, there were few other trades on that coast besides that of a fisherman.

But another severe trial now befell the poor widow and her son. Margaret became ill, and she could no longer work. She shewed great patience and submission in her sufferings. Willy loved his mother dearly, and would have removed her affliction if he could, and borne the pain him-

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never doubted but he would be able to return as easily as he was now sailing out, and this was altogether easy and delightful. In the joy of his heart he waved his cap towards the shore, although nobody could see him, and uttered a loud, joyful hurrah! Foolish boy! wind and tide were now quite favourable, but when he would wish to return they would be all against him. Onwards went the boat, always further into the channel which separates England from France. Happily he did not lose his presence of mind. He noticed that he still made progress without any effort of his own, and that if he were to row against the wind and tide the boat would inevitably capsize. Still he was quite confident that sooner or later he would be able to return.

Now, however, a danger befel him which the little rogue had never dreamed of. It was just at this period, that the great war between France and England, some forty years ago, was at its height, when Napoleon Bonaparte had become the terror of all Europe, and had assembled in Boulogne, opposite to Dover, a great army for the purpose of invading England. His war-ships were cruising about the channel, on the look-out for English fishing vessels; for Napoleon had commanded every one to be seized that could be met with, and brought to France. One of these French ships had perceived Willy's little boat, and bore down upon it. But the French found only one poor boy; and Willy, who did not know they were enemies, never doubting but they would receive him kindly, began to relate his adventure, and tell them where he wished to go. But when he saw they did not understand him, and perceived their strange language, a light broke in upon his mind: he had been caught by the French, whom his poor neighbours on the coast were in continual dread of, and whom he had been taught to hate, as at that time all the boys in England were taught to do.

Willy was now in a sad plight indeed. They put him on board the great French war-ship, and bore him away from his native land, away from those who understood his language, and, worst of all, away from his poor, sick, and helpless mother. As Willy thought of all this, he could not restrain his tears, and though the sailors did not understand him, he still continued to beg and pray them to put him again in his little boat, and said, pointing to the English shore, "Yonder; I want to go yonder."

But they only laughed at his sad countenance, pointed to their coast, and cried in their own language, "It's yonder we're going!" Now the English national pride rose within him,—the French shall not see him cry,—so he stood apart by himself. "What will they do with me now?" he said to himself; "do they think to make a French sailor of me? no, that they won't; I'll rather die; for if I were in the French service I would need to fight against the English, and that they never will bring me to. No, if an English ship were just now to attack the French, I would jump into the sea and try to reach it, and they might shoot at me if they liked." So courageous were Willy's thoughts, for his spirit was roused, and his heart wellnigh bursting. But as he became more calm, repentant thoughts arose in his mind, and he began to see he had been in a forbidden path, and was justly punished for his sin. Just now he had been quite sure of God's protection, though he were swimming in the sea, and the balls of the French were flying over him; but now this confidence vanished; he felt he had erred. It is only when in the path of obedience to God, that we can depend upon his protection.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

God's Constancy.—Various circumstances have changed your human fellowship. Those in whom you once confided, are not what you thought they were. Peculiar excitements, outside life, the romance of the spirit, concealed the real character, as the wreath of lighted and tinctured cloud conceals the savage rock; but now the charm is fled, the colour gone, and you see only what is cold and unappealing as the ice, the snow, and the rugged stone. The companions of your youth are not always the same as the companions of your age. There is often a change from the warm affection, to the shy advance, the timid notice, the actions of polite formality. And when faithful friends are faithful still, perhaps they live in another country or in another world. You miss the "watchers," the "holy ones," who were the guides of your youth, or the sharers of your matured affection; you have missed one after another from "the place that knew them once;"—have seen the gentle fading of nature, the slow gradations of decay. You have stood alone in the chamber of mourning. With awe—with the creep of a strange panic chill over every faculty—you have lifted the melancholy drapery of death, to gaze on the sad ruin, the still and stony brow, the dim, unconscious, transfixed face of your friend. You have heard, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," pronounced over what was once lighted up with thought, and passion, and sensibility. You have felt the crowded solitude of life, the crushing sense of desolation. You have walked for a time in the "valley of the shadow of death." For you the star has lost its sparkle, the flower its beauty, the spring its song—I see some of you grey and drooping with years. An old man must feel pensively when he thinks of the many changes, even in the outward world, which he has witnessed since his youth. He must feel a stir of *tender sorrow even* when he thinks of the *alterations in the country*, of the old roads that have been turned; of the fields where, as a child, he used to frolic amidst a wilderness of flowers, but which are now covered with grim factories, straight streets, and stark brick walls. He must have mournful thoughts, indeed, when he reviews the history of changes in the fellowship of spirit. "Joseph is not, Simeon is not," and death is about "to take Benjamin away." "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "Demas hath forsaken me." But in God he may have a friend "who changeth not." Man dies—God lives. Man forgets to love; but, "whom God loveth he loveth to the end." Man changes; but God is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever;" so that, amidst weakness and weariness, amidst farewells and mournings, he can lift his dim eye and clasp his trembling fingers, and say, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning didst lay the foundations of the earth; they shall perish, but thou remainest; they all shall wax old as a garment, as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art *the same, and thy years have no end.*"—*Friendship with God, a Sermon, by C. Stanford.*

The Importance of Moments.—We commonly estimate the value of our time by what we can effect in it. And doubtless God will estimate its value on the same principle. The great purpose for which time is given us is to prepare for eternity. By the standard of eternity the true value of time is to be ascertained. And that we may by this standard form some conception of the value of passing hours and moments, it may be wise to consider what single hours and moments have done, and can do, in reference to eternal interests. Zacchæus went up into the tree a sinner, a rich extortioner; he came down a humble, liberal-hearted christian. A moment only was requisite for the dying malefactor to raise the penitential prayer, and receive the gracious assurance from the Saviour's own lips. Three thousand in one assembly, earnestly

cy, in an hour are rejoicing in
glory of God. Authentic in-
a later date are on record, of
sing through all the stages of
and conversion in a brief space
ne moment a child of hell,—the
ir of heaven! Surely *golden*
quately express the value of such
What else have moments done?
was all that the young man re-
which to decide for this world,
way from Christ very sorrowful
could not serve God and mam-
oment was all that was requisite
o betray his Lord with a kiss,
ment sealed his damnation. It
it a moment for Felix to say,
for this time; and for Agrippa
at he would not be a christian
was *almost persuaded!* Thus
ave saved, and moments have
uls. Eternity, with its infinite
dless woes, has, in myriads of
nded upon a single hour or mo-
awful issue trembling in the
e weight, as it were, of a feather
sealing a soul's eternal destiny!
supreme! Time is eternity;
rith all eternity can give;
'ith all that makes archangels smile!"

Y TO BE SAFE AND HAPPY.—I
where read of one who, having strong religious impressions, and feeling terrible apprehensions whenever the ideas of death and judgment presented themselves, continued so to habituate his mind to the contemplation of them, as to render them ever after, not only easy, but agreeable. His custom was, to consider each evening as the close of life, the darkness of night as the time of death, and his bed as the grave. He composed himself for the one, therefore, as he would have done for the other. On retiring to rest he fell on his knees; confessed, and entreated pardon for, the transgressions of the day; renewed his faith in the mercies of God through Christ; expressed, in a prayer of intercession, his charity towards all mankind; and then committed his soul into the hands of his Creator and Redeemer, as one who was to awake no more in this world. His sleep after this was perfectly sweet; the days added to his life were estimated as clear gain; and when the last came, it ended with as much tranquillity as all that had preceded. I would wish to recommend this example to your imitation. The practise will cost you some pains and trouble, perhaps, for a little while, but you will never have cause to repent that you bestowed them; and I know of no better method whereby you can place yourself in a state of constant security and comfort.

Intelligence.

HE PRUSSIAN BAPTISTS.

re were going to press last month,
d from Brother Lehmann, of
first quarterly Report of 1851,
the statistics of the previous

favoured our brethren in Prus-
it, notwithstanding all the diffi-
he times, their clear increase has
derable—from 1018 in 1849 to
0. The number of churches is
, the largest, has 310 members;
st, just formed, Klein Werder,
lemel and Rummelsberg, each
in, 191; Stolzenberg, 173; the
19 to 54. Connected with the
re 66 stations, 402 Sunday schol-
teachers. The Parent Society
was formed on the 14th May,

ers in the Report record much
sing and refreshing. They have
rcise discipline frequently, and,
cases, misunderstandings have
ut the ardent feeling and deep
ove is a truly delightful contrast
piritual dulness which reigns
at home.
g the stations, the brethren fre-
ached to crowded congregations.
casion, a number who had stood
the evening, came in after the
over, and requested the preacher to begin a new service for them; he did so till his voice failed. One instance of persecuting assault, by some low fellows, is mentioned; but the State Clergy seem to be the head persecutors. In one instance, on the occasion of interring a brother of great usefulness and high character, who had died rejoicingly "anticipating his death as his marriage-feast," though the national schoolmaster closed his school, and attended the funeral, the clergyman shewed his temper in the only way open to him, by forbidding the customary tolling of the bell. Another instigated the authorities to prohibit a brother from administering baptism or the Lord's-supper. The brother, however, replied very decidedly that "he should pay no attention to the prohibition, but proceed as he had done before," and heard no more from them. In many instances, the clergy denounce "these errors" from the pulpit, which not unfrequently rather serves than hinders the cause of our brethren.

Despotism, unqualified military despotism, now reigns again throughout all Germany. The press is entirely enslaved; every germ of liberty crushed beneath an overwhelming soldiery. Every monarch nearly has grossly violated his most solemn oaths. Priesthood and absolutism reign supreme. In such a state of things, of course, Brother Oncken's course is again stopped. The gospel can no longer be

preached by him at Vienna to eager hundreds. Let the Revolutionists of 1848 have been Atheists, Deists, Pantheists, or whatever the foes of liberty please to style them, one fact is clear, our energetic brother baptist could preach with a hearty welcome from north to south; while now, in great part of the same territories, the very word of God is excluded!

Happily, there is every ground to hope that so vile a state of things cannot last. Austria's immense army has made her bankrupt, and her credit is quite gone. Providence will yet open its own way into priest-ridden Austria and Italy, the millions of whose people pant for civil and religious liberty. If revolutions should occur again, and if crowned heads should literally fall, let not, however, the people be blamed. Our own Charles I. lost his head by lying and perjury. And if, in future years, continental despots die at the hands of an enraged people, it will be the penalty of the grossest treachery and cruelty,—of such wickedness as amply deserves capital punishment, provided *that* punishment should be inflicted at all. God grant a more peaceful path for his blessed gospel. We must confess, however, that it appears to us as if he were "hardening the hearts" of priesthoods and despotisms, in order to destroy them with terrible vengeance at last, by the hands of their oppressed, deluded victims. (Ps. ii.)

PROPOSED CHAPEL AT SHIRLEY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

For the last year, a school-room in the village of Shirley, near Southampton, has been opened for public worship, and principally supplied by the undersigned Baptist ministers. During that time it has been twice enlarged, and is now inconveniently crowded. A Sunday-school is conducted by residents in the village. It contains 50 children, in regular attendance, and might be largely increased, if there were accommodations. Weekly services have been held, and the Lord's-Supper administered monthly.

The only other provisions in the village, for worship, are a church and a Wesleyan chapel, both quite inadequate to the wants of the neighbourhood, the population of which, in a circle within a mile, is estimated at nearly 6000. Of these, a large number consists of the families of persons engaged in business in Southampton, to whose attendance the unfavourable situation and limited accommodation of our school-room is felt as an obstacle, and regretted.

It is therefore proposed to erect, at the smallest possible cost, a neat, commodious chapel, to hold 300, in a good situation, which we think can be done for a total expense of £400.

There are generous friends in our denomination whom God has blessed with wealth, who, feeling deeply the responsibility thus laid upon them, are anxious to find opportunities for furthering the cause of Christ *by their contributions*. To the liberality of *such friends we commend* this case, which has forced itself upon our attention by its urgent claims; and while having done, and being still anxious to do, all in our power for its healthy prosperity, we now venture confidently to submit it to the kind sympathy and sense of responsibility to God of our christian friends.

As it is not intended to burden this movement with any weight in the shape of a debt, we beg urgently to solicit, that friends who may see this notice will kindly respond speedily.

Any communications may be addressed to either of the undersigned, who will gladly give further information, or receive subscriptions.

THOMAS MORRIS, East-Street Chapel.
ALEXANDER MC LAREN, Portland Chapel.
WILLIAM YARNOLD, Southampton.

PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MANUFACTURING AND OTHER WORKING CLASSES.

The Religious Tract Society, London, offered, some time ago, a series of prizes of £100, £50, and down to £15, for the best works on "The present state of our manufacturing and other working classes, so far as such classes are affected by moral causes, and by personal character and habits, and the best means of promoting their temporal and spiritual welfare." We have the pleasure of informing our readers, that the first prize of £100 has recently been awarded to the Rev. Henry Dunckley, M.A., pastor of the Baptist church, Salford. The congregation over which he presides are about to commence the erection of a New Chapel in Great George Street, Salford, and earnestly appeal to their friends for assistance in so important an undertaking.

HALIFAX.

The Rev. S. Whitewood having completed the twentieth year of his pastorate in Halifax, his friends, desirous to manifest their esteem for his christian character and pastoral labours, originated a subscription, in order to present him with a purse as an expression of their affectionate regard. Aided by the spontaneous liberality of christian friends of various denominations, their hopes have been more than realized; and on March 21st, the Treasurer of the fund presented him with a purse containing upwards of two hundred and seventy pounds.

COMBMARTIN, NORTH DEVON.

On Wednesday, March 19th, 1851, a new Baptist chapel was opened in this place. Sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. David Thompson, Great Torrington, from Ps. cxxii. 7, and in the afternoon by the Rev. S. Newman, Barnstaple, from Is. xxviii. 16. The evening was devoted to a public meeting, at which the Rev. William Davy, minister, presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Blackmore, Lovering, Newman, Vasey, sen., and Vasey, jun. The services through the day were deeply interesting and profitable. The chapel will accommodate 350 persons. Both the congregation and Sabbath-school are rapidly increasing.

THE CHURCH.

uilt upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JUNE, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 18.

"Then Agrippa said to Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—*Acts* xxvi. 28.

How many things do we read or hear, which suggest the thought that ey ought never to have been said upon this earth, never to have been t into language! Has it not often struck you, that there ought never have been a state of mind which would admit of such and such exssions being employed? We do not mean that men should use exssions which do not agree with the state of their minds, but that the oughts expressed should never have existed.

It is very common to hear expressions indicating a lightness of mind the subjects of serious thought. Men will say, that the state of their nd is bad with regard to religion, and shew, at the same time, that ir regret on this account is very small. A man will say, "I never ught about religion; I do not pretend to think about it!" and feel a nd of complacency in saying so. But that men should not feel regret most melancholy. A man will say, that he is conscious he is not prered to die, if there be such a place as is designated by the term Heaven; d you will be astonished to look in his face, and to observe how lightly says so, without feeling the force and terror of such a declaration. ow, the expression we have read, is one that should never have been id to an inspired Apostle, who was empowered to work miracles, and to nvey thoughts from God to men. When expressions indicating such a retched state of mind are used, it is desirable that some one should admish men, constrain them to think of their state more deeply, make em turn their thoughts back again, and lead them into quite a different te of thought. In this instance there was such a person, the Apostle ul. There was a much less reflective hearer present, the Roman Gornor, Festus, who exclaimed, "Much learning hath made thee mad." mark, how easy it is for proud men of the world to say this to men eaking the truths of religion, and denouncing the judgments of God: ey think it a very easy thing to meet the displays of the divine autho-ty; they do not think it worth while to weigh the force of evidence ought forward *on great occasions*; they suppose that the first words

that occur to their minds will do; if the first suggestion is madness, of what consequence is that? No matter that the men upon whom they bring this charge are endowed with power from heaven. If men do not feel the weight of solemn declarations, you know this is a common way of meeting striking displays of character. A man will not be able to go far into society, remonstrating against sundry vices and vanities, before the defenders of them call him mad. How many things of this kind could you trust yourself to go through society and animadvert upon, without reckoning on such treatment? But it belongs to apostolic spirits to disregard all this; to possess a sublime and dignified indifference to the opinions of men. Teachers of religion should not be concerned for the effect that accompanies their doctrine, merely as it regards themselves, but to follow Jesus Christ; not to care in the slightest degree, provided they can gain attention to the cause they advocate, and of which they should be the examples.

Many, perhaps, are of the opinion of Festus with regard to Paul; and if he had good grounds for thinking as he did, all persons ought to regard the apostle in the same light; for what do we mean, principally, by a man being beside himself, but acting contrary to reason? Let those who are not convinced pronounce thus on St. Paul: for there were no reasons for Paul's being a christian but such as should be sufficient for them. But there are none for *them*, none of practical force, and yet they do not accuse themselves of acting contrary to reason. Well, then, admit the force of this reasoning, and we must needs pronounce *him* mad. The Apostle Paul was mad, or they and we should be christians. When we feel the defective force of christianity, we ought to examine how it is that reasons, which had irresistible conviction on other men (Paul and the rest of the apostles, for instance), have so much less effect upon us. If we complain of an untoward nature, is not the force that was applied to him sufficient to change all human natures? We should not rest contented under this weight of fault. Probably Paul never felt more triumph, more elevation of spirit, than when avowing his religion before these powerful men. It is a happy thing to have such a feeling; to exult in the avowal of our sentiments in any possible situations; to be able to say, "My object is worth it, I cannot be too decided; there are no lengths I can go which my cause does not deserve I should go!" It is a very happy state, to feel one has a cause worth every degree of courage. This is a very important rule by which to try a system of life—how far one can feel reasonable in avowing it. Let every man place himself in thought in all places, and ask, Would my cause be worth dying for? Is it a kind of interest for which no boldness would be too great? This would give a dignity to character. Now, how many causes are there in which men's pursuits would not bear such a test! In many cases, a man would feel confounded and dishonoured by the cause he loved. Why do not men think of their state? Why do they not feel how little satisfaction it can afford them to die in such a state, or to suffer persecution? It is like a man dancing, or fighting, or building on a shifting sand; the more exertions he makes, the more the unhappy man sinks. We may observe, that every christian should seek this kind of courage—to avow his Master and his cause every where, among every class of men. A good man should seek for courage to declare for God's cause before the most thoughtless, or gay, or unbelieving, or the powerful and unjust, remembering what Jesus Christ said, "Whosoever is ashamed of me, of him will the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his *Father's, and of* the holy angels" (Luke ix. 26). The christian cause is *superlatively excellent* in keeping its advocates' spirits high. Christianity

gives a man the assurance that he may venture anything, and never fear the treacherous nature of the ground; infinite firmness bears him up: nothing can make a revelation to discover fraud or weakness; the more demanded of it, the more it gives; the stronger the trial, the greater the power it puts forth. Here was Paul; he endured almost every sort of vexation and grievance, at every moment of his existence—see the consequences; what did all this effect? It was impossible to persecute, to scourge him out of his religion; and history tells us that crucifixion could not dissolve the union—nothing could separate him from the love of Christ. Though he suffered everything that malice could inflict, still this hated religion clung to him whole and complete; and that is another test—if, having trials, we find our cause worthy. It is barely possible that a bad cause may infuse a degree of affection for it, but this is very rare among the children of men; they must have something to reward them for it. We may apply to the apostle, in an opposite sense, what was said of the incorrigibly wicked, "The Ethiopian might change his skin, and the leopard his spots, sooner than he could learn to do evil." There was a kind of absoluteness of impotency in the apostle to do evil. This distinguished heroism much affected King Agrippa; and it was no small testimony from a heathen high magistrate when he said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian." You may be assured, this king and judge was not easily surprised into words of which he would afterwards be ashamed. The impression on his mind must have been great, to make him utter these words, and this, too, just after another noble Roman had accused Paul of insanity. It is striking to see how much powerful effect might be produced on a man who did not feel the final constraining power of Christianity. Nothing can occasion, to a serious mind, deeper melancholy, than to mark what a divine impulse, what a strong radiance and sun-shine of truth, can pass through the mind, and then vanish for ever. It was as if heaven's gate had been opened, and he had consented that it should be shut again. It is very grievous, that men should irresistibly bear testimony to what Christ testifies, and that this testimony of conviction should not go into the practical convictions of life. The minds of young persons are sometimes affected by the clear convictions of truth, and nothing is more affecting than to see them, in a little time, given up to vanity as before. This proud heathen came so near conversion and happiness, but then all passed bye. Sometimes we see the commencement, and say, such is the right feeling,—there is the homage to the gospel,—there is a confession of the glory of christianity,—*that* is how the mind should be,—why may it not go on to a confirmed state? But, if you watch it, you see it passing away, and the world and sin coming forward again. We must feel great regret at this state of the human mind. Sometimes you may hear persons make very strange affirmations—they will very calmly confess they once felt very powerful impressions of divine objects; but it is so now no longer. There are very few visages of men you could look upon with more sadness, than upon these: to think that such and such a man has been touched, but the divine element has passed away, that celestial agency is gone bye. Now he heeds not the divine judgments, though they must needs be coming nearer and nearer; though he is still exposed to everything in the train of destruction, and is willing to suffer the consequences.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian." "And Paul (we are told) said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds" (Acts xxvi. 29). Now Paul's reply was perhaps the best that could be given. But we may imagine several replies not impertinent.

Indeed! almost *persuaded!* What! so soon shaken in mind with regard to the great object of religion! What hast thou been thinking of so long, that all thou hast heard before has lost its power? Hast thou not had a religion? Hast thou passed so many years and not made a choice? Can all the arguments thou hast heard be of no avail? Is there a power here which reverses all other statements? How couldst thou be content in such a state—satisfied to go on without any weighty and solid proof, in a state that thus admits of being shaken in a moment? Is this the first time thou hast conceived anything like suspicion of thy religion? What hast thou been doing, without serious reflections on religion and duty? What solemn sounds hast thou now heard, coming from death and judgment? People will go on this way twenty or thirty years, though the ground has been proved unsound and hollow; and they will go on till that very truth comes with greater force, not a new truth, only an old one with more effective energy.

"*Almost* thou persuadest me." What! not quite convinced? Have I not told thee in a most absolute and decided form? Have not the revelations of eternity and heaven had any effect? What can truth do more if it fails to persuade? What is there besides? I have but truth to tell. So you may say to all you teach. There is no other resource within the compass of human power. I can now only surrender you to the divine mercy. Yet it is a grievous and sad thing for a friend of man to make this surrender. If a man will not choose to comply, what will persuade? What will convince, in addition to what has been said? Here are the statements of sacred truth, carrying so much weight, that not God himself can make any addition, and yet all will only *almost* persuade. This very representation should produce a great emotion in the mind. How is it (a man may ask himself) that every particle of my soul has not been reached? How far am I affected by what has come to me? and *that* has come which should convince a whole world. What shall I pronounce of that part of my mind which holds out against all the force and eloquence of heaven? All the radiance of the divine throne, coming down in the glory of Christ, and in the terrors of the law, has not persuaded me. If we could induce men to think of the state of their minds, it would lead to melancholy and useful reflections. But they cannot be induced to mark the consequences of being thus imperfectly persuaded. Let us still press the enquiry. Why have you not gone the length of an apostle? *When* do you think complete conviction will take place? What will induce you at a future time? Let us be thankful that there is conscience in the human breast. We hope that many minds will be totally persuaded. How many things have a tendency to this persuasion! Who can number all the thoughts that will come upon this total conviction? Not more vanities before, than serious reflections now, will come to admonish and remind. Think of the sparing mercy of God; of the Redeemer, in how many lights; of the gospel, in how many displays; of all the facts and arguments brought forward by Jesus Christ and his apostles. How wretched not to be affected by these thoughts! Shall we pass through the whole length of life and not think about them? There is need of all the multitude of serious thoughts that can be drawn around our minds. If they begin to come, they will not soon be exhausted; they cannot, through the whole course of our existence; they will multiply round a mind properly disposed; come in infinite numbers, and bring upon our minds, otherwise the victims of vanity, the whole weight and force of truth.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a *christian.*" But, what is it to be *a christian?* Paul's reply shews it is to be like him. In wishing Agrippa,

and the other persons present, to be like himself, he did not wish more or less, than that they should be christians. What is essential? The same seriousness; the same devotion to his Master, the Messiah of the world; to know not the *truths doctrinally*, but the *facts practically*. To be a christian, is, to let in the entire truth; to say, all this relates to *me*. We must open the mind to receive all; offer the mind to receive the force of all; let the truth come home. If we feel it imperfectly, let us, at the next turn, feel it emphatically—let us apply for salvation to Jesus Christ. This involves repentance—a conviction of our lost state without a Redeemer. A complete surrender must be made of pride and self-righteousness, and of the soul to Jesus Christ, to be sanctified and governed by him. There must be a practical devotion of the soul to God. All these are just the elements merely of the christian character; with less than this, a man cannot deem himself a christian. If he has not such an earnest concern for christianity, he cannot consider himself in a progress towards that happy state, to which christianity is leading its true disciples. Enquire what state we are pursuing. Are we the servants of that great Lord who has so few on earth, and who ought to have all?

Still, there have been many but partially persuaded. If we could see into the state of their minds—what striking thoughts come; but, the next moment, vanity succeeds, and takes all away! Men, in trying circumstances—in sickness, on the death of relations, &c.—sometimes feel very powerful impressions of religion, have found an insufficiency in the thing they loved, and were pursuing. Religion—that is the great, the only thing! When disappointed in worldly hope, some have thought for a moment, I will turn to religion; but they will never turn effectually till God changes the heart. It is very melancholy to see men go back again; have recourse to what has again and again disappointed them, and this, too, when the world tells the same thing that religion does. What does religion say about the world? That it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. Does not the world say the same? Can the lovers of pleasure come forward and say they are happy? In short, whatever religion teaches concerning the world, the world says the same thing.

How many griefs of conscience occur to men that idolize the world! There would be some ground of hesitation, if the testimony of divine revelation differed from that of the world. If the world should say, "My ways are ways of pleasantness, and my paths are peace," then you would have to settle the fact. But since all make the same assertion, you may derive additional proofs of the excellence and truth of religion. The result of all experience makes it more strange, that men can accept as a God, what they have found out to be a devil; forget the reality, to embrace a vain shadow. It is a very sad thing to reflect, that there is a more mighty influence than God's. How it is so, we have only to examine the human mind. There is a strange schism in the soul—that the judgment can be so completely detatched from the active powers, as if a man were governed by one sense contrary to the evidence of another; as if a man should be influenced by sweet music, and drawn along a path to a place where he *sees* death before him. What infinite madness would that be! but, *such is* the state of *man*. There is the judgment—the power that sees; but his other powers control and persuade him directly contrary to the judging power. The wise man says, "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" but not so with respect to the human mind. There shall be no concealment—clear, manifest evil, and yet there is a power to influence the passions when clear light shines upon the judgment. This shews the necessity of a power, pure and irresistible, which shall not conform to human reason, but comes with a force directly divine.

Nothing is more clear, than that the passions may persuade against conviction. This proves the lost condition of intelligent beings on this earth. But, then, what cause have we to entreat the Divine Power for ourselves, and our fellow-mortals, that this mighty power may come upon us all! It might have been enough to be almost christians, if Christ had only *almost* effected the atonement—*almost* opened the gates of heaven; then such a state of mind would have corresponded with the imperfect work of the great Leader of christianity.

But shall we leave this to the casualties of futurity? Can you make up your minds to this state! Can you sink into any kind or condition of tranquillity, when ruin, irretrievable, will surely follow? It should impel you to a throne of mercy. It is quite time to entreat God to break the fascination; to perform a miracle of grace. And it is necessary that those who endeavour to persuade others, should have recourse to infinite power. It is a very gratifying thing, to think that we have so many assurances of mercy; that God is ready to bestow his Holy Spirit, to operate upon our minds, and, in a certain extent, to attend all our endeavours. *This* must mingle with all our exertions. We shall surely find, in all our efforts, some interference of a superior power. This is high consolation—a most animating consideration. Let us entreat God to give that influence to us, to attend our efforts, and to make the voice of truth more powerful than it has ever been since the times of the apostles and of Jesus Christ.

PERSECUTION FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

TO DISSENTERS.

Nothing is more universally repudiated, at the present day, than persecution for religion. The great mass of *English* Roman Catholics, in spite of the Council of Trent, not merely reject it in words, but dislike it in heart. Protestant denominations all disown it. Infidelity—which we are inclined to think will be the last and most savage of persecutors—at present deems religion *beneath* persecution. It is a merciful dispensation, that since 1688, all parties have become growingly ashamed of legislative penalties for differences of faith, and some advance has been made even in discrediting those forms of intolerant vindictiveness which law can neither use nor prohibit.

It may, however, be useful to survey the whole question briefly, and especially to ask, How far are *we* Protestant Dissenters still liable to this most odious of sins?

It was a most just remark of the Tory Lord Aberdeen, in his place in the House of Lords, that, owing to the advance of civilization, what, in a former age, would not have been felt as persecution, is truly so now. Dissenters only wish his Lordship to carry out this remark consistently, and they are confident that he must perceive, that, in the nineteenth century, to establish one sect is to persecute the rest. To pass by the degrading tribute of Church rates and Easter dues,—the subjection of Dissenters to the ecclesiastical courts—courts, *christian!* as they call them, of a hostile hierarchy,—the special honours and dignities conferred on Episcopalians,—and pronouncing Dissenting opinions a disqualification for the Chief Magistracy of the realm;—to pass by these and many other kinds of persecution *peculiar* to the English Establishment, the mere circumstance of *one* sect being selected for State favour and State pay, is a disparagement to all the rest,—a disparagement which, in *a highly civilized* country, is growingly felt to be unworthy of men, of *Englishmen especially*. Enlightened Dissenters feel this universally,

many of all classes are rapidly perceiving it, and an Establishment, as an Establishment, is now justly reckoned one of the forms of persecution.

Again, many of the Ecclesiastical bodies are, by their very constitution, persecuting bodies. We know of no persecutions more unscriptural, vindictive, and barbarous, than those of the Methodist Conference at the present time. The system of brotherly questioning, to make a man condemn himself,—the close and clerical tribunals by which excellent christians are deprived of all their denominational privileges, are not only close imitations of the Inquisition, but for England in the nineteenth century, worse than the Inquisition in Italy or Spain in the fifteenth. The universal disgust awakened by these proceedings, in the minds of all but Conference men and their slaves, is a hopeful sign of the times, and, combined with such manifestations as those of Henry of Exeter, in the Establishment, will do much to overthrow the power of priestcraft, whether voluntary or established. The Free Church of Scotland, also, has not been wanting in exhibitions of the temper natural to ecclesiastical organizations. In one case it ejected an excellent young minister, who only proposed that they should take into consideration a *persecuting* article in their "Standards," which is quite inconsistent with their own present relations to the civil magistrate, as well as a disgrace to any church. We have also seen instances in which Baptist and Pædobaptist "*Associations*" have used the slight power of organization belonging to them, for very questionable purposes.

But the persecution most keenly felt at the present day, is of a kind more difficult to describe, though quite as impossible to justify, especially amongst Protestants. In the Church itself, the better men condemn, with deserved scorn, the county voter and squire who punish Nonconformity by dismissal from employment or farms, or exclusion from public charities; but few as yet condemn that exclusion from our kindlier feelings, and that chilling suspicion with which most regard the honest investigator whose enquiries lead him far from the views in which he formerly agreed with us. To *name* any of such differences might, alas, but arouse the spirit we deprecate. Perhaps we may convey our meaning without doing so. The present is an age in which theological questions are discussed with a general freedom hitherto unknown. The controversies of the learned find their way into Reading Societies, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Societies, and the more intelligent circle of youthful, middle life especially. Amongst this class, the spirit of enquiry is wonderfully aroused. Not the profane, vice-loving scepticism of a former age, which sought in disbelief emancipation from the terrors of conscience; but a serious desire to know what is *true*. So much, not only amongst Churchmen, but with Dissenters, too, has been taken for granted, or assumed on doubtful grounds, that enquiring minds, first discovering some of these weaker points, are led to fear and tremble for the whole fabric of the Temple of Truth in which they have hitherto worshiped. This state of doubt is natural; we might say inevitable. Whatever fault there is, must belong to those instructors who have sought rather to keep difficulties out of the way of their pupils or hearers, and who have taught subordinate and doubtful matters as all important, or as unquestioned. Yet the too common practice is, to answer the honest difficulties of a perplexed mind, not by candid acknowledgments that some measure of uncertainty really exists,—that there are, possibly, presumptions against the common view very difficult to be met,—yet placing, on the other hand, the fair *balance* of evidence in view of the enquirer,—the easier and lazier course is taken, of denouncing all such enquiries as the first step to infidelity, or the leaven of *Germanism*; and if the enquirer cannot be awed out of his perplexities,

by exclamations in the place of arguments, he is treated as a dangerous man, looked upon with coolness, credit for *honesty* is denied him—a charge which his own heart assures him, perhaps, is the most false of all—and thus he is driven from the circle of orthodoxy for venturing to look only beyond it. Now, this is real persecution. It may "destroy a brother for whom Christ died." We plead not for self-conceit, vanity, or captiousness; but christians, especially christian teachers, should qualify themselves to enter into the difficulties of the thoughtful and enquiring. And these difficulties are no longer the theological quibbles of the past generation; they are far more important, and should be dealt with accordingly.

Amidst the discussions of the present day, too, it is quite natural that many should be led to pass from one denomination to another. In such cases, how difficult is it to avoid those unkindly thoughts and expressions which are harder to bear than, perhaps, stripes or imprisonment. Again we do not plead for vacillation and levity, much less for manifest giving way to pecuniary, fashionable, or any worldly seductions in matters of religion and truth; but let us take care of imputing such motives too hastily,—let us prefer the "charity which hopeth all things," to "judging, lest we be judged;" and even if compelled to doubt *motives*, let us act as much as possible towards others according to their *professed* intentions and principles. We have not room for more at present; but we would earnestly exhort all whom our suggestions might influence, to guard more than ever against defending old opinions, by merely raising a hue and cry against new ones. It is the sure way to repel all the more active minds; while patience, kindness, fairness, and adequate information, must, in due time, gain the triumph for truth in every honest mind.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"All things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—*Matt.* xxi. 22.

Some have supposed that this promise is to be confined to miracles, but this is a mistake. It is as much intended for us as it was for the first disciples. Look at the parallel passage in Mark xi. 22—26. Jesus directs his disciples to exercise "faith in God," assures them that the prayer of faith shall be answered; and requires them to exercise a forgiving spirit, as they would hope to be forgiven; which is as much binding on us as on them. He says, "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." Look also at Luke xi. 5—13. He delivers a parable to shew the power of importunate prayer, and then says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened," &c. Here he positively promises, that every one that heartily asks, honestly seeks, and importunately knocks, shall be attended to; but faith is supposed, and is necessary to such asking, seeking, and knocking. Once more, look at James i. 5—7. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything from the Lord." Here you see faith *is required*, and without faith we are told not to expect an answer to our

prayer. What the Lord may please to do in his sovereignty, over and above what he has promised, is one thing; and what his word warrants us to expect, is another and very different thing. God will never be worse than his word; but he may do more than he has promised.

The prayer of faith supposes that the person praying is a believer, that he believes that God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. That he is united to Christ, and abides in fellowship with Christ, as it is written, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John xv. 7). Also, that his heart is set against all sin; for if one sin is indulged, if one idol is spared, God is dishonoured and provoked to jealousy; and it is not to be expected that he will indulge those who violate his commands and encourage his foes. Hence the Psalmist, in so many words, says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me" (Psalm lxvi. 18). But if we believe in God as revealed in Jesus,—if we are united to Christ and abide in communion with him,—if our hearts are weaned from, and set against all sin, we are prepared to pray in faith.

In order to exercise faith in prayer, we must only pray for what we really want. God has promised to supply our necessities, but not to gratify our fancies. If we *want* what we ask of God, we shall not talk before him, or offer compliments to him, but we shall heartily plead with him. Or we must heartily desire the blessings which we seek, for desire is the soul of prayer, and to the desire the promise is made, as you read, (Ps. cxlv. 19), "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them." Much is said in prayer to God, which is anything but pleading with God, or the utterance of heartfelt desire to God. "But the desire of the righteous shall be granted." We must only pray for what God has promised. I cannot consistently believe that God will give me anything, except he has promised in his word to do so. If, therefore, I desire anything for myself, my family, the church, my country, or the world, I must first ask, Is there any particular promise in which God has said that he will give it? If there is not, then, Is the blessing I desire included in any of the more general promises? Again, Does the promise refer to any particular circumstance? If so, are the circumstances present? Or is it made to the exercise of any particular grace, or peculiar state of mind? If so, have I that grace in exercise, or is my mind in the state required? Attention to these particulars will prevent many mistakes, and painful disappointments. For instance, I pray for some blessing, but I have enmity in my heart against some one; or there is a disagreement between me and a fellow-christian, and I refuse *to go and seek to be reconciled to my brother;* now God will not hear me; I thought if I prayed loud and long he would; he does not; I am grieved, irritated, and disappointed. But I ought not to be, for God has said, "First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come" (Matt. v. 24); this I have neglected; in so doing, I have regarded "iniquity in my heart," and under such circumstances God could not hear my prayer.

If we would have faith in prayer, we must, when praying, realize God as present with us, and listening to us. It is often the case that we seem to be praying in an empty room, or to a being at a great distance from us. This is wrong. We address a present God. One who stands before us in all his glorious perfections, and who is waiting to receive our petitions, and bless our souls. The heart is never right in prayer, except we realize that we are alone with God, or that God is attending to us as if he had nothing else to attend to. We must solemnly prostrate ourselves before God, not so much the body as the soul. Thus did Abraham, though he was emphatically God's friend,—though God stood before him in a human

form,—yet he prostrated all his powers before God, and was filled with solemn awe; hence he says, "Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak." "Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord which am but dust and ashes," &c. (Gen. xviii. 27.) When faith is strongest, our solemnity before God will be deepest; and when indulgence most, we shall lie lowest. We must also steadily rely, for the acceptance of our persons and prayers, on the sacrifice of Christ. There is no coming before God acceptably but in the name of Jesus; nor will true faith ever venture into God's presence but with the blood of atonement in hand. If we realize God's presence, prostrate our souls before God's throne, and rest heartily on Christ's finished work, we may pray in faith.

The believing intended by our Lord, is *confidence in God.* We give him confident that he is "good, ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon him" (Ps. lxxxvi. 5). We feel certain that his word is true, that he means what he has said in his promises, that he is in the same mind now as he was when he made them. That having promised to give good things to them that ask him out of pure love, to glorify his own rich grace, and to bring honour to his own name as a character, he will not now forfeit his word, or refuse our petitions. We are, therefore, inwardly and powerfully persuaded that he will give us what we ask, because he is so good, and has promised to do so in his word. Thus we give credit to his word, rely on his veracity, and place confidence in his faithfulness. We ask in faith. We believe God will give. We have the witness in ourselves, that God will hear and answer us: for our "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" or "the confident expectation of things hoped for, the perfect persuasion of things not seen."

This faith always keeps God's glory in view, attending to the apostolic admonition, "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The first enquiry, therefore, of a person under the influence of this principle is, when prompted to ask anything in prayer, "Will this honour God? Will it bring glory to his holy name? Will it further his blessed cause? Will it deepen my sanctification?" And if it is clearly seen that it will do so, then the man goes and confidently asks for it. True faith always consents that the flesh should be mortified. It will not spare the old man, but will put him off with his deeds. It will have the flesh dragged to the cross, to which it is nailed the Saviour, and have it put to shame and pain. It will bring down our pride, self-importance, worldliness, and love of ease; thus purifying the heart, and making us vessels "of honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." It breathes universal benevolence. It harbours no unkind thoughts. It indulges no proud spirit. It feeds no bitter temper. But it loves tenderly and heartily all who love the Saviour; it pities, prays for, and strives to benefit all who are yet in their sins.

This faith will produce earnestness. We shall ask as if we really desired to possess. We shall plead for the blessing as if we could not live without it. The desire springing from the depths of the soul, will ascend and enter into the heart of God. It will make us importunate. We shall not only ask, but seek; not only seek, but knock; not only knock, but continue knocking until mercy's door is thrown wide open. Like the woman of Canaan, we shall pray, plead, and persevere, until our Lord says, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Like the man that went to his friend at midnight, who would take nothing for an answer but loaves for which he went, we shall agonize until we prevail. Like the *widow* who went to seek relief from the unjust judge, we shall go, *go, and go,* until we obtain what we seek. God's elect cry day and night

unto him, until he arise and have mercy upon them. This faith will awaken expectation. We shall wait, watch, and expect that the Lord will do as he has said, give as he has promised, and answer prayer according to his word. Earnest, importunate pleaders with God, always expect to be answered, and they are never disappointed.

Faith honours God, for it commits the soul to him, and seeks every blessing from him. It leaves the time when, the place where, and the means by which, the answer shall be given to the Lord. It never dictates to infinite wisdom, complains of infinite love, or doubts the faithfulness of the Most High. It leaves everything for him, or holds everything loosely, ready to surrender it at his command: and when all is gone for Christ and his cause, it rises like the lark from its torn nest and sings, "Doubtless I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him" (Phil. iii. 8, 9).

God honours faith, by conferring much upon it. Indeed he never says it nay. The Saviour has put a blank into the hand of faith signed with his own name; he says, "Fill it up, ask for what you please, and go to my Father for it, and I give you my word that he will bestow it." "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you" (John xvi. 23). Yea, he engages to give it himself, that his father may be honoured by his so doing; hence we read, "I go unto my Father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John xiv. 12, 13). God ascribes much to faith. Yea, he ascribes more to faith, than to any exercise of the human mind, any work wrought by any of his creatures, or any other grace of his Holy Spirit. It is faith that has power with God and prevails. Faith opens heaven, unlocks God's treasury, presents God's promises for payment, and brings numerous, invaluable, and everlasting blessings into our possession. Lord, increase our faith! Holy Spirit, help us to pray in faith: and may it be said of us, as it was of Abraham, "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform" (Rom. iv. 20, 21).

Claremont-Street, Shrewsbury.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Altered from the French of M. de Lamartine.

I hear a voice of solemn sound,
While weeping friends my bed surround;
  Is it for *me*, this torch-lit gloom?
Is Death's cold hand upon my brow,
The last, last time? Am I waking now
  On the brink of the tomb?

Oh, precious spark of a fire divine
That tenanted this form of mine,
  Fear not! Death brings thee liberty;
Fly hence, my soul! Unloose thy chains,
Away with the clog of thy mortal remains,—
  Is it thus that they die?

But ah! and alas! As my soul flies home,
To my ear sad sounds of mourning come;
  Comrades of exile! Why weep o'er my fate?
Already I drink from a cup divine,
A lethe of woe as this soul of mine
  Enters the heavenly gate!

Maria J. E.

Tales and Sketches.

PAY YOUR MINISTER.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

"Has Mr. Scott's bill been sent over lately?" asked a grocer, gruffly.

"Yes, Sir; I take it every time I go a dunning," answered the boy.

"Well, what does he say?"

"He hasn't got the money; that's what he always says."

"Well, go again; these ministers are salaried men, and they ought to pay. Wonder what they do with their money. Practice before precept, I say. I want no better religion than to pay my debts,"—a smirk of satisfaction played over his hard features. "Here, take this bill; I'll drive him till I get it,—give him a touch of the law,—yes,—no,—go, Bill."

"He won't pay, I know," muttered Bill, walking off.

A knock at Mr. Scott's door; Mary answered the summons.

"I want to see Mr. Scott," demanded the boy. Up flew Mary to the study door; gently opening it, and on tip-toe peeping in—"Papa, please come down, a boy wants you;" and as he put aside his pen and slowly arose, Mary jumped in and nestled her little hand lovingly in his. "I'll lead you, father,—it's that Mr. Cook's boy." Ah! Mary little dreamed how drearily the information fell upon her father's ear.

"Is it?"—he stops—"perhaps, then, you had better go down and ask him to send up his message, for I am busy,"—he hesitates,—"no, Mary, stop, I will go myself. These are exigencies I *must* meet," he added to himself, pressing his lips firmly together, lest an impatient or repining thought might seek an utterance.

"Here's Mr. Cook's bill, and he says he wants the pay now," was the familiar greeting that Mr. Scott met at the door,—altogether too familiar had the poor man become with messages of a similar character.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Cook's bill,"—taking the bill in one hand, and thrusting the other into his pocket, more from habit than expectation that it would come in contact with anything else than the two keys which he sometimes jingled together, in the pleasing illusion that they sounded like change. "*I believe I am quite* out of money now; *but tell Mr. Cook I will* try and send it over *soon.*"

"How soon?" asked the boy, impatiently; "that's what you said before."

A deep flush passed over the minister's face as he mildly answered, "Just as soon as I can;" and experience told him but too painfully that his "soon" had no very definite boundaries. The boy departed.

"Come, my little girl, I want you to go on an errand; ask your mother to put on your things," said Mr. Scott, trying to be cheerful.

"Mother has laid down for a little while; I can dress myself," and away she skipped.

Mr. Scott returned to his study, and wrote an urgent request to the Treasurer of his Society, soliciting some payment of the long and unpaid arrears of his last year's salary.

"I'm ready, father," said Mary, at his elbow, just as he had finished.

"My dear, you will be cold; have you nothing to wear on your neck but this?" said the father, taking a corner of a thin 'kerchief in his hand; "why, it's November, and it is very cold out!"

"Mother 's got the shawl; I've been down in the kitchen, and am warm. It is very cold up here, father; why don't you have a fire in your study, where you sit and study so much? Don't your fingers freeze, father?"

"I should be very glad to have one," said the minister in a slight desponding tone; "but we cannot have everything we want in this world, Mary."

"We shan't want fires in heaven, shall we, father?"

"Thank God, no, Mary," and he hastily brushed away the starting tear. "Carry this note over to Mr. Goodwin, and wait for an answer. Run, and then you will be warm."

Away the child sped. The minister took a few turns in the narrow precincts of his study, rubbed his hands, buttoned up his threadbare coat, and then resumed his chair and pen. Half an hour, and back came the little messenger. At the patting of her little feet on the stairs, hope and fear, and fear and hope, rose and fell in his bosom, and as he turned round and beheld her happy, rosy face, a bright vision of bank bills flitted before him.

"So you have got it," he said, cheerily and thankfully.

"No, father; he says he is *very* sorry, but he has not got a dollar for you yet; he says he hopes he shall soon; he is very sorry."

Who that has not been similarly situated can describe the heart-sickening which followed such an announcement?

"He says he is *very* sorry," added Mary again, as if fearing her father needed consolation.

"Oh, very well, thank you, my dear; now run down and help mother."

"I'm going to get dinner if mother is not able to get up; she will let me."

"See what a fine dinner you can get;" and the minister could not have restrained a sigh had he suffered himself to count the probabilities of future dinners; but then he remembered the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, and a trusting love stole over his bosom, and he felt he was in a Father's house, and under a Father's care.

In due time came the dinner hour. "Mother does not feel well enough to get up, but she wants you to sit down with us children," said Mary, again presenting herself at the study door.

Mr. Scott proceeded to the bedroom. "Are you no better, Sarah?" he asked, tenderly taking the thin hand of his wife, upon whose arm lay a sickly, purple infant of five weeks. "You ought not so soon to have tried to do the work; the weather is cold, and you have exposed yourself too much, I fear."

"Ought not, are hard words," answered the wife, faintly smiling. "I hope I shall be better soon, for we cannot afford to hire. If we only had the flannel, dear, I could be sitting up making that, while I am too feeble to do much about the house. I am afraid you suffer for your waistcoats. I think flannel would strengthen me. If you could let me have a little money, I don't know but Mary could get it; she went with me to look at it."

"Mother, Polly Mardon 's at the door," said Mary; "she says she wants to speak to you a minute; can she, Mother?"

"I suppose she wants the money for your pantaloons, dear," said the wife, addressing the husband; "can you let me have it? Ask her into the kitchen, Mary."

"Sarah, I have not a cent in the world, and I have not had one these five weeks; my salary is not paid, and now winter is coming with cold and debts, and perhaps hunger staring us in the face," and the poor minister, quite overcome by the accumulation of debts and necessities, felt unnerved in spite of himself. Fearing to distress his wife, he hastily arose and retired to his cold and comfortless study, there to betake himself to the Lord, and cast all the burdens of his cares upon Him who careth for him. Through many a season of hardship and sore distress had his strength been renewed and his heart encouraged at the throne of mercy.

Consecrated to God in infancy by pious parents, he early became the subject of renewing grace, and resolved to devote himself to the ministry. To reach this, for ten long years he had struggled through amazing difficulties. His collegiate and theological course could have borne witness to watchings and self-denials, which nothing could have sustained but intense love for the work. Thoroughly trained for his high and responsible calling, he entered upon his duties with a heart filled with his Master's love for the souls of his fellow-men. He became settled in the ministry, expecting at least to receive a sufficient return for his labours of love. Like his, the lives of many devoted ministers are clouded by anxiety about the maintenance of their families. They labour hard, and preach, and study, and watch, and pray; they sacrifice health, bodily ease, and personal comfort, for the good of souls under their charge; and what poor returns do they often receive; how wretchedly and reluctantly paid for their blessed ministrations!

Shall not such a labourer be suitably rewarded? Shall he not be kept above a painful sense of want? Shall his mind be turned from his great and solemn duties by the fearful forebodings, "How will the two ends of the year meet?" Oh, shame on the christian church and christian communities that this should ever be the fact! Let every individual who enjoys the exalted privileges of an intelligent christian ministry, look to it that he is not amiss about granting it an adequate support. Let every individual behold the distinguished blessings, temporal, intellectual, and spiritual, of an intelligent gospel ministry, and be in season to "pay his minister."

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Nineteen years ago, in one of the principal streets of lower New York, where at present scarce anything else is heard but the din and

bustle of commerce, stood a little church. Connected with it was a flourishing Sunday school; and Sabbath after Sabbath might be seen the little children, neatly attired, and with their bibles in their hands, pursuing their way to this place of divine instruction.

In one corner of the school-room sat a faithful teacher. Sabbath after Sabbath, through rain and sunshine, punctual and regular, he might be seen at his post, surrounded by his little flock. But though so faithful in attendance and instruction, he perceived no fruit of his labours, and began to feel sad and discouraged. "Why would not the Lord bless him? He had been faithful. Why could he not have one of those infant souls so eagerly sought for the Saviour? Was God untrue to his promise? Had Jesus Christ ceased to love the little child?"

'Twas thus the teacher reasoned with himself, as one day he slowly paced his way homeward from that Sabbath school. He retired to his room, and sitting down alone, again thought of his infant souls, and how he might awaken them to a sense of their peril and a Saviour's love. His instruction, he thought, had perhaps been too general; had not pressed the gospel truth individually enough upon the minds of his dear children. True, he had spoken to them of their souls' salvation and the love of Christ—but it had been only in a general way; and being taken in a general way, it seemed to produce little or no effect. "I have not," said he, "perhaps been sufficiently pointed in my remonstrances and entreaties with them to come to Christ."

Thinking thus within himself, he determined henceforth to make his instructions more direct and personal to the minds of his little flock. In that teacher's class was a little boy, whose attendance was almost as regular as that of his instructor. He loved his teacher, and his teacher loved him, and he never met him but the face of little Theodore became radiant with delight.

Now, in this determination to individualize his instruction, the teacher had selected that little boy as the one with whom he should first commence his new method. He thought within himself, "How can I best accomplish it? It would hardly do to make him the principal subject and point of instruction and remark before the whole class, and yet the time would hardly allow *for such instruction to every* other member. If he could see little Theodore alone, during the week, he might perhaps more effectually succeed in impressing his youthful mind, and so, in turn, the minds of his other little children."

On the following Sabbath, therefore, after the completion of the lesson, he turned to the little boy, who always sat at his right, and told him to call at his room, on such an afternoon of the week. Theodore retired to his home, thinking all the way what it could be the teacher wanted of him. "Perhaps he has some little present to give me—some little memorial of his friendship and love."

Wednesday afternoon came round, and at the appointed hour was heard the rap at the door. He entered, and found his teacher sitting all alone in one corner of the room, serious and thoughtful. The little boy laid down his hat, and seated himself by his side.

"Theodore," said the teacher, "do you know why I have asked you here this afternoon? I want to speak to you on a very solemn and important subject, and that subject is your soul's salvation."

The little boy's heart was moved, as his teacher proceeded to tell him of a Saviour's love (and yet it was nothing more or less than had been reiterated to him Sabbath after Sabbath); and still more moved and melted to tears, as side by side he knelt with that teacher before the throne of grace. Oh, with what earnestness did he there plead for the soul of his little scholar! It pierced the boy's heart. It fell like seed imperishable into broken soil.

Years passed on. That teacher and scholar had been separated, perhaps for ever. That little boy had grown up to manhood. He was still unregenerate and worldly. Oh, where was that teacher's prayer? Had it been poured for naught? Had that private remonstrance been of no avail? Ah, no! It had sent a thrill through that little child's heart which was enduring. It had touched a cord which continued to vibrate long after all other of that teacher's remarks and instructions had been forgotten. It had penetrated deep into his soul, and there it lay imperishable—engraven as with a pen of iron. That earnest, supplicating voice still resounded in the dark chambers of his heart. The earnest, agonizing look of that praying teacher's countenance seemed interwoven in the very texture of his soul.

there, as a sentinel it stood, amid the allurements of temptation, and amid the follies and delinquencies of youth, gently remonstrating and chiding by its presence. How often, when about to yield to sin, had the thought of that prayer suddenly risen up, as a spirit of the past, to restrain him from the intended evil!

But that was not all. That prayer not only produced its impression on earth. It had impressed the throne of God. From the lone corner of that Sabbath-school teacher's chamber, it had penetrated heaven, and before God's mercy-seat it lay, as yet unanswered, but not forgotten, by the God of grace. In time he sent his Spirit to work upon that young man's heart. Heavy and dark were the struggles in that soul, as grace fought for the mastery there. But successful it could not but be, and successful it was; for the prayer of faith had been offered for that soul, and we know that "the prayer of faith availeth much."

Nineteen long years have sped away, since scholar and teacher bent together before the mercy-seat. The teacher's name has long since been forgotten. The countenances of those class-mates, of the superintendent, and minister, of that Sunday-school and church, have long since faded from the memory of the past, and sunk into deep oblivion. But that last prayer will never—can never be forgotten. Like an oasis, it stands forth amid the desert of youthful folly and sin, a beacon light on the dark shore of the past—a monument upon which is inscribed "*a Sabbath-school Teacher's faithfulness and love.*"

Sabbath-school Instructor! Do you wish for success in your labours? Do you seek to sow imperishable seeds of truth, and create enduring impressions upon the youthful minds of your little flock? Let your instructions, and warnings, and entreaties, to the members of your little class, be more personal and direct. The common method of instruction is not enough. It is too general. Each one applies it to the other —no one to himself. Endeavour to individualize your instructions and remarks. Heat and light concentrated, are tenfold more powerful than diffused. And if God sees not fit immediately to reward your efforts, be not discouraged. You may be sowing seed which, after you are dead and gone—after your name and countenance have long since been forgotton upon earth —may spring up a glorious harvest to your *Redeemer's praise.*

THE FATHER AND THREE SONS.

It is said of a pious Mad of old, living in the East, having three sons and an immense fortune, that he made the following proposal to his sons, when they were grown to manhood:—"Go," said he, "my sons, from my roof for one month, and return; he that performs, during his absence, the best and noblest deed, shall receive one-half of my estate, and the other half shall be divided between the other two brothers." They went, and returned at the stipulated time. The eldest began the story of his month's philanthropy. "I was walking along the banks of one of our native streams, and I heard the shrieks of a female. I hastened to the spot from whence the cry proceeded, and lo! it was a mother in the very act of leaping into the flood to save her boy, an only child of four years old, who had unfortunately fallen in, and the waters were choking the avenues of life. Had the mother made the desperate leap, they both must have perished together. I bade her desist, and I plunged into the roaring current. By hard struggling and mighty efforts, I saved the drowning child, and restored him to the arms of the frantic, but now enraptured, mother."

"Thou hast, indeed, done nobly, my son; the pen of immortality shall record that deed, and the mother shall cherish thy memory with tears of gratitude. My second son, what hast thou to say?" "Father," said he, "in my journey, I found an old man lying on his couch, feeble and decrepid; he could not walk nor rise up. Two little children were left with him; their parents had gone to a neighbouring town, about ten miles distant. The old man was sighing heavily, and the children wept bitterly. The bleak winds murmured through the trees: the ground was covered with snow; the cold was piercing and terrible. 'And will your parents return to-night?' I enquired of the lad, as he stirred up the little fire on the hearth, which his flowing tears might have quenched. 'They have been gone four days,' was the reply, 'and we are starving, and can neither go for food, nor for father and mother!' I hurried back to the nearest house I had left, to obtain food for these famishing ones, and information of the parents. The former I procured, but of the latter I could obtain no tidings. I went in search of them, and when within a mile of the village, I was informed, to my amazement, that they had been found dead, having perished in the snow. I need

only say, these orphans, and the more helpless old man, are to share in my patrimony, whatever it may be."

The father burst into tears, and could only say, "The youngest brother." The youngest son now began:—"On my return homeward, having almost despaired of accomplishing my wishes, I found a man prostrate and bleeding on the cold ground. He was my *bitter enemy!* He must have perished in a few hours, had there been no assistance. I took him to a hospitable shelter, and he is rapidly recovering." "My dear boy," said the father, "to *thee*, to *thee*, belongs the reward! Were it the world, thou shouldst have it. Thou hast sanctified humanity, and spread the antepast of heaven. Thy brothers have done well, nobly; but thou hast acted God-like! Thine is the spirit of heaven; half my wealth is thine, and well may I entrust it to such a son."

Correspondence.

OUGHT THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF CHRIST TO BE MADE THE SUBJECTS OF ANNUAL RELIGIOUS COMMEMORATION?

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

In the April number of "The Church" appeared an article, entitled, "Ought the Birth and Death of Christ to be made the Subjects of Annual Religious Commemoration?" in which the negative was maintained with considerable ability. Yet there are some points—important, as I think—which your correspondent has overlooked, and to which, as the subject is of general interest, you will perhaps allow me, through your columns, to direct his attention.

The arguments of the writer are based upon the assumption, that the canon of Scripture is equally clear and explicit upon the government and observances of the church, as it is upon the vital doctrines of the gospel. On this I join issue.

In Scripture, the fundamental doctrines of the gospel are clearly and fully set forth; beyond all cavil or doubt, it is, therefore, the last and only court of appeal; and, hence, we find that amongst all who make Scripture their only guide, a unity of belief, in all essential points, is found to prevail. There is, however, a marked difference between the fulness and complete development of God's message of mercy in the New Testament,—and its passing and incidental allusions to some, and its entire silence upon other, important points connected with church government, order, and observances. Take, as an example, the *first of these.* Where is the one authoritative passage declaratory of the constitution of the church? Where does it inform us whether it be governed by a synod of Presbyters, an Episcopal officer, or by each separate congregation of the faithful? The differences of the most learned divines on the subject testify; whilst the more candid of all parties shrink from advancing an exclusive claim to divine institution or appointment on behalf of the respective systems to which they are attached.

But it may here be asked, what has this to do with the subject under review? I answer, if it can be shewn that even the constitution of the church of Christ is not clearly defined in Holy Scripture, so may there also be observances or practices connected therewith, and it rests with the impugner of them to prove that they are contrary to God's Word, derogatory to the ordinances of his express appointment, or in themselves inexpedient.

That there are observances which Scripture nowhere commands, but which it directly permits, is abundantly clear. We notice, as one instance, Fasting. Adopting the hypothesis of your correspondent, and abbreviating his syllogism, it would stand thus:—No observance or practice ought to be observed which is not commanded in Scripture. Fasting is nowhere commanded in Scripture, therefore the practice ought not to be observed. But our Saviour himself distinctly permits it. Addressing his disciples, he said, "*When ye fast*, do not ye as the Pharisees and hypocrites do." This is but a passing allusion, and precisely because it is so, it is the stronger argument that certain observances may have been practised by the first disciples without their having been even so much as mentioned in the written word.

But let us examine one or two passages

bearing on the question; and though I do not for one moment accuse the writer in "The Church" of a want of ingenuousness, it certainly is strange that when he quoted Galatians iv. 10, 11, "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years,—I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed labour in vain," he did not place in juxtaposition with it Romans xiv. 5, 6, "One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, *regardeth it unto the Lord;* and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, *to the Lord he eateth not,* and giveth God thanks." In Colossians ii. 16, the apostle thus speaks, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days." I put it to those who assert dogmatically, that the birth and death of Christ ought not to be religiously observed, whether *they* are not judging their brethren when they so condemn? Illustrating the above passages by each other, is it not evident that the great truth contained in them is christian liberty? and that such observances as the commemoration of the birth and death of Christ are lawful, so far as they tend to the edification of the church and the glory of God?

One word as to the origin of one of the days in question, *i. e.*, Christmas-day. The writer in "The Church" says, "We find a very ancient feast-day observed in England, called 'Yule-day,' prior to the introduction of christianity into this country by the Romish church. When christianity was thus introduced, that church seems to have grafted, so to speak, this religious observance upon the established national custom of a feast. We derive, then, not only the day, but the principle itself, from the Romish church." The attempt here made to account for a universal custom, practised both by the Eastern and Western churches, by assigning its origin to a heathen feast, in a country remote from all civilization, whose customs, habits, and language were almost unknown to their nearest neighbours—the Gauls, is a position I conceive so utterly untenable, that it is unnecessary to refer at length to it. That the Romish church has acted, and does now act, in all her missions, upon the principle alluded to, is too true. That she grafted "Christmas-day" upon "Yule-day" is possible enough, seeing that they occurred at the same time; but we are not, from this occurrence, to leap to the conclusion that this was the origin of Christmas-day, for there can be little doubt that holy-days were kept at a very early period, for we find bitter disputes—not whether Easter ought to be celebrated at all, but the proper time for so doing.

Again, the probability that the immediate disciples of our Lord celebrated the great events in their Master's life and death, is so strong as almost to amount to certainty. When the disciples met on the first day of the week, on the first anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection, can we suppose it possible that their thoughts did not recur to the great events which that day witnessed? that their hearts did not burn within them? Would their prayers have no reference to it? Did their hymns of praise not catch up the words, "Lo, he is not here, he is risen?" Christianity does not crush the natural and spontaneous feelings of human nature; and the conviction is forced upon us, that our Lord's first disciples would affectionately remember the principal events in their Master's history.

But I draw those hasty remarks to a close, by urging upon the attention of the readers of them their practical use, if they be in any measure founded on the truth. Is it not that the different sections of Christ's church should cherish a large-hearted toleration to those who, on indifferent points, differ from them? Is it not that christians should be slow to condemn their brethren in the faith, because they—in no unenlightened piety, but in spirit and in truth—commemorate their Saviour's nativity, death, resurrection, and glorious ascension? And, lastly, it teaches that so living in mutual concessions on points indifferent, they may so be built up together, more and more closely in their most holy faith, ripening for an eternity, where perfect happiness reigns, the least element of which will not be that they shall then see eye to eye, and shall know even as they are known.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. J. F.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Notices of Books.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER CARSON, LL.D. By GEORGE C. MOORE. Pp. 156. New York: E. H. Fletcher; London: Benj. L. Green.

The writer of this volume was, for a considerable time, a student under the roof of the venerated Dr. Carson; it was impossible, therefore, for him to fail to report much that was interesting and instructive concerning his subject; and as a *contribution* to the Biography of the great departed, it certainly is valuable, and deserves our thanks. But we must guard our readers against looking upon so meagre, and too evidently hastily executed a work as "*the* life" of Dr. Carson. Viewing it as intended to be such when we took it up, we were exceedingly disappointed with it in all respects. Such a man deserves a far better memorial than a small ill-arranged volume, the writer of which "had no time to consult models,"—was, "during the prosecution of his work, far from his home and library,"—and was actually travelling "thousands of miles on an arduous mission;" and, though Mr. Moore tells us in his preface that "critics may criticise as freely as they please," we cannot help thinking that he would have manifested more of that respect and affection for his tutor which certainly characterize him, if he had deferred his work until he could have devoted to it more time and care. The mental history of Dr. Carson, if it could be furnished, would be interesting and instructive in a very high degree; and we trust that, even yet, a work will be given us which will meet the hopes of Dr. Carson's admirers, and the claims of the religious world.

THE MODERN JUDEA, COMPARED WITH ANCIENT PROPHECY, WITH NOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF BIBLICAL SUBJECTS. By THE REV. J. A. WYLIE. Pp. 366. London: William Collins.

To a christian mind everything connected with "the goodly land," which was the theatre of so many of the events recorded in Old Testament narrative, and which was the chosen scene of our blessed Lord's life and death, must be interesting and profitable. The researches of Drs. Robinson and Wilson, and of many other equally *interesting, though perhaps* less learned, writers, have greatly increased our acquaintance of late with the present state of this land, and of its inhabitants; and in the volume before us Mr. Wylie, in his usual graphic style, has furnished us with a popular compendium of what is now known on the subject, as well with much interesting illustration of Scripture prophecy and history. Mr. Collins could scarcely have made a more appropriate addition to his excellent "Series;" and we gladly commend it to all, especially our youthful, readers.

THE BULWARKS OF PROTESTANTISM. By JAMES PATERSON, GLASGOW. Pp. 51. London: Benjamin L. Green.

A strong and earnest assertion and exposition of the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, and a development of the direction which Protestant exertion should take in view of the events occurring around us. Mr. Paterson thinks that a faithful holding of the doctrine of the right of private judgment is quite a sufficient antidote, as far as principle is concerned, to the lofty assumptions of Rome, and would be a preventive of the tendencies to Romanism amongst Protestant denominations: and the action he recommends is, first, a wider, more intelligent, and thorough diffusion of the knowledge of the great principle on which Protestantism stands: secondly, effort to extend and improve the education of the people: thirdly, a more extensive and energetic circulation of the Holy Scriptures, both at home and abroad. We have been gratified to find so much just thought and calm reasoning, with so much earnest and often eloquent writing, in this unpretending little work.

A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS AND CRUMBS, CONTAINING, IT IS HOPED, FEW OR NO CRUDE OR ACID SUBSTANCES, BUT MUCH SUBSTANTIAL NUTRIMENT, FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD. COMPILED BY MAJOR M. JOHN ROWLANDSON. Third Edition. Pp. 132. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

There are many precious "fragments" in this "Basket," and it contains much that will be both pleasing and profitable. The fact of its having reached a *third edition* is sufficient evidence of its popularity and excellence.

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE FISHER WILLY.

(From the German.)

(Concluded from page 138.)

The war-ship steered to the French coast, and on its arrival at Boulogne Willy was sent on shore as a prisoner,—the only booty the ship had brought. Being a mere boy, he was not placed in prison, but enjoyed kind treatment and the inhabitants of the town, although not particularly fond of England, had pity on him, comforted and cheered him, and called him into their houses to get something to eat; but although they had put him in the palace of a king, he would still have felt anxious and unhappy. My mother! my mother!" was the secret sigh of his heart day and night. He had doubtless received only the well-merited reward of his sin; that he did not question; but his mother must likewise bear the consequences of it. Who would nurse her now who would support and cheer her who would supply her wants! At last Willy came to the conclusion, "My mother has done nothing wrong; God will certainly take care of her." And then he kneeled down on the sea-shore, beneath a projecting rock, and prayed to the widow's God, confessed his sin, and asked forgiveness, for Christ's sake. His mind was now more at ease; but still the thought often sunk sadly into his soul, "My mother will die,—she will die,—without ever having heard what has become of me,—without having forgiven me,—and I am the cause of her death." Thoughts like these tormented him day and night, and at last he determined, at every hazard, to attempt to make his escape to England. If they get me again into their power," he said, they will certainly shut me up in a prison, with bread and water for my food, and never let me out again but if do not get back to my poor mother, she will die of grief and want." It was easier, however, to make such a resolution than to put it in execution. Where could the helpless boy find a vessel, and how, without being discovered, could he cross to the English coast? Just before the great rock where Willy was accustomed to sit and indulge in his melancholy reflections, a number of pieces of timber and broken planks lay strewed upon the strand, the remains of vessels that had been wrecked; and Willy came to the determination of constructing a raft, cheering himself with the hope of reaching some of the ships of the English fleet, which were lying in the channel to prevent Napoleon invading England. No sooner had he formed his plan than he set to work, in a sheltered spot concealed by a projecting rock. Fancy what an arduous work this was for a boy of twelve years old, who had neither the strength of a man, nor any of the most necessary tools. But, you know, *love* shrinks from no labour, and *love* is as inventive as *necessity*. The two combined enabled him to build his raft, and Robinson Crusoe himself would have had no need to be ashamed of it. Moreover, Willy had become more prudent by his former experiment. He now waited for a good breeze and a favourable tide. When the right moment arrived he shoved off his frail little raft into the water, which was no easy matter, then waded a little further into the sea and mounted the poor vessel. A happy voyage to him

A new adventure awaited him. At this time, as we said before, a vast army was assembled at Boulogne, which was destined to invade England, and the Emperor Napoleon frequently visited the camp to review the army. He generally ascended a neighbouring height to view with his telescope the English coast, or to watch with a longing eye for the appearance of the French fleet, which was expected to arrive from the West Indies, but which was attacked and beaten by the English. On the day that Willy set out on his adventurous voyage, Napoleon was standing thus, and saw through his telescope a little raft and something on it floating past; a signal was made to the coast-guard, a boat was sent off, and the young sailor, together with his vessel, was promptly seized and brought back to land. His joy was short-lived indeed. How great must have appeared this misfortune to the poor boy, to see his hopes once more blighted just when they appeared in brightest bloom Whether he could bow to this stroke, and comfort himself with the belief that even in this the hand of God was at work, and that to those that love God all things work

together for good, even those that seem the most against us, I do not know, but I should rather doubt it. Even old christians, who have got many such lessons in their past history, find it difficult, when a hope to which they clung is snatched away, to support themselves with the conviction that God does all things better than they could do, even had they the means under their control, while afterwards they feel ashamed at their faintheartedness and unbelief, and resolve thenceforth to act a more consistent part. Let us see how it turned out in the case of poor disappointed Willy!

The Emperor enquired into the matter, and having learned it was an English prisoner who had been attempting his escape, he ordered him to be brought before him; thinking, probably, that it would be some English officer, who had received permission to walk about at liberty on giving his word of honour that he would not attempt to escape, but had been unfaithful to his solemn promise. But when he saw so young a boy, he was quite astonished, and was curious to know if it was love for his native land that had induced him to run such a risk. "My child," he said kindly to Willy, "why do you wish to leave us? is it because we are the enemies of England?" The Emperor spoke through an interpreter, and Willy, who did not know that it was the Emperor, answered in the same way, without the least fear or hesitation. "No, Sir," he replied, "you are not my enemy, although you are the enemy of my king and country. I have been always taught to hate the French, but you have been very kind to me." "Whom do you want to go to, then?" "To my mother; she is poor and ill, and has no one to nurse her, or to work for her." "But you might have been drowned," said the Emperor, with a benevolent look. "That is true, Sir; but I was not afraid of that. When I sailed away from England in a boat which is now lost, I hoped God would take care of me; and I would rather run the risk, than be guilty of my mother's death." The Emperor smiled at these words; the childlike idea touched him. Besides he admired courage wherever he saw it; and the moral courage too which Willy displayed in confessing his fault, did not pass unnoticed. He questioned the English boy still further, bade him tell him his whole history, how his father died, *what he had promised* his mother, how ill and poor she was, and how he had been led to do wrong in the erroneous hope of assisting her; then his adventures with the French ship, his captivity, his grief for his sick mother, and how he had tried to escape on the raft. Napoleon drew three gold coins from his pocket, with his image stamped upon them, and said, "My child, you have done wrong; but you will not do it again. You shall go to your mother, and be to her a good son henceforth. But you shall not go on this raft, I will send you on board one of your own ships. Here are some gold coins, called 'Napoleons:' one is for your mother,—tell her the Emperor sent it to her; with the second you can pay the value of the old boat; and you can do what you like with the third, or you may keep it in memory of this adventure." Napoleon then directed his officers to see the young captive put on board an English ship.

Willy was quite surprised when told he had been speaking to the Emperor,—to that dreaded Bonaparte, the terror of the whole world, of whom he had heard so much in England. He might have learnt a lesson from this,—that however wicked a man may be, he may yet have some good qualities,—and that it is wrong to hate any nation, as English boys were once taught to nurse a hatred to the French. A boat was speedily manned and sent with a white flag, the signal of peace, to an English vessel, which they were not long in falling in with. The officers of the ship were not a little surprised when they brought, in the Emperor's name, a poor boy on board, and notified the desire of the Emperor, that the boy should be conveyed to his home. When the French boat departed, the officers put many questions to Willy, for they could not conceive why a monarch so powerful and dreaded should interest himself in a poor fisher boy. Willy related his whole history, and exhibited his three gold pieces. "That was a lucky adventure for you my lad," said one of the officers; "your fault has brought you good fortune; you might have fished long enough before you would have earned three such gold coins." "I hope, dear Sir," said Willy, "my experience will be for my good, and make me watchful in future against such temptations; but this money can never repay me for all I have suffered on poor mother's account. Perhaps I am yet to meet with a heavier punishment: I may find her dead; but I cannot bear to think of it; I will rather

hope that God will have preserved her life, and cared for her wants, and is preparing for her the joy of seeing her son once more." The young officer clapped him on the shoulder, praised him in his rough sailor fashion, drew five shillings from his pocket and gave them to him, saying, "Now be ready, Donald will take you on shore; this silver will be of use to you; but do not change your three gold coins till you get home to your mother." Willy rejoiced at this, it was just what he wished to do; so he took the money with ardent expressions of gratitude. He was safely landed at Dover, without it costing him a penny. Thence he had only to take a place in the stage coach which passed by his mother's hut, but he chose rather to go on foot, so as to save all the money for his mother. Ah, what thoughts passed through his mind as he traveled along; at one time running and jumping, when the hope of embracing her once more became uppermost; and at another lingering and creeping along, when the fear of finding her in the grave made his blood run cold as lead! Which will be right? Hope? or fear?

At last he caught a glimpse of the widow's hut, and the blood rushed into his heart so as almost to stop his breathing, for the nearer he approached the more his fears gained the mastery. "But," said he to himself at last, "'tis no use; my lot is cast, and the sooner I know it the better, whatever it may be." Accordingly he hurried on, sighing incessantly, "O God, have mercy upon me!" He knew that God certainly understood what he meant. His observant eye perceived that the door of the hut and the window shutters were not closed; this he thought a good sign of its being inhabited, and by whom else than by his mother? The last step is taken; but he stops to think before he enters, and, creeping round the corner, he looks through the low window; there she is, kneeling at the wall, offering her evening prayer, for it is sunset. And now, if Willy were to follow the impulse of his heart, three bounds would carry him into the little apartment; but the boy is very considerate; he thinks of the illness of his poor mother; he must not kill her by surprise, after having brought her almost to the gates of death by his disobedience; he first begins to sing in a gentle voice a little fishing song, which he often used to sing, so as to prepare her gradually for his appearance; then he entered slowly and embraced her knees, but not one word could he speak, his poor heart beat so; till at last he burst into a flood of tears. Yes, she still lives, the much tried mother, although grief for her long lost son has wellnigh broken her heart! Yes, she still lives, and who can paint her joy at seeing him once more before her, safe and well? She had recovered from her illness, as far as possible under the shattering circumstance that had occurred; and her good neighbours, though poor themselves, had deeply sympathised with her in her double misfortune, and benevolently cared for her wants. Had any one told her, a few days or weeks before, "Your son is a captive in France," she would have exclaimed, full of anxiety and joy, "My son still lives; I will go and see him ere I die!" And now he was alive before her, chastened, but not given over to death; for if he had been disobedient, it had arisen from his affection. How much was there to tell on both sides, till far into the night. All fear and anxiety changed into joy and gratitude. So it will be in the great "Father's house," when the saved, who have come out of great tribulation, relate to one another their past history, and render praise and honour to God and the Lamb.

Willy gave to his dear mother the gold coin sent by Napoleon; the second he was to keep till he knew the value of the boat which he had taken away; and as to the third, the widow said to Willy, "My dear son, you shall keep this coin; it will go hard with us indeed before we change it. Whenever you look at it, even when your mother lies in the grave, think that the God whom you ought to serve and fear all your life long, has shewn himself the orphan's father, and the widow's stay. It was the Lord who delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and who saved my life from destruction. Henceforth, my son, in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he will direct thy steps. And should you ever have children, shew them this coin, and tell them what you have undergone, and what your mother, for whose good you intended it, was compelled to suffer. Tell them it is always wrong and unwise, *to do evil that good may come.*"

The widow and her son lived happy together. Willy became an able and skilful workman, who supported in plenty the declining years of his mother, and after her death brought up a family of his own; and

the golden "Napoleon" remains to the present day unexchanged. It is preserved as a kind of heir-loom. The old mother has several years ago passed to her rest; but her grandchildren view the golden piece with reverence as often as it is shewn to them, and the story connected with it,—of the boat that was borrowed and lost,—of the French war-ship,—of the captain in Boulogne,—of the raft formed of the wreck,—of the Emperor Napoleon, and his spy glass,—and of the happy release of the captive, and his return to his sorrowing mother,—is repeated every time, with the earnest injunction:—"Children, never bring yourselves into trouble through disobedience!"

A. M.

Obituary.

MR. A. C. MACPHERSON,

OF ARMLEY, NEAR LEEDS.

To lose children at any age, or under any circumstance, is painful; but when parents are called to mourn the loss of a son who was all they could wish a son to be, the stroke is heavy. The qualities he may possess, and which endear his memory, make the loss the greater, and the breach in the family, and the wound it inflicts on the heart, cannot easily be made up or healed, especially if that son be the eldest, grown up, just on the threshold of manhood, amiable, affectionate, and full of promise.

Alexander Cameron Macpherson, son of the Rev. James Macpherson, the subject of this brief obituary, was born at Hull in 1831. He was educated principally at Huddersfield college, and the Moravian establishment at Fulneck. At the age of fifteen he was articled to the Medical profession, with Mr. W. B. Hepworth, surgeon, of Armley, near Leeds, and had nearly completed his apprenticeship, and was about to enter on his last session at the Leeds School of Medicine, when he died, April 19th, 1851, in the twentieth year of his age.

He was altogether one of those youths who are sure to gain the esteem and good opinion of those who know them, and, consequently, he secured the approbation of his tutors, the confidence of his master, and the respect of his fellow-students. His good sense, solidity of character, and amiable disposition, always gained him friends. His judgment, general intelligence, and conversational powers were considerable. He had a mind, in fact, capable of grappling with any difficulty in his profession, and considerably in advance of his years. There was none of that offensive forwardness and self-opinionatedness, which spoil so many young men. Instead of those airs of self-importance, disregard of parental authority, and forming loose habits, and gay and thoughtless companions, the ruin of so many young men, and the source of so much sorrow to parents, his conduct, in these respects, never cost a moment's uneasiness. He had too much good sense not to see the folly of such things, and a sufficient amount of natural dignity and high moral principle, to neutralize and raise him above their influence. He aspired to be the man,—not the vain, self-willed, reckless, pleasure-taking youth. On being asked his reasons for abandoning light reading, and young and thoughtless companions, his reply was, "I am determined that the mind shall rule the body, and not the body the mind."

He was enamoured with his profession, and his mind ardently sought to attain proficiency in it. It was his predilection and choice. Everything about it had an interest and a charm. The structure of the human body, the varied forms and phases of disease, the science of medicine, the remedial art, books, lectures, and conversation on these subjects, were to him a source of unfailing pleasure. He looked on the profession with high satisfaction, as not a sordid one,—next to the christian ministry it stood the first; he was proud of, and quite admired, its humane and benevolent character, calculated to mitigate human suffering, and relieve the maladies of our race. He abhorred the idea of making the profession the source of merely getting money, or weighing men's lives and health against so much gold.

But what gave to his character its charm and beauty, was piety. He had undergone a divine change of heart. The instructions of home and the family had their in-

he how found that religion
of personal concern; he had
dd discovery, that man was a
ided a Saviour, and then all
ed to him in a new light, and
nd end of his being received
n. The reality of this change
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joy it would afford to his
s communicated to them in
, which his early death has
peculiar value; they are now
ed, and perused with melan-

importance of openly con-
Saviour, and on this subject
ather:—"I wish to delay it no
ow, *now*, that my sins are for-
the merits of the Redeemer.
being effected, may God for-
ork of sanctification." He,
had several interviews with
M. Stalker, the respected
the Baptist chapel, South-
ds, who expressed himself
ed with his intelligence and
was to have been proposed
hip at the church-meeting
days after his death. Thus
permitted to unite with the
arth, being called to join the
eaven. He was seized with
attending the usual lecture in
chool, which resulted in fever,
short week terminated his
er. The general esteem in
as held, was evinced by the
he medical school walking in
his funeral.

memoir is designed not only
f respect to his memory, but
y piety and death may have
ce upon others young in life.
are our most important years."

youth is peculiarly interesting,
y valuable in the prospect of
the dear departed felt. As
which closed his career was
d progress upon him, he said,
a sick-bed is not the place to
; thank God I found it in
ad he died destitute of religion,
e loss would have been irre-
d to his parents the stroke in-

But the bitterness of his
,—the otherwise unmitigated
y relieved,—the stroke is bro-
assured *hope of his happiness,*
and to the bereaved parents those words
as those that are without hope."

Two lessons are here taught—one the bereaved parents have to learn, to hold everything on earth with a loose hand, to seek consolation under this severe trial at the source of all comfort, and be more than ever anxious that their remaining children be trained for heaven; and the other is, that young people may see the importance of religion, and the necessity of an early preparation for death and eternity.

"While blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand;
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth impress,
With awful power, 'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast." J. M.

MRS. MASON,

OF WELLS.

Died, at Wells, Somerset, March 26th, 1851, after a short illness, Mrs. Mason, the beloved wife of Mr. Mason, late Baptist minister at Norton, St. Philip, near Bath.

Her life was one of gospel consistency,—a lover of the means of grace, and a constant reader of the bible; generally twice in the course of the year would she read it regularly through. During her life she was often very much distressed with groundless fears, particularly respecting death—and death in any form is a melancholy event; but from her first illness, the Lord mercifully appeared for her, in removing all fear; so that of her it may be truly said, "At eventide it was light." So bright were her prospects of death, that not a cloud was permitted to pass over her vision. Her heaven began below.

Her friends considered it a privilege to visit her. They saw what the gospel could do in relieving the dark future. Mrs. P. said, "Mrs. Mason, have you peace?" "Peace passing all understanding," was her reply; "not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast." Often was she heard to say, "What should I do if I had religion to seek now?" As her end approached, she would often say, "Come, Lord! come, Lord Jesus! Cut short thy work in righteousness! Why tarry thy chariot wheels?" In parting with her dear friends, her affectionate counsel, with her placid, heavenly face, will make impressions not soon to be forgotten.

Miscellaneous.

THE WAY TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF CHRIST'S WORDS.—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John vii. 17). My doctrine, saith the Redeemer, is not mine, but God's. If you will but *do* what *he* commands you, the origin of this doctrine shall be quite plain to you. Whatever mystery there may be about my words, none shall remain about your docile obedience. In discussions you may find difficulties; but the faithfulness of God, responding to your faithful practice of what is plain to you, shall remove them all. Let the whole, therefore, be reduced to an experiment of confidence and prayer, in the discharge of known duty, and then experience shall remove all doubt of my Messiahship, the dignity of my character, the work of my atonement, and the Divine source of that authority which you see me exercise. By this argument, the revelation of God is raised to the same dignity with that of the laws of nature. If any man could doubt whether fire burns, he may thrust his hand into it. If another suspect that proper food is not adapted to sustain life, let him eat it. And if any doubt whether the bible be the word of God, he must obey it on its own terms. Experience will then decide. Such was the case recorded in the Life of the Rev. John Newton. When entangled with deistical doubts, finding the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive," &c., he reduced all his proofs to this syllogism,—If this book be true, this text is true; if this text be true, there is a God waiting to hear my prayer. I will try it, was his resolve; and in directly approaching God, by this experiment, his doubts were exchanged for unwavering confidence, and for peace which continued to the close of his life. Observe, too, the effect of this position. Our Lord finds an objector to his doctrine. When the truth has been intelligibly stated, he leads the doubting disciple at once to God. Whatever the promise, the prophecy, or the precept that requires support, the scorner is invited to draw his proof from a direct experiment of obedient faith in God. Thus the very first step leads him to God. The first act of his faith is an act of godliness. Every advance is an advance in godliness. Thus the germ of that piety is produced, which all ordinances, sacraments, fellowship, and providential disciplines, are intended to nourish and mature; I may add, the character which every saint is destined to retain in heaven,—the character which is so essential to its joys, that without it, heaven itself would be nothing more than another hell.—*Stovel.*

EARTHLY DUTIES.—I wish Mrs. —— to consider, that a simple desire to please God, to walk by the rule of his Word, and do all *to his glory, turns* all to gold, consecrates *the actions of* common life, and makes every duty a part of religion. When she is making or mending the children's clothes, or teaching them, and when her maid, if serious, is cleaning the kitchen, or a saucepan, they may be as well employed as when they are upon their knees, or at the Lord's table. It is an unpleasant mistake to think all the time is lost which is not spent in reading or hearing sermons or prayers. These are properly called means of grace; they should be attended to in season; but the fruits of grace are to appear in our common daily course of conduct. If a contemplative life is more quiet, an active life is most honourable and useful. We have no right to live to ourselves. I do not believe our Lord blamed Martha for providing a dinner for himself and his twelve apostles, but I suppose she was too careful to have things set off very nicely, and perhaps lost her temper. Methinks I see her breaking in upon him, with her face red with heat and passion, to huff her sister: this was her fault. Had she sent the dinner in quietly, and with a smiling face, I believe he would not have rebuked her for being busy in the kitchen while he was talking in the parlour. We like to have our own will; but submission to his is the great point. Religion does not consist in doing great things, for which few of us have frequent opportunities, but in doing the little necessary things of daily occurrence in a right spirit, as unto the Lord. Servants, in the apostles' time, were slaves; they could have but little time at their own command; books were scarce, and few of them could read. The servants of heathen masters had doubtless much to suffer, yet the apostle expects that these poor slaves would adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, and follow his example in all things. He says, "Art thou called being a servant (slave)? care not for it." If Christ has made you free, the trials of your slavery are scarcely worth your notice. The time is short. You that are now slaves shall soon be equal to angels. At present you may hope for strength according to your day, and a peace passing understanding, such as the world can neither give nor take away.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE CHURCHES.—There seem to come times when God's people practically forget that the great cause in which they are engaged is to go forward, "not by might, nor by power," but by the powerful and energetic presence of the Spirit, overcoming obstacles which no human strength can remove, and breaking up an obduracy which no human eloquence can move and soften. It is only when this truth fastens itself with power upon the hearts of christians, and they are made to feel deeply their own weakness and helplessness without Divine aid, that the way seems to be prepared for the special presence of the Comforter in the bosom of

hen life seems to arise on
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-powerful, all-convincing
solemnity spreads itself
congregation, and diffuses
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inquiry is heard from lips
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time, then, to "seek the
e and rain a rain of right-
u?"—*Congregationalist.*

IFT TO CHRIST.—In a por-
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now been driven, I once
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crucified." He spoke of
ierd who came into the
id to save the lost. He
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bleeding upon the cross.
i wept. Soon there was a
in the assembly, and a
rest, with tears on his red
ed the pulpit, and said,
r me—die for poor Indian?
s to give Jesus, the white
away; me give him my
' The minister told him
accept those gifts. "Me
', my rifle, and my blanket;
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The minister replied that
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ierous child of the forest
i sorrow, and meditated.
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so poor, received the ear-
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er.—*American Messenger.*

ASTIDIOUS.—A great deal
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nber of obscure men, who
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l who, if they could only
ed to begin, would, in all
gone great lengths in the
The fact is, that in order
to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

THE GOSPEL.—This is the word preached: it is neither spent in its descent from heaven, nor wasted in its transmission through ages;—fresh and beautiful and holy as at first,—repeated every Sabbath, read in every Bible,—the eloquence of many thousand pulpits, and the music of many tongues, it is heaven's jubilee, sounding in the cells of the great prison-house; it is the light of eternal day shining through its gratings. Christ crucified is the commencement, the end, and the coronal of christianity,—a truth that endures for ever; it is enshrined in glory. Languages change, ceremonies vary, sacraments are temporary; Sabbaths, like little pools, will be swallowed up in the great ocean of eternity; prayer will continue only while there are wants, and a ministry while there is ignorance: but around this dissolving world one thing abides—the Word of the Lord, that endureth for ever. Whatever opposes this must perish, whatever contends against it must be crushed. Infidelity—the word of man—however musical its utterances, will be hushed,—its airy frost-work, however glittering in the sunbeams, will be dissolved. The gospel is divine in its birth and eternal in its destiny. Christianity enunciates truths that are above the tidemark of time, and rooted in the attributes of God; it cannot be extinguished, for God is its light; it cannot die, for God is its life.—*Cumming.*

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.—Let Philosophy be the hand-maid of Religion. There is not a star in the heavens, not a flower in the field, which does not declare the glory of God. To look upon nature, therefore, without any reference to its Author, to admire the work without admiring the Workman, is folly, is stupidity, is atheism. How cold is the heart, and how dull the understanding of the man who, contemplating the magnificent

spectacle of the heavens, feels no pious emotions arising in his breast, and is completely absorbed in his speculations of science. He is not to be envied, although the voice of fame should pronounce him to be the first of philosophers, who sees nothing in the universe but matter and motion; and having pointed out, perhaps more successfully than others, its constitution and laws, still refuses to acknowledge an intelligent Agent, who made and governs it. Alas! that, in this enlightened age, there should be any to whom the severe but well founded remark of an inspired writer, concerning the sages of antiquity, may be with too much justice applied: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."—*Dr. Dick.*

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that had little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is not the language of fear and dread, but of love and confidence. It is not a groaning extorted by the pressure of mere misery, like the howling of wild beasts, to which, indeed, the Lord likens the petitions of wicked men in their sorrows (Hos. vii. 14); but it is the breathing forth of our wants with an affectionate confidence in Him who alone can supply them. The more clearly we realize the character of God as our reconciled Father in Christ, and our relation to him as his children, the more we possess of the element of the spirit of prayer.—*J. A. James.*

Intelligence.

THE REV. T. MOORE AND HIS ORPHAN CHILDREN.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

We are not left without many instances of the fulfilment of our heavenly Father's promise, so specially made to the widow and the fatherless; but there are not many in which his interposing hand more fully displays both his faithfulness to his word, and the merciful interposition of his providence, than it has done with respect to the three orphan children of the late Rev. T. Moore, of Shakespeare-Walk. The reasons which led to his leaving England, the mournful event which removed by death his wife and two children on the voyage, the distressing and afflictive state in which he and the three motherless children arrived at Sydney, and the almost immediate death of poor Moore on his arrival, leaving three orphans in a strange land, with those thrilling coincidents of mercy manifested by the friends at Sydney, have all had a place in your magazine, and the sympathetic appeal so promptly responded to at Sydney, has been as sympathetically responded to here, through your magazine and other channels. It is to beg a space in your publication for the purpose of acknowledging these, that I trust you will give me a place, as well as for the following extract from a letter just received from Mr. J. H. Palmer, of Sydney. The committee will more particularly acknowledge them to the individuals hereafter. I am happy to say *that the indirect information before obtained is now fully confirmed by Mr.* Palmer, who writes, "I told you in my last that a strong feeling of sympathy had been excited here on behalf of the children, and that it was deemed advisable to take advantage of this feeling, and to appeal to the public on their behalf. Mr. Sea, manager of the Union Bank, kindly consented to act as treasurer; this gentleman is a member of the episcopal church (on whom Mr. Palmer passes a warm and no doubt deserved encomium); the other gentlemen who consented to act on the committee were, J. Fairfax, Esq., deacon of Dr. Rees's church (Independent), R. Ronald, Esq., member of the Free Scotch Church, E. Hunt, Esq. (Independent), J. Ham, pastor, and Mr. Illidge and myself, members, of the Baptist church." (Now, surely, Sirs, never was a more Holy Alliance than this formed, to carry out one of the special promises of our God). Mr. Palmer proceeds:—"Our applications were not in vain, about £150 was subscribed, which is in the hands of the treasurer. The property of Mr. Moore, consisting of wearing apparel, books, &c., and a few trinkets, were removed to my house, and an inventory taken in the presence of and signed by Mr. Ham and Mr. Illidge. They were sold by auction, and, after paying funeral expenses, removal from the ship, auctioneer, and other expenses, there remains, with the proceeds of the bill of exchange, about £150; so that we have altogether about £300." Mr. Palmer then goes on to inform me of the disposal of the children, and other particulars, which the committee here will place in the hands of the friends who have contributed, when they have fully completed their arrangements, with the

other information they expect shortly to receive. The sympathy shewn in Sydney, exemplifies the oft-repeated proof, that in no climate does the generous feeling and benevolence of the English heart lose its natural bias,—and the response made by the following friends who have contributed here, shews that it is still alive and warm in the English heart at home. Your readers will be glad to hear that there has been contributed by the Rev. J. Craps and friends, at Lincoln, £24. 16s. 6d.; through the Editors of "The Church," £4. 8s. 4d.; by friends at Prescott-Street, £14. 3s. 3d.; by friends to the Rev. C. Stovel, £5. 15s. 0d.; by Mr. Norton and friends, at Staines, £5. 12s. 6d.; the Proprietors of the Baptist Magazine, by Dr. Murch, £5.; by Mr. Haddon and friends, £4. 10s.; W. L. Smith, Esq. £5.; by Mr. Ferne and friends, at Bow, £3. 10s.; E. J. Wheeler, Esq. £1.; —. Davis, Esq., Wallingford, £1.; and from several friends sent to the Treasurer, £7. 17s., making, together, £82. 12s. 7d. This amount, less £3. 6s. 1d. for printing and postages, will be added to the amount in the Treasurer's hands at Sydney. Mr. Palmer says, also, "I may mention here that I retained several books which had been presented to Mr. Moore, by the church at Shakespeare-Walk, and by various individuals, for the children, as well as his watch, and some few articles of plate and jewellery." This, I trust, you will find a place for in your next number. I am very anxious the amounts should be generally acknowledged, as I have had some enquiries.

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM BOWSER.

7, Catharine-Court, Tower-Hill.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

The annual meetings of our denominational Societies have most of them been held in London during the present month, and they have, generally, been as interesting as they usually are. At the meeting of the *Baptist Union*, which was held April 25th, the very gratifying announcement was made, that the clear increase of members, in the 970 churches which had reported, was 11,815, or twelve per church,—the largest ever known to be announced.—The business meeting of the *Baptist Missionary Society* was held April 29th, and the public meeting April 30th. At the former, Henry Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale, presided. The cash statement shewed a balance against the Society of £5,750, six hundred pounds less than last year. We intended inserting an abstract of the report; but are compelled to defer it till next month. At the latter, George Goodman, Esq., of Leeds, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Landels, of Birmingham, T. H. Davis, of Bristol, J. Makepeace, Missionary to India, W. Brock, T. Wheeler, J. H. Hinton, and W. B. Gurney, Esq.—At the meeting of the *Baptist Home Missionary Society*, S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Carrick, of North Shields, T. Swan, of Birmingham, W. Walters, of Preston, Dr. Massie, S. Nicholson, and J. Rothery. The balance-sheet shewed an amount due to the treasurer of £440.—The *Baptist Irish Society* meeting was presided over by J. L. Phillips, Esq., and addressed by W. H. Bond, Esq., the Revs. Dr. Massie, W. Brock, B. W. Noel, and W. Groser.—The meetings of the *Anti-State-Church Association* were unprecedentedly numerous and enthusiastic; and the report of operations very satisfactory. At the public meeting, Charles Gilpin, Esq. presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Richard, John Burnet, J. H. Hinton, W. Brock, and by John Harrison, E. Miall, J. E. Squance, and W. Edwards, Esqs.

WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY.

The Third Annual Meeting of this Society was held in the lower room of Exeter-Hall, on Thursday evening, 24th ult., Charles Jones, Esq. in the chair. After the usual devotional services, the chairman opened the proceedings in a judicious speech. The Rev. W. H. Elliott then read the Report. After a brief introduction, it stated, that one of their great objects was, the moral and spiritual improvement of the working classes. It also dwelt at considerable length on the evils to be combated—Infidelity, Socialism, Romanism, Intemperance, Sabbath Breaking, &c. It then set forth the unsectarian character of the Society, and the peculiar advantages of a weekly issue, in order to counteract the influence of impure publications now issuing in such vast numbers from the press. After speaking of the number of tracts published during the past year, and their circulation in various parts of the kingdom, it alluded to the very gratifying reception which they had received, and the favourable opinions received from all parts, of their intrinsic value and adaptation to the end designed. In conclusion, it stated that the funds of the Society exhibited a cheering increase, and the receipt of several handsome donations and subscriptions was acknowledged. From the Treasurer's report it appeared that he had a balance in hand of upwards of £50. The Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, Rev. E. F. Woodman, Rev. John Aldis, and M. Murphy, Esq. addressed the meeting in effective speeches; and, after the adoption of several resolutions, the meeting separated.

HALIFAX—FORMATION OF A SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.

On the evening of Monday, May 5th, about two hundred persons took tea together in the Old Assembly Room, Talbot Inn, Halifax, about one half of whom had recently formed part of the church and congregation under the ministry of the Rev. S. Whitewood. After tea there was a very interesting meeting (to which the public were admitted), the object of which was the organization of a Second Baptist Church. The services of the evening were commenced by the Rev. H. Dowson, with

singing and prayer. Dr. Godwin, in a brief but very lucid address, stated the nature and constitution of a christian church, and the necessity, objects, and advantages of church fellowship. Mr. Illingworth briefly adverted to the circumstances which had led to a separation; after which, Dr. Acworth stated the leading doctrines held by the Baptist body, and procured an assent to them by a show of hands from those who were to constitute the new church. The brethren were then incorporated by Dr. Acworth giving the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Illingworth on behalf of the infant church; and Mr. Stalker, in a short but most touching address, referred to the responsibilities and privileges of christian fellowship; after which, the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper was celebrated, and the business of the evening closed. The nucleus of this infant church is constituted of fifty-five baptized believers, including several who were dismissed from sister churches. We hope, from the pacific spirit manifested, and the solemn earnestness which appeared to pervade every mind, that the cause of the Divine Redeemer will be strengthened and advanced by this movement.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, GROSVENOR-STREET, CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK, MANCHESTER.

On Good Friday, 18th ult., services were held in the above place, in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. D. M. Evans as pastor. In the morning, the introductory discourse was delivered by the Rev. W. Walters, of Preston; after which, the minister was addressed by the Rev. D. Griffiths, of Accrington. In the afternoon, the Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Leeds, preached to the church and congregation. In the evening, a tea-party was held in the spacious school-room underneath the chapel, which was well filled on the occasion. Robert Crewdson, Esq. occupied the chair, and the audience was addressed by the Revs. H. Dunckley, M.A., of Salford, C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, R. S. Scott, United Presbyterian minister, A. M. Stalker, of Leeds, and D. Griffiths, of Accrington. A debt of about £200 had been incurred previous to the settlement of Mr. Evans, £100 of which still remained. Altogether unexpectedly, and without any previous consultation upon the matter, one of the friends proposed that that sum be there and then subscribed, and also sufficient added to it to defray all the expenses of painting and improving the chapel. The proposal was generously responded to, and in a short time sufficient was raised, not only to free the friends from debt, but also to clear the probable expenses of improving the place of worship. The collection, including the proceeds of the tea-party, amounted to £165.

STAINES, MIDDLESEX.

An interesting tea-meeting was held in *the* Baptist chapel, Staines, on Friday, the *18th of April, in order* to discharge the *whole of the remaining* debt on that building. The Rev. G. Hawson stated that since the erection of the chapel in 1837, £1070 had been paid (including principal and interest), and that £130 remained to be discharged that evening. The Revs. Wm. Norton and Wise, and Messrs. Buckland and Jordan also addressed the meeting. The deepest interest was excited in the assembly, which was more numerous than on any former occasion; and the whole of the remaining debt cancelled. A vote of thanks was then proposed to those members of the Society of Friends in the town, who had generously assisted, and to Apsley Pellatt, Esq. who had promised the last £10, while ardent gratitude to God seemed to pervade every heart. We understand that all the Dissenting chapels in the town of Staines are now freed from debt by the voluntary principle, while the Church, with its compulsory rate of 1s. in the pound, has only discharged £500 of its large debt in twenty years.

BANBURY, OXFORDSHIRE.

The public recognition of Mr. W. T. Henderson, as pastor of the Baptist church, Bridge-street, Banbury, took place on Friday, April 18th. The Rev. Thomas Swan, of Birmingham, delivered the introductory discourse on the nature of a christian church; the Rev. Joseph Angus, A.M., the President of Stepney college, addressed the minister; and the Rev. W. Miall, of London (Mr. Henderson's former pastor), preached to the church and congregation; the devotional exercises were conducted by the several neighbouring ministers who were present on the occasion. The attendance of friends from a distance was numerous, the congregations were large, great interest was manifested in the proceedings of the day, and fervent prayers were offered for the revival and prosperity of the church. About two hundred persons partook of tea, in the interval of the services.

EVESHAM, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Mr. Henry N. Barrett, of the Bristol College, and son of the Rev. J. Barrett, of Blaby, near Leicester, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting in Mill-street, Evesham, and entered upon his labours there on Sunday, the 4th ult. with the prospect of extensive usefulness.

BRADFORD, WILTS.

Mr. W. Newell, late pastor of the Baptist church, Ryde (I. W.), has received and accepted a unanimous and cordial invitation from the Baptist church worshiping in Zion Chapel, Bradford, Wilts. He commenced his pastoral labours on the 12th of April, with prospects of happiness and success.

WATERBARN, NEAR BACUP.

Mr. George Taylor, late pastor of the church at Waterbarn, near Bacup, has resigned his charge, and preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath, April 20th. He retires much respected by the people of his late charge.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JULY, 1851.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF VILLAGE SERMONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

(Taken by one of his hearers.)

No. 19.

"All flesh is grass."—*Isaiah* xl. 6.

Perhaps there is no one in this assembly, who has not seen a figure of time as an old man with a scythe, as it garnishes many children's books, and nothing can be a more apt emblem of the sweeping effects of time. What has he been cutting down? His crops are human beings. When I look at the fields which have been mown, I can instantly tell what the mowers have cut off. A short time since there was *tall* grass. *Now* what is there? What are accounted the noblest things that grow on the earth? Oaks? wheat? beasts? birds? Perhaps *man*. What has become of a vast multitude of them? Ancient nations? Romans? Prophets? Our fathers not long since? Time has mown them down. Let us take a view of the individuals composing mankind, and examine their ideas on the subject before us,—"All flesh is grass." What will the young man say to this? What the strong? What the healthy? What those who love the earth so much? What the vain, the proud, the self-important? What those who live and care for nothing but the flesh? What those who expect no future spring? What the aged person? "*All* flesh is grass." *Who* thinks so? Who remembers it? Who is prepared for the scythe of time? Those who have this season cut down the grass? those who have managed it while withering? those who have walked through the fields? In our various walks we must have observed the grass grow, in the verdure of spring, waving in the breezes, which may be compared to the state of youth. In our next walk we may have observed it advancing to maturity, which may represent adult man. Repeating our visit, the fields may be ripe for the sickle, and grown white with age; man too becomes snowed and frosted over with years. In a subsequent perambulation we may see the scythe passing through it, it is mown and flat on the earth; thus man is reduced by disease and the weight of years, loaded with infirmities and woes. Sweep after sweep; in a few days the crop withers and becomes a faded heap; thus man decays. Again, sometime it is carried off the field, the ground is clear of it; so man is carried to his long home. Some forget the resemblance

and think all men rather cedars and oaks than grass; or that they themselves are firm trees, while others partake of all the frailty of grass. Though they see that death is no respecter of persons, yet neither the young, the middle aged, nor the old seem to have any idea of their impending fate; they boast of their vigour, health, and qualifications, and though friends and neighbours fall around them, few look home and make death the frequent subject of their contemplations. "All men think all men mortal but themselves;" like a bird building its nest in the grass. "*All flesh is grass,*"—yet seek not to make any interest with spirits;—"*all,*"—and, therefore, if there is one distinguished a little above the rest, he is famous like a tree, an oak, an elm, or a cedar. But *all* fall indiscriminately. Again, among grass thistles and weeds too often abound. So among men there are individuals who, like thistles, seem calculated only to outrage and irritate society. But then is there no more than "*flesh?*" Are we all nothing but "*grass?*" Is there no account taken of us? Is it then a sad thing to be cut down by the scythe of time or death? The allusion of the text is certainly very happy, and a field of grass is a very apt illustration of the state of humanity. Let us, then, further trace the resemblance.

"Grass" is fairest when young, of various forms and sizes, bearing at the same time a general resemblance. The sound caused by grass waving in the wind may be likened to the vain, busy, bustling, restless activity of man in a state of society, tossed to and fro by various pursuits and jarring interests, seldom tranquil, generally in commotion, of feeble force, so that anything may either bend or crush it. Maturity is soon attained. It is subject to all the influences of the seasons,—all growing but to die,—cut off without distinction of the various ages, sizes, &c.,—unable also to remove from the fatal stroke when it does come,—and loses all its beauty when dead. It is added, "*all the glory of man is as the flower of grass.*" Look over a field, you see flowers, red, yellow, white, blue. These are distinguished from common grass, and as the herbage is mixed with various tints, so humanity is chequered with hopeful and beautiful prospects. Perhaps you look more at some remarkable flower than at one of common grass, almost sorry to destroy so fair and rare a flower. But it would fade of itself if even the scythe could spare it. So man; some attain distinguished notice, while common mortals are neglected. The beauty of the fairest floral gem withers though not cut down,—"*the flower fadeth.*" Eminent rank, singular good fortune (as it is called), amiable qualities, and shining powers, these all fall. Behold the impartial mower Death, he mows clean; a good mower never leaves this year's grass to another year. So death takes off each age, entire, away. Yet some escape long. As a mower sometimes misses a few blades about the edges and bushes for a while, but returns at last at his leisure and cuts these down also; so some men seem as if Death had overlooked them, they advance to or perhaps beyond a hundred years, but at last the observant mower casts his eye upon them, and they too fall.

My friends I am sorry if there be another point of resemblance which may be applied to this or any other congregation—that man is, like grass, *insensible;* the grass is quite unconscious of its doom, and thinks not about it. So it is with us. Are *we* as insensible? How foolish for any one to go and preach to a field of grass! and say, "Oh, grass, prepare for thy fate; in a few more days thou must be laid low in the ground, and after withering and decaying must be conveyed from thy present situation!" But does not a preacher to men do much the same? The time *will assuredly* come when the ground will be clear of us; we shall be

more properly like that grass which lies withered, dead, sunk into the ground and become dust!

How happy among this grass the plants of grace! They too shall fall; but it is a short death. They shall be taken by angels and planted in the paradise above!

DAYS OF VISITATION.

"And what will ye do in the day of visitation?"—*Isaiah* x. 3.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

The event referred to in this passage was the invasion of Israel by a foreign foe. There is no cause for us to apprehend a similar event. There is not much probability that as a nation we shall be exposed to the assaults and cruelties of invading armies. Yet, though we may not be visited by troops of armed men, and all the evils inseparable from war, there are days of visitation awaiting us all. We shall enumerate a few.

1. *There is the day of afflictive providences.*

We know not how soon it may come, in what form it may appear. It may be to us a day of temporal losses. Our hold on earthly good is very feeble and uncertain. We possess it one moment, we may lose it the next. Through depression of trade the poor may be deprived of employment and the means of subsistence. Through the failure of a mercantile firm or a banking company, the richer may lose their wealth and means of future emolument. Long continued rain or an undue season of drought, may destroy the fruits of the earth and disappoint us of the desired weeks of harvest, and thus famine may visit a whole population. Providential workings which defy all our attempts to explain and settle, may thwart our purposes of advancement and take away our entire substance.

We are sometimes visited by the day of family bereavements. A slender and brittle tie binds us to our friends. In a time when we think not of it we may lose them,—even the most valued and the best beloved,—those for whom we most care and who care most for us,—those whose loss may create a blank, a chasm in our heart which no other earthly being can fill up. You have followed to the grave some already whose existence was so interwoven with your own, whose counsels and sympathies seemed so necessary to your happiness, that in their absence earth seems a very desert, cheerless and charmless. No flowers bloom along your pathway as in pensiveness you wander, and no light save that of hope smiles upon your soul.

The day of personal affliction not unfrequently visits us. Diseases of unnumbered kinds exist, any one of which has power enough to cast down the strongest of earth's sons. The burning fever may light up a fire within which shall be quenched only in the dampness of death. Consumption, with slow and stealthy step, may approach and imperceptibly though surely hasten our end. Apoplexy or paralysis may in an instant reduce the robust and mighty to the helplessness of an infant. Time would fail us to recount one half of the maladies which distress our race, which weaken the strong, deface the beautiful, sadden the gay, dim the light of the eye, brush off the cheek's bloom, and make the spirits of men sigh within them for that land where there shall be no more pain.

In the day of God's afflictive providence what will you do? Will you harden yourselves against the Lord? Will you complain and murmur at his will? Will you attempt to justify yourselves and impeach the Almighty? Will you not rather humble yourselves under his hand?

Will you not confess the wisdom and kindness of his ways? Will you not learn, difficult though they may be, the lessons of self-abasement and patience which his dispensations teach? As you lose property will you not rejoice in the thought that the riches of God's love in Jesus Christ still remain, and the heavenly inheritance abideth ever? As you sustain bereavement will you not rejoice in the assurance that friends who have passed into rest still live,—that a day of blissful reunion will presently dawn,—and that in the society of the Eternal Father you and those whose loss you deplore will spend the endless ages of the future? As you sink beneath the power of disease, as you writhe in agony, will you not recollect your sins? Will you not seek a sanctified use of your afflictions? Will you not remember that they are evidences of your sonship, and expressions of your Father's love? Will you not comfort yourselves with the truth that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?

2. *The day of death as a day of visitation remains for us all.*

The Scriptures assure us, and all past history has confirmed the statement, that "we must needs die." Heralds are constantly proclaiming the approach of the king of terrors. Pioneers are ever preparing his way. When the thought of death rises up and in spite of the bustle of the world without, and the noise of stormy passions within, makes itself intelligible and utters itself in a warning voice, we dare not hazard a denial. We may disregard it. We may say, "Go thy way for this time;" but we never say, "Thou liest."

How this day will visit us, what will be its attendant circumstances, where it will find us, and how engaged, we know not. Perhaps as we walk the street, or stand at our post of business, or work in the mill, or sit at the fire-side, or lie on our bed. *When* it will come we know not. Perchance to day, or twenty years hence. The manner and the time are alike uncertain. This very uncertainty, instead of being (as, alas, it too often is!) abused, gives the event a deeper solemnity, and urges to immediate preparation. No act of yours can avert or postpone the day. There is nothing in your condition so peculiar as to render you an exception to the general rule. You boast in strength, in symmetry, in beauty, in youth. The strong, the symmetrical, the beautiful, the young, are among the trophies of death. And shortly, as you descend into the grave, voices from all quarters will salute you (the voices of those who were once as you are now), "Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee."

What will you do in this day of visitation? Will you send for the gay to soothe you with wit and song? Will you invite your companions to share in the luxuries of the festive board? Will you enquire into the state of the markets, and the prices of shares? Will you canker your heart with the cares of a world on which you are closing your eyes for ever? What will you do, friend? Will you not hail the approach of the messenger? Will you not thank God that an end has come at last to the toils and sins of earth? Will you not, in the presence of friends and brethren, deliver parting counsels, and speak of the joys that are in reserve? As the world recedes from beneath you, will you not plant your feet on the Rock of Ages? Will you not utter as your last prayer, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"? and sing as your last hymn on earth, "Death is swallowed up in victory"? How delightful, thus to spend the "day of visitation!"

3. *We remark once more, there is the day of general judgment.*

The word of God declares that there is a day coming when we must all *appear before the judgment* seat of Christ. The great white throne is to

be erected. And before Him who shall sit on it are to be gathered all nations. He will examine the lives, and pronounce the destiny of all. They who now sow to the flesh, shall then of the flesh reap corruption; and they who now sow to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. This day will come to *us*. Sometimes we talk about the day of judgment as some marvellous period in the distant future; we speak of the mighty and magnificent preparations which shall be made for it,—of the untold millions which shall stand at the bar,—of the splendour and august appearance of the tribunal,—of the immense results which shall follow upon the decisions of the Judge,—and, amid all this greatness and grandeur, we forget that *we* shall be there,—there, not as idle spectators or curious lookers-on,—but there, as parties deeply interested in the proceedings,—as much so as any other individual in that vast throng. The day will come as much on our account as if we were the only persons to be tried; and our actions will be sifted, and our whole life laid bare as thoroughly as if the Judge had to pronounce on us alone.

What will you do in this day? Will you cry to the rocks and the hills to cover you from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne? Will you approach the bar with trembling knees and downcast look? Will you curse the day of your birth? As you look on Him whom you have pierced, will you wail because of him? Or, will you shout with the redeemed, "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for him, we will rejoice and be glad in his salvation"? and, in obedience to the invitation of your Judge, "inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"?

4. *A day of visitation is now upon you. It is the day of God's mercy.* You live in its noon. What are you doing? Are you devoting it to its legitimate use? Have you trusted in Christ? Are you labouring in his cause? Are you seeking the glory of God? Let your trust in Jesus be more simple and strong. Let your love to him be more ardent. Let your labours be more numerous. Let your zeal burn not like a flickering taper, but like the meridian sun. Hear what the Master saith, "Work while it is called to day." Seek strength from the cross, while faith points for encouragement to heaven.

Preston.

LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

It cannot but be painful to intelligent christian minds, that some professors of the christian religion should be so much influenced by predilections and prejudices, and pay so much attention to minor theological differences, to the neglect in the *heart*, of real spiritual culture, and in the *life*, of the true manifestations of the living principles of their religion. Christianity, with many, seems to have reference only to something to be believed, and to have no reference at all to anything *to be done*,—to be destitute of the power to prompt, or to enable its possessor to perform, any distinctive action,—to be anything but what it is, a moulder of the souls of men, an exterminator of the bad, and a cultivator of the good, principles of its recipients,—a regenerator and a regulator of the actions of those who come under its influence. For whilst faith in Christ and in the doctrines of his religion should be exercised, work for Christ should not be neglected. The former is what should be *done*, and the latter what should not be left *undone*.

Allow us, then, to offer for the consideration of our readers the following suggestions.

First,—*God has a right to dispose of us as he may think fit.*

Had we never sinned, never in the course of our lives known a single deviation from duty, but in everything done the will of God, He, being our creator, would have a right to preside over every future movement, to command every thought and every action. Consequently, when we sinned we not only did what was hateful in his sight, but did that which was *unjust* toward him. And what Christ did, therefore, when he shed his blood for us, was not simply to purchase or redeem, but it was to purchase what was lawfully his own, to redeem that which never legitimately was another's. When we remember, then, that God has ever been our true proprietor, that, nevertheless, he paid a price for us as though we did not belong to him, and that after *we* had done the robbery, we say God has a right, a double right to dispose of us as he may think fit.

Secondly,—*He has something for us all to do.*

The christian religion is not only a system of truths, but a system of influences, having its minor objects and ultimate end, worthy alike of the truths it reveals, and of the influences the truths call into action. The truth as it is in Jesus saves an individual, not merely that *he* may be rescued from ruin, but because in the means God chooses to appoint for the recovery of the world, his influence as a christian is requisite to its accomplishment. God never brought any man into the world so as to be independent of every one else, or so that every one else should be independent of him: neither does he ever translate a soul into the spiritual world who shall live in it uninfluenced by any, or not influencing some. It is true the influence exerted by some may be but slight, and independent of others they may not be able to do anything; but when a system is perfect (and the christian system must be, coming from God) every part of it must have some end in its existence, some definite thing to accomplish, and really necessary to the efficient working of the others. Christian brother, whether you are a primary or secondary in the grand scheme for the carrying on of individual and universal religion, whether your position and circumstances be such as to enable you to do much or only little in the cause of Christ, I cannot say, you must be the judge, but of this be certain, God has *something* for *you* to do. There is some appropriate work he expects *you* to accomplish, some part in the carrying on of the great work he intends *you* to take.

Thirdly,—*We should ascertain what God has for us to do.*

It is a part of the system of morals, that we are guilty, if we do not those parts of our duty we may be ignorant of when it is in our power to ascertain them, as well as for not doing those parts we *know* we ought to do. Our Pædobaptist friends (and they are not a few), who present such excuses (for we cannot call them arguments) in the Baptismal controversy, as, "Baptism is not an essential," "we attend to the *main* point," "it is only of trivial importance whether or not we are baptized so that our hearts are right with God," and so on, would do well to think of this. For such language is always the expression of a mind unwilling to investigate the subject; which has *not* considered, and does not incline to the consideration of what *is* truth, what God does command; and which renders them as culpable, and places them, in the sight of God, in the same position, as those who knowing Baptism is right yet refuse to attend to it. Whilst we Baptists, however, are not guilty of this want of manliness, with reference to the ordinance of Baptism, it is to be feared we too frequently manifest something of the same spirit and turn of mind with *respect to the* various objects God has for us to accomplish, and which, if

vious to discern, he in his providence would point out. Who is always sedulously noticing events as they turn up, to see as anything for him to do for his glory in them? Who is nually asking himself the question, having accomplished been made known to him, what does God *next* wish here that has not *some* times, *many* times, banished ons from his mind lest he should be made aware of which his inclination ran counter, and the doing ly avoided? Yea, who is there who has not, been plain, and God's will clearly made mani- yed the call and *shirked* the engagement? But not so to be, this is not the esteem God's kindness ands. This is not the course either scripture or reason ; and though our earnest endeavour, in all circumstances, what God has for us to do in them, may, in many cases, ur minds uneasy, unless some who are Pastors descend to more ate spiritual converse with their flocks,—some who are Deacons, to more kind and affectionate bearing to their Pastor and the people,— e who are rich, to more liberal contributions for the carrying on of work of the Lord,—and all of us, to a more striking exemplification our holy religion before the men of the world, yet when the secrets all hearts shall be revealed, when this world shall die and be buried with death, and time, and temporalities, and we no longer be subject to grosser influences which surround us now, but dwell in the midst of pure inhabitants and elevating influences of heaven, perhaps it may crease our happiness, and render the scene still more bright and glo- ious, should we not be able to recall to our memory duties unattended to, opportunities neglected of ascertaining the will of God when here low.

Fourthly,—*Having ascertained what God has for us to do, we should do it.*

What a number of philanthropic proceedings,—what a list of benevo- ent actions,—what a series of Christ-like deeds, at one time or other ave occupied our *thoughts!* There is not an excellency we have admired, nd have not *thought* of acquiring,—not a noble-minded man have we ead of, we have not *thought* of imitating,—not a striking instance of self- enial and devotedness to God has come under our notice, we have not *thought* of performing. We read of Howard, and we *thought* we ought to deny ourselves to contribute to the comfort of others. We read of the ancient martyrs, and we *thought* we ought to do more for the defence of truth. We perused the God-like actions of the Saviour, and we *thought* we should do all in our power to imitate him. But what more did we do than think about it? Perhaps we *purposed.* And what good thing in our time have we not purposed? We knew there were many of our neighbours caring nothing for their souls, and, in a pious mood, we *pur- posed* doing something to awaken them from their danger. We knew our services were required in the Sabbath-school, and, in our better humour, we *purposed* rendering them. We saw an infant cause just needing our self-denial and liberal support to render it efficient and prosperous, and, pleased with the idea, we *purposed* making the sacrifice. We heard from a missionary of the destitution of heathen lands, sympathized with the ap- peal for help, and the prayer, "send more labourers into the harvest," and, in the momentary excitement, *purposed* devoting ourselves to the work, or taking fresh interest in the cause, and doing more than ever for it. But how much further did we go? Perhaps we began what we purposed. We saw the prayer-meeting was not well attended, and, urged by an ap-

peal from our Pastor, we *began* to attend more regularly, and for a time listened with greater devotion to the prayers of our brethren, and in our hearts closed their petitions with a more fervent amen. We looked over the different localities of our town, pondered the best way to bring their inhabitants under the influence of the truth, and *began* to pray with the afflicted, to succour the needy, and preach the kingdom of heaven to the poor. We thought the scriptural instruction of the young worthy of our labours, we *purposed* addressing ourselves to the work, and we *began* to direct their attention to scriptural truth, and to prompt them to act the better part. But what did we *do*? What did we *complete*? What did we *accomplish*? The thousand thoughts we had of doing something to rescue the holy land from the infidels, departed quickly as they came. The hundred purposes we formed were scarcely prepared for the conflict, ere they deserted their standard. The score that reached the scene of action, and began the fight, fled upon the first appearance of difficulty and danger, and but one or two things have the best of us ever done worthy of the defenders of the holy sepulchre, of the soldiers of the cross.

Ye men of God, awake to a knowledge of your obligations. Ye servants of Christ, arouse yourselves to the performance of your duties. The enquiring state of the public mind yields suitable opportunities for the development of christian truth. Recent events furnish numerous illustrations of the existence, the cause, and the means of dispersing error. Indications multiply, that existing systems will give way if an enlightened policy obtain amongst us, and that existing establishments will totter as the religion of Jesus becomes more clearly understood. It is our part, therefore, *to act, to work, to do something* in the state of affairs, that the truth may spread, that error may be suppressed, that systems gendering error, establishments perpetuating falsehood, may perish, that the time may come when the light shall appear above the horizon, which shall dispel all darkness,—when Juggernaut shall crumble in the dust, and Mahomet's vision vanish as the day appears,—when Antichrist shall be hurled from the throne he has usurped, and his confederates perish with him in an universal overthrow,—when every error and delusion shall be vanquished, blasted, and destroyed, and when Jesus' kingdom shall come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

WILTON CLIFFORD.

FAMILY PRAYER.

"Praying with all prayer."—*Ephes.* vi. 18.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

As there are different kinds of prayer—private, public, social, and domestic—the christian is exhorted to pray always with all prayer. Whatever leads us to God does us good, and the seasons when we approach him are our best seasons. Pray we *must* if we are born of God, for prayer is then the breath of the soul; and pray we should, alone, or with others, as opportunity may offer. We cannot go to God too often, or be with God too much. We have many wants, and prayer will obtain a supply for them. We have many temptations, and prayer will prove a preservative against them. Are we private individuals? We should pray as such. Are we public characters? We should pray as such. Are we at the head of a family? We should pray in that situation. Let us reflect for a *few minutes* upon family prayer.

It is *necessary*, for we should acknowledge God in our social relations; we should say by our conduct, without fear or shame, "I am the Lord's." It is included in bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Our children and servants should hear us pray. The daily, devout, and scriptural prayers of the head of a family are the best lessons that can be given on prayer. It is *beautiful*, for what sight is more lovely than to see the master of the family with all his domestics around him, first reading God's word to them, and then praying for God's blessing upon them. They all hear the same truth, bow before the same throne, and are led to the same good and gracious God. Oh, it is a lovely sight! It is *beneficial*, it is the means which God often employs to produce salutary impressions, which issue in a sound conversion. Many have had to bless the day they ever went into a praying family. Then it often prevents disagreements, and works out a reconcilation where parties have disagreed. It is also God's ordinance, through which he sends down innumerable blessings upon them. God is specially present when a family meets for prayer,—he receives the confessions, listens to the complaints, pardons the sins, grants the requests, and imparts his blessing to the favoured group. A family without prayer, is a family exposed to ten thousand dangers. A house without an altar is only imperfectly furnished. To profess Christ and have no family prayer, is beneath the poor heathens, who have, and worship, their worthless household gods.

Prayer in the family should be *short;* long prayers are never acceptable in the presence of others, but they are very injurious in families where there are children or unconverted servants. Prayer in the family should be *simple;* it should be a simple confession of sin, acknowledgment of mercies, application for blessings, and pleading for pardon. The less of art and the more of nature in family prayer the better. Prayer in the family should be *spiritual;* with too many it is a mere form. The party conducting it does not live near to God, so as to imbibe the Spirit of God, and, therefore, cannot pour out spiritual thoughts, desires, hopes, thanksgivings, and intercessions to God. We shall be pretty much in the family what we are in the closet: if familiar with God when alone, we shall be spiritual when we pray before others. Prayer in the family should be *varied*, sameness always tires; and with so many wants to be supplied, so many mercies to be acknowledged, so many parties to be remembered, so many promises to plead, there can be no reason why there should be a tiresome sameness. Variety generally interests, engages, and pleases, therefore aim at variety in family prayer. Prayer in the family should be *regular;* some have family prayer only on Lord's-days, and some only on particular occasions. Supper parties appear to be the invention of Satan to set aside family prayer, and do mischief in the families of professors, and his scheme too frequently succeeds. He that wishes to bring up his family for God, or to set an example which is likely to make a salutary impression on his domestics, should avoid all parties or meetings which are prolonged to a late hour. They *have* done, and in some places *are* doing, incalculable mischief.

Many professors have no family prayer; reader, have you? If not, what is the reason? Do you plead the want of gifts? Allow me to ask you, have you ever made the trial? Have you ever sought the gift from God? Many persons who can talk very fluently before their families upon matters of business, or politics, or other subjects of conversation, pretend that they cannot pray with their families. They can talk to them, or to others about them, but they cannot go upon their knees and talk to God for them. There is something radically wrong here, and it is to be feared that it lies in the state of the heart, and not in the head.

talent. The gift of prayer, like every other gift, grows by a judicious use of it. Those who have found great difficulty in commencing family prayer, have soon found the difficulty vanish by use. The devil hates family prayer, and will do all he can to keep us from it, or to make us weary of it. Many who have family prayer, may almost as well have none. They drive it off to such a late hour, that all are thoroughly tired out and cannot enjoy it. Or, they read over a lifeless, tiresome, barren form. Or, they pray in such a dull, monotonous, formal manner, that no one feels an interest, or derives any benefit from it. Or, they act so inconsistently in the business, or the family, when they are off their knees, that their domestics do not believe what they say when they are on. The actions of the day and the devotions of the evening should agree. A man is really what he is regulary. A spiritual man will be spiritual in all places; and a devout man will always be more or less devotional. Lively, devoted, and zealous christians always approve of and practise family prayer. They could not be happy without. They enjoy it, and, generally speaking, their domestics enjoy it with them. They exercise their judgment, and adapt their devotions to times, persons, and circumstances. They throw their hearts into their prayers. Their affections are engaged and shew themselves. They manifest that they know God, are in friendship with him, and feel at home in his presence. Reader, is there an altar in your house? Do you collect your household regularly around it? Do you aim so to conduct family prayer, as to make a good, a pleasing, a profitable impression? Is there incense on your altar *twice* in the day, or only *once*,—every day, or only occasionally? Is there a sweet perfume of devotion, grateful alike to spiritual persons and to God? Beloved, family prayer will never be what it ought to be until we live nearer to God. When our fellowship with God is close, intimate, and filial, then all our mercies, whether in the sanctuary, the sick room, or the family, will be savoury, salutary, and impressive. There will be a power, a sweetness, and a spirituality about them, which must be realised to be known, and even then cannot be described. Alas! we are so worldly, so carnal, so cold, that the difference between us and the world is very slight. Oh, that God would pour down his Holy Spirit upon us, and fill us with love, zeal, and power; that so we may worship him in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. Lord Jesus, send the blessed Comforter into our hearts and homes, that we may reflect thy praise, and that our families may be consecrated to thy service! Holy Spirit, come and preside in our households, bring every member into union with Christ, and enable us to preside over them to the glory of the Most High! Gracious God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we worship thee, and desire that all that are under our influence may be the temples of God, the epistles of Christ, the habitation of the Comforter; take, oh, take them, and consecrate them to thyself for ever!

Shrewsbury.

AN EXAMPLE TO DEACONS.

When deacon Barker, of Newport, was on his death-bed, and his pastor went to see him, he said, "*Pastor, I never heard you preach a sermon, but I always prayed God to bless and help you.*"

Deacons, here is an example for you. Whenever you see your pastor ascend the pulpit, whenever you see him rise to speak in the Lord's name, *lift up your hearts* to God for his blessing. Two such deacons would be

to a pastor what Aaron and Hur was to Moses when Israel were engaged with Amalek in the valley, and a similar result may be expected. Alas! there are deacons who, when the preacher rises to address his people, instead of lifting up the heart to God for his blessing, are adjusting the scales of orthodoxy to weigh every statement, in order to ascertain if there is sixteen ounces to the pound. There are others who sit criticising the style and action of the preacher, and who are only pleased with fine-turned periods and graceful gestures. Some even sit down to indulge in prejudice, and seek for occasion to take offence. But we have many deacons who bear with charity, and plead with God for the pastor while delivering his message. But we want more such. Indeed we want none but such. For those who always pray for the pastor, will work with him, and be a blessing to him. The spirit of prayer will awaken and keep alive holy sympathy, will unite heart to heart, will keep down improper tempers, and will stimulate to do anything and everything that will further the cause of God, promote the unity of the church, and bring sinners to repentance. There can be no question but Deacon Barker was a peaceful man, regular and early in his attendance upon the means of grace, highly esteemed by the church, and tenderly beloved by his pastor. Oh, that we had many like Deacon Barker! For a good deacon is one of the church's choicest blessings; while a prayerless, proud, unfeeling, lordly, worldly-minded deacon is one of its greatest curses. How many pastors are pining and moaning for want of suitable deacons to encourage and assist them. How many have left their flocks, where they were useful, and would have been happy, if they had only been privileged to have scriptural deacons.

Members of the church of Christ, be careful whom you choose to fill this important office, for you had better have no deacons than inconsistent ones. Let not your choice be influenced by wealth or station in life, but by holiness, interest in the cause of God, and thorough consecration to God's glory. Deacons of the church of Christ, often read over the scriptural account of the qualifications required in you, and pray the Lord to bestow them upon you. Imitate Deacon Barker; set the example of early and regular attendance on the means of grace; never let your pastor stand up to preach without lifting up your heart to God for his blessing on the sermon; hear devotionally, not critically; and endeavour to cheer his mind under depression, and encourage him when he is cast down. Your pastor is sure to be very much influenced by you, either for good or evil. You *must* be a blessing or a curse to him. You *will* either help or hinder him. A great weight of responsibility rests upon you, do not lose sight of it, or endeavour to cast it off, but deaconise in the prospect of eternity, as those who must give an account. In pecuniary affairs be punctual, straightforward, and scrupulously honest. Collect monies, keep your accounts, and make your payments, as immediately under the eye of God. Never let the pastor have to wait for his salary, because you have neglected to call upon the people for their subscriptions. Never let the pastor go short, because you fail to remind members of their duty. Treat your pastor in all things as the servant of God, the minister of Jesus Christ, as one placed over you by the Holy Ghost. Never forget that you must *face him* before the judgment-seat of Christ;—that both pastor and deacons must give an account of themselves to God;—that there is nothing in the gospel to sanction cold neglect, careless indifference, or lordly assumption; but everything to produce and require love, tenderness, and concern for his comfort. Oh, that deacons, pastors, and people may be filled with the Holy Ghost, that so, with loving hearts, enlightened minds, and *zealous hands*, they may walk and work together, to th

honour of Christ's holy gospel! Never will our churches be wh wish to see them, until the Holy Spirit is poured upon us, like the pr oil on the head of Aaron; until pastors, deacons, and people receiv anointing in abundance, and thereby become perfectly joined toget the same mind, and in the same judgment. Good and gracious hasten, hasten this desirable and long-sought state of the churc Jesus' sake!

THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

(*From the German.*)

Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and so cold—
There must you lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say,
What grief make known for the loss of the day;
Sadly you'd speak,—
"Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain;
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould;
Sink in the grave so wet and so cold;
There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time turn to eternity,
Darkness to day.

WAY-WORN PILGRIM.

Way-worn pilgrim, child of fears,
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears;
Earth has pierced thee; reft alone,
Urge to heaven that bitter moan.
Pilgrim, wanderer though thou be,
Heaven shall soothe thy agony;
Soon that pulse shall throb no more:
But heaven has life, when life is o'er.
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see,
Soon shalt with thy Saviour be,
For this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

List, ye weary; list, yet faint;
List, the martyr and the saint;
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,
Ye who, living, daily die,
Pleased to tread, to meet your God,
The path of thorns your Saviour trod;
Hear from heaven that Saviour's voice,
Which bids you, midst your tears, rejoice;
That tells of worlds to earth unknown,
And calls those blissful worlds your own.
Yes, ye shall your Saviour see,
Soon shall with that Saviour be,
Where this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

Biblical.

GEOLOGY AND GENESIS.

A correspondent (H. Mould) "has read in a certain author, that there were two distinct periods of creation, one when God created the heavens and the earth, and the other when he wrought wonderful operations, among which man was created." But he reads in Exodus xx. 11, "that 'in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is,' which seems to mean that he created the whole universe in six days." Our correspondent wishes for "some light on this subject, and thinks it will interest others as well." Perhaps we cannot better occupy a little space in our "Biblical," than by a few remarks on this interesting question.

We much wish we could give "some light" on the really difficult part of this subject, namely, the reconciliation of the account given of creation in the first chapter of Genesis, with the *facts* brought to light by Geologists. *We* certainly think that the natural, and therefore real solution is yet to be found. We are no way dismayed by the difficulty. We should like to see through it; but it would not shake our faith in revelation if we thought it never would be discovered; and that for reasons we shall soon state. We should, of course, feel no interest in endeavouring to adapt the account in Genesis to the almost ludicrous speculations of the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," or to other one-sided theories; these may be safely left to such real philosophers as Lyell, or Buckland, Murchison, and Hugh Miller, and many others. But undeniable facts are impossible to harmonize with the *literal* interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, and perhaps cannot be harmonized easily with any interpretation *we* can now put upon that ancient record. No honest man who has read geological works, can doubt that the earth must have existed, and contained living creatures, thousands, perhaps millions of ages before man was created. He can doubt it no more than he does the great discoveries of modern Astronomy,—discoveries quite as much at seeming variance with the account of the creation of the heavens, as those of Geology are with that of the earth.

In regard to the reconciliation of the texts referred to, it is clear that the 1st, or at least, the 2nd verse of Genesis appears to describe a creation of the heaven and the earth *introductory* to the account of the six days' work which naturally begins with the creation of light in verse 3. If this be correct, and if, as is actually the case, the *fuller* account in Genesis always stood before the briefer reference to it in Exodus, it is reasonable to conclude, that the writer intended the briefer expressions to be interpreted by the fuller. It is possible, but to us does not appear natural, that Moses included all mentioned in the first three verses in the first day's creation. To us either view appears to do but little towards solving the main difficulty. There can be no doubt that the Jews understood it as literally a creation of all things, at least, beginning with the light, in six ordinary days; and so it was universally understood down to very modern times; and we must conclude, that so it was meant to be understood by those to whom it was addressed. But though it could be only understood of a literal six days *by them*, the enquiry arises, Was the language intended by the Omniscient Mind to be capable of adaptation to the facts of the case when the diligent enquiries of his creatures should bring them to light? Can *He* be thought to have meant something different to the natural interpretation of them, which he veiled to early ages, or, rather, adapted to them, in enigmatical, or, so to say, infantine language? Many able and pious Geologists have answered this question in the affirmative. They think the language intentionally *adapted* to geological truth, although unfitted to teach that truth to those ignorant of it.

The two great facts of geology bearing upon this subject are, 1st. That the surface of the earth, what is often called its crust, the structure of which for several miles deep is known to us, has been in a state of ceaseless change for myriads of ages prior to the creation of man. Indeed, that compared with the inconceivably vast duration of the earth, man is quite a recent creature, as well as the last made of creatures. 2ndly. That the strata composing the crust of the earth contain great numbers of the remains of animals, nearly all, except in the most modern strata, of extinct species; and

that there is, on the whole, a *succession*,—molluscs and fishes first, then reptiles of frequently marvellous form and magnitude, then animals of the same general sort as those of the present time, though for the more part of quite different species, lastly man, of whom no, properly speaking, *fossil* remains are anywhere found. These general facts are, of course, quite inconsistent with the creation of the world in six literal days, though quite in harmony with the representation of *successive* creations of fish, birds, reptiles, and animals. Hence, many have thought that the six days might mean six great geological days, *i.e.*, vast ages or periods of time. And Hugh Miller, in his last and very interesting little work, "Footprints of the Creator," has argued (pp. 307—310) that the seventh day of God may be one vast period of cessation from creative works, lasting from the formation of man till the completion of redemption; and that thus there may be the same relation between the vast days of divine workmanship and the day of divine rest, as between the six working days of short-lived man, and the day of rest enjoined in the decalogue.

Another view is that suggested by the late lamented Dr. Pye Smith, a man eminently qualified, both by geological and biblical knowledge, to give a valuable opinion,—that the first chapter of Genesis, except the first verse, gives an account of the preparation of a *part* of the earth only for the habitation of man, and of man's creation; and he, with entire conclusiveness, shews that the language, which seems so general and universal, would be perfectly appropriate, under the circumstances, to the view which he advocates. This involves, however, some general principles of Scripture criticism, of such great importance, yet of a kind so perfectly intelligible to unlearned readers, that we had better defer the statement of them to another number. They furnish the answer, as we conceive, to all the objections of this kind by which some would endeavour to weaken our faith in revelation. Meantime, though we think the particular interpretations advocated both by Mr. Miller and Dr. Smith very doubtful, we yet earnestly recommend their works, that of Dr. Smith especially, on account of its valuable illustration of sound principles of interpretation, whatever may be thought of his attempt to reconcile Geology and Genesis.

Tales and Sketches.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In one of the most fearfully critical moments of our late political convulsions, two detachments of soldiers were seen preparing to storm a strong barricade, erected in one of the most populous districts of our city. The one division belonged to the national, the other to the so-called mobile guard. This last corps was composed of very juvenile soldiers, so that it was common to see in its ranks boys of fourteen and fifteen; who, nevertheless, were often the most daringly courageous of the band. On this occasion, the barricade was hotly contested, and deeds of desperate prowess were mutually performed by opponents, who, alas! ought to have regarded each other as members of one family! Repeatedly had the barricade been fiercely assailed, and as often successfully defended, when, at the moment of hottest conflict, two individuals rushed *out from the ranks of their comrades*, and, heedless of the shower of balls with which they were greeted, succeeded in reaching the summit of the barricade; their companions hurried to their support, and the object of contest was taken. But the last shot fired by the retreating enemy was commissioned to enter the breast of one of the bold leaders, who fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of his brother assailant (one of the garde mobile), whose boyish frame could scarcely sustain the weight of the more robust, but not more valiant national guardsman with whom he had fought, side by side, in emulative contest.

"I am dying," gasped the garde national, "I am dying; but—open my knapsack—you will find there a little book—it is a Testament;—take and read it, and pray God that you may do so with his blessing."

The wounded soldier expired, and the youthful survivor took possession of his legacy.

About a year subsequent to this event, a

pleted mine, traveling on business, entered an inn at a considerable distance from Paris. To his no small surprise, he observed in the chamber inhabited by the landlord, a New Testament, which bore evident marks of being diligently perused.

"What! you read the Bible!" exclaimed he to the host, in a tone of mingled pleasure and astonishment.

"Yes, Sir, and with great benefit," was the latter's reply.

"God be praised," rejoined the traveller, "it was not so in former days."

"Yes, God be praised," re-echoed the host, "for to him, in very truth, the praise belongs, as you will yourself acknowledge when I tell you how all this has been brought about." And he forthwith related as follows:—

"One of my nephews, whom I had taken into my family after the death of his parents, early displayed such a vicious disposition, that I felt compelled, for my own peace of mind, to bind him, when thirteen years old, to a tradesman in Paris, whom I knew to be not only a conscientious, but strictly observant master, and on whose watchfulness and unrelaxing discipline I rested my last hope, for the rescue of my unhappy nephew from utter destruction. But I soon learned that Paul had contrived to outwit even him, and had made his escape from his house with such consummate address, that not the smallest trace of him could be discovered. This intelligence naturally grieved me much, and I remained long in daily dread of learning his whereabouts through the police; for I had little doubt of his soon committing some act which would bring him into the hands of justice.

"It is now about six months since one day the Paris diligence stopped at my door, and to my no small amazement I saw my truant nephew step out of it. I could not help shuddering on recognising him, and hastily exclaimed, 'What is the meaning of this bold intrusion? After the manner you have behaved, how dare you come hither to bring disgrace on your family?'

"Paul looked up in my face with a calm, though melancholy smile, and pointing to the uniform of the garde mobile, which he still wore, said modestly, 'Believe me, uncle, I have not disgraced the division of the army in which I have served, and can produce satisfactory testimonials to that effect. I am now on leave solely on account of bad health; and can assure you my character as a soldier is not a bad one. As to my former conduct, no one can reflect upon it with greater detestation than I myself do.'

"'All very fine talking,' interrupted I, with incredulous impatience; 'your illness is, doubtless, the result of intemperance; your pockets are empty, and so you find it mighty convenient to palm yourself on me until you can retrieve health and purse, when you will, doubtless, recommence a new score of misdeeds.'

"Paul hung down his head as I thus spoke, and then replied, in a low voice, that he had indeed feared I would be harder to convince than others had been; 'and yet, uncle,' he continued, 'I am indeed changed. This is neither the time nor the place to enter into details; but though it is true I now come to you seeking refuge and help, I well know it would be labour lost to try to purchase your benefits by hypocritical professions. All I now ask of you is to believe I am no longer the daring offender you once knew, and let time tell the rest.' 'So be it,' retorted I, not in the most friendly tone, and taking the poor boy by the arm, I led him into my house.

"From the very first hour, I could not conceal from myself that Paul was incontestably changed, and that essentially to his advantage. So far from rodomontading over his exploits, it was not without difficulty that I could draw from him any particulars of his military career; and yet my questions elicited many a trait of daring courage, while all was told with modest reserve, and an evident desire to extol his comrades above himself.

"But the evening was destined to surprise me most of all. I had put up a bed for him in my own room, and before lying down, he asked my permission to say his evening prayers.

"'Your evening prayer,' echoed I, with a loud laugh (for I was then a scorner of all religion—a regular heathen), 'the prayer of a garde mobile, or rather of a Parisian street jackanapes, commonly called *un enfant de Paris*, must be something worth hearing, and so prithee, boy, make haste, and give us thy prayer to the best advantage.' I spoke bitterly, for I felt indignant at the part I supposed him to be acting; but Paul looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, as he replied, with deep earnestness, 'Do not, I entreat you, dear uncle, make a jest of this matter. There is no need for me to speak aloud when I

pose but my heart before God; and soon, I trust, you will judge differently, not only of me, but of prayer, and learn by your own experience that it is no mere matter of form.'

"From this time forth I watched my nephew most narrowly, and that with much still remaining suspicion; for I could not banish from my mind the idea that some sly design or unworthy motive lay at the root of his religious profession. Ere long, however, I was compelled to acknowledge the injustice of this judgment.

"Paul's state of health grew daily worse, and the pulmonary affection, which had been the cause of his leaving the army, made such rapid progress, as to excite the most serious apprehensions of even a speedy termination of his life. In moments of intense suffering, which were, indeed, of but too frequent occurrence, he would clasp his hands, and with an upward look of filial submission, murmur out, 'Have pity, O my Father, and help me; yet not my will, but thine be done!' or, 'Precious Saviour, I know and am sure that all things must work together for good to them who love thee!'

"But what most of all affected me, was his unchanging meekness and contentment. He was satisfied with every arrangement, and grateful for the most trifling attention to his comfort, so that we were all struck with it; and I one day observed to my wife, that Paul's change of character was the most extraordinary thing I had ever met with,—more especially the manner in which he spoke of God's goodness towards him, at the very time he was enduring such agony of body, and anticipating death, filled me, I said, with astonishment.

"'True,' replied my wife, 'but I'll tell you a secret which accounts for it—Paul is a christian, a true christian!'

"'What do you mean by that?' retorted I, 'neither you nor I are heathens I hope.'

"'Ah! my dear husband,' replied she, 'not quite heathens, perhaps, and yet not real christians! For I put it to yourself, has God been hitherto the chief subject of *our* thoughts, or his law the rule of *our* actions? We scarcely knew the name of Jesus formerly, or, at all events, when we did pronounce it, no sense of benefit derived from him, or dependence on him for salvation, accompanied the word. But in my intercourse with Paul, I have learned things which constitute my greatest joy.'

"'*In your intercourse* with Paul, you have learned new things; and, pray, what are they?' asked I.

"'Listen,' said she. 'Some little time ago, as I was one day trying to prop up the poor boy, in one of his sad fits of suffocation, a little book fell out from beneath his pillow; I afterwards picked it up from the floor, and saw it was a New Testament; of which, I had indeed heard, but never before seen one. The following day I mentioned my discovery to Paul. He then related to me that a soldier, who had been mortally wounded close beside him, had given him this book, and expired immediately afterwards; that the dying man had bade him read it; that he had done so; and that this legacy had proved to him the treasure of all treasures, the source of his change of character, his peace, and his joy. Every day since, when he and I have been alone, Paul has looked out passages of the Testament for me to read to him; and he has given me such plain and simple explanations of what I did not understand, that I soon began to believe and to love the great good news, that God sent his only Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but receive everlasting life. Paul is anxious to speak to you also of these things, but he is afraid; and, indeed, the poor boy blames himself much for this coward fear, which he calls treachery towards his Saviour, and is constantly praying that he may be strengthened to confess him, not only before you, but before the whole world.'

"This communication of my wife's," said the landlord, with deep feeling, "made a great impression on me. I went oftener than before to my nephew's sick-bed, and, blessed be God, he soon began to tell me also of the gospel of Christ; and God, who is rich in mercy, bestowed his effectual blessing on Paul's instructions, so that not only my wife, my son and daughter, but my own hardened self, received the truth, and am able to testify, as the Samaritans did of old, 'Now we believe, not because of his saying, but we ourselves know that this is indeed Christ, the Saviour of the world.'

"Paul is no longer among us," continued the host, with a trembling voice; "the Lord has called him home. But," said he, as he laid his hand on the New Testament which had first attracted the traveler's attention, "this is the dumb, and yet most eloquent witness of the immeasurable goodness of God, and the instrument of conver-

goodness to us. From this precious
read with attention and prayer, we
ined the testimony of God concern-
Jesus; and the written Word, being
d on our hearts by the power of the
as become to us the source of un-
ng peace, and of a calm happiness,
he world can neither give nor take
d for which we have cause to bless
oth time and eternity."*

E WORLD MOVES ON.

ught we as, returning just now
funeral of a friend, we fell once
o the current of busy life. The
news nothing of our loss. The
ires nothing for our grief. The
full of life and motion; it cannot
death. The very hearse as it
slowly through the streets was
y the stage, the wagon, the plea-
iage, in their impatient haste. The
rocession crossing the great tho-
s was broken to let pass the vehi-
rade, and men hurrying to busi-
he world moves on.

emed to be worth something to the
A man of noble form and mien—
it have marked him on the street
ny years. A man of wise coun-
high integrity, of large benevo-
ey must have prized him in the
se of life. Do they know that he

Do they care that he is dead?
not they pause to think of it? In
try village the death of such a
ld throw a gloom over every dwel-
bour would stand still, and all the
n would come as mourners to his
d then go home sadly to feel his
re, the family circle, a few tried
few brethren of the church, have
at his funeral, but even the neigh-
not there, and there is no dimi-
the moving throng in the street.
ptures are read, words of comfort
m, prayer is offered, but all amid
f carts, and bells, and cries, and
p of hurrying feet sounding up
he windows. And when we come
is no sign of change, no gloom
houses, no solemn stillness in the
ock or scar on the world's brow.
not the world feel that shock?
ce that laid him low in his prime
was like the felling of an oak. Then the forest resounds, the neighbouring trees sway to and fro with the concussion, and winds rush in to fill the chasm. But in this great dense forest of life there is hardly a sensation as one and another falls. The vine that clung to the oak is trailed on the ground, and the young saplings quiver, a few surrounding trees bow their heads to the blast, but straightway erect them again, and the forest seems as thick and sturdy as ever. Even the king of a nation falls almost without a shock. The wheels of government pause but for a moment, a new set of hands are summoned to the vacant posts, and everything moves on as before. Man dies, but the world moves on. Life hurries on. We feel it at this moment, when inclination would dispose us to quiet meditation on the loss of a friend, but parish, press, and pulpit demand that we shall work. And work we must while life lasts.

It is well that this is so. Life has a present interest. Its value does not lie simply in its relation to death and the future. While we must feel the pressure of the world to come if we would ennoble life to its just aim, and while we should be uplifted and borne along by the Infinite and the Eternal, yet we cannot live in heaven before our time. Nor should we be always preparing to die as our distinctive and absorbing occupation. We are living men, and are placed in this world to live. Life is an earnest work. And as the world moves on we must move with it, and seek to guide its energy and its progress to high and holy ends. Our Saviour prayed not that his disciples should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. And while in the world, they must finish the work He has given them to do. For this the thought of death, and the frequent and vivid contemplation of the future will give them faith, and diligence, and patience. But life must not wait for death. The world moves on, it must move on although men die. Yet the world feels its losses, though it does not stop to notice them. Every good man taken out of it is a loss. The church will feel the loss, the world will feel the loss, of the good man we have buried to-day. For a while at least some interests will not do

* ove interesting narrative appeared in a recent number of "Evangelical Christendom." It was s the *first instance*, from a religious periodical published in Berlin.

so well without him. His prayers will be a want, his charities will be a want, his counsels will be a want, his example will be a want, not only in his immediate circle, but also in the ever-widening circles that swell out from that, till lost on the remotest shores of time. Though the tide of life, by its mighty pressure, overbears a single death, yet that death makes a ripple on its surface; disturbs, discolours, perhaps divides, the stream. The good man's death is felt till others take his place and fulfil his work. Neither does the world move on without him whom it has lost. His memory lives, his influence lives, his work follows him. And these all are added to the grand sum of influences that are shaping this world's character and destiny. The world is made up not merely of those at any one moment upon its stage, but of all the past interblending with their thoughts, and feelings, and acts, and giving its impress to the present and its course to the future. Man is not born into this world, merely to die out of it. If he lives to any purpose he still lives here after death. The world moves on as if without him, yet it moves on by and through his influence. With what a sanctity does this invest our life! There is perversion often in the well-meant counsel, "Live each day as if it were your last." Rather live each day as if *you* were to last, knowing that what you do and are will last when you are gone. We are to live, and not to die, daily. And living rightly we shall be always ready to die. Death shall then bring to us a two-fold life; a life of purity and bliss in heaven, and a life of influence and power still on earth. The friend we this day buried is not dead. They carried him away to the quiet village, which was his summer retreat, and there they laid him in the bare and stiffened earth. The city knows not his resting-place. But soon the fresh grass will spring, and flowers will bloom, and trees will blossom in that lone church-yard, and so will virtue, truth, and holiness spring up the richer from his grave. Thus will

> ——— "the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

We lately heard an address to children commended because the speaker talked to them not as if he thought they were at once to die, but as if he expected them to live and to accomplish something in life. *So should we* in the high christian sense *live while we may* and die when God calls us, in life or death discharging the duty of the hour. This was the high moral significance of that strange answer of Christ to him who would go home and bury his fathers;—"Let the dead bury their dead: follow thou me." Thou art a living man and hast the work of life to do. The world moves on, and my cause must not be retarded nor thy salvation hindered, by offices of respect and kindness to the dead or by unavailing grief. While the battle rages, fighting men must not stop to pick up the slain.

The world moves on. The forces of steam and electricity now drive its wheels. Faster and faster all things fly. Yet the world and all that it contains shall have an end. Its marts shall be deserted, its bustle and clamour shall cease, and all be silent as the grave. But in this world, moving on with it, is a kingdom that shall have no end. That kingdom hastens to its glorious consummation. Though men die, Christ's cause moves on. How grand has been its march since first apostles suffered and martyrs died. And they that are of this kingdom shall live and reign with it when time and earth shall cease to move.

THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

A man of the name of M——, noted for his ungovernable temper and proneness to dissipation, employed me as his attorney, and I frequently examined the dockets for him, and, as a conveyancer, made out deeds of property which he purchased and sold. He was a good paymaster, but exceedingly disagreeable in his deportment, often drunk, and most profane in his language. He called one day, and seemed much subdued, much altered from his usual deportment. After stating his wants, he was about leaving my office. I asked what was the matter with him, he seemed so changed. He stopped, hesitated, but made no reply. I asked again what could have occurred to make such an alteration in his whole demeanour.

"Squire," said he, "something has occurred; I am indeed an altered man. I had a little son, about nine years old; he was as dear to me as the apple of my eye; and, at times, when I went home from my work intoxicated, I abused my wife, drove her and the other children from the house, broke the furniture, and did all in my power to make my family as miserable as myself. This little

boy, when I was at the height of my anger, would watch me, and when I would sit down, would steal up to my knee, climb upon my lap, pass his little hand through my hair, and tame me down irresistibly, when my wife and the other children would fearlessly come in, knowing, from experience, that my little son had subdued me, and I was in his power. Well, Squire, my son took sick; it was evident to me he would not recover. I sat by his bedside; he was in a doze; the tears gushed from my eyes as I watched him; my heart was sad indeed! He awoke, he turned his face towards me. 'Father, you are crying. What is the matter?' 'I am afraid, my son, I am going to lose you, —you are going to die.' 'Well, father, I know I am going to die, but I am not afraid to die, for I will go to Jesus.' 'To Jesus! Why, what do you know about Jesus?' 'Why, father, you know mother used to send me to the Sunday-school at the corner, and the teachers told me all about Jesus, and taught me how to pray; and for this reason, father, I was never afraid of you when you came home drunk, and abused poor mother and the children; and I saw that you could not injure me. Now, father, I am going to die, and would die quite happy if you would promise me to do two things.' 'Well, my son, what are they? If it is in my power I will do them.' 'Father, promise me that you will drink no more whisky; this is the cause of all poor mother's distress; and if you would not drink, you would be a good man, and mother and the children would be so happy. Well, father, now promise me that you will pray.' 'Pray! why, I don't know how to pray!' 'Father, kneel down by my bed, and I will teach you how to pray!' Squire, I knelt down; he prayed; I followed, repeating his words; my heart was broke; he led me I know not where, or how, or how long; but this I know, that light, comfort, peace, and joy, filled my soul, as I rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. My wife came in, the children followed, and all fell on their knees around the bed. We all rejoiced, and when I raised my head to bless the instrument of my conversion, he was *dead!* His spirit had been wafted away to heaven with the glad news of my repentance; he was an eye-witness to that joy which is among the angels of God over a sinner that repenteth. His hands were clasped as in prayer, and a sweet smile sealed his lips in death."

Therefore, my beloved brethren, seeing what the Sunday school can do, "be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Correspondence.

CHURCH MEMBERS VOTING BY PROXY.

A correspondent, "Aliquis," wishes for our opinion on the propriety of allowing votes by proxy in the election of ministers or deacons, on the part of those who *cannot* be present at the meeting in which a decision is taken.

On *general* principles there appears to be nothing objectionable in voting by proxy when there is to be no further discussion of a question. In the House of Lords proxies are allowed, probably on the supposition that the subject has generally been previously discussed in the other House, although, *technically*, each House is presumed to be ignorant of the other's debates. In railway meetings, too, proxies are allowed, although there is frequently much discussion before the voting. There could, therefore, be no violation of our social habits in proxy voting; and the social habits (so far as not sinful) of each community form a large part of the ground covered by the injunction—to do "all things *decently* and in *order*." Probably in no part of the world are social habits of public and business meetings more in accordance with the democratic character of New Testament churches, and of christianity itself, than in England and its daughter—the United States.

It is always, however, well to enquire how far the spiritual, devotional, and BROTHERLY character of our religion should moderate and modify the *use* of our rights. No organization or plan can be pronounced best in itself; factious, party, contentious motives, convert, of course, the best organization into the worst church. In the present question we should say, therefore, if it be the general wish that each member should

express an opinion, or if some members *necessarily* absent much wish to vote, it would be both wise and kind to allow of vote by proxy on any question at least not needing further discussion; but if, unhappily, a party spirit had crept into the church, and some active partisan wished to carry his point by canvassing, privately, members too indifferent to the question, or too peaceable to like attending a disputatious church meeting, then the motive and the probable working would nullify all the advantages of what in itself might be reasonable enough.

At the hazard, however, of reiterating advice we have from the earliest period of our labours given in "The Church," we would press upon all our churches, that *government by majorities is anti-christian.* Not, of course, that settling mere matters of detail is so;—how the pews shall be arranged, where a window-blind shall be put up, what time a service or meeting shall be held, what individuals shall perform some particular mission,—such things are most fitting points for majorities to settle (if indeed they cannot be left to deacons), and minorities are factious indeed if they have the least feeling on the subject. But in matters which affect the entire character and working of the church,—in the choice of a pastor for instance, the incurring of any heavy pecuniary responsibilities, in *some* cases in the choice of a deacon, in important steps by which the church is committed to any particular conduct in relation to the world or to other churches,—in such matters, when conscience or even christian comfort is likely to be deeply affected, it is neither brotherly nor wise for a majority, no, not even a considerable one, to insist on their *formal* right. We do not approve even of any such rule as three-fourths or two-thirds, and so forth, as a determining majority: we hold that christian love cannot be measured by figures. They accord more with "the letter which killeth," than with "the spirit which giveth life."

"*Let all your things be done in* LOVE," is the rule which must guide us till the Second Advent of our Lord. It will assuredly do so ever after. Now, *love* it is not, when either majorities or individuals press to a brother's great discomfort, or perhaps to the violation of his conscience, a *right* which *they* could sinlessly waive.

Take a common case. There are in a *church, which needs a pastor,* a few wealthier persons of better education and of more cultivated manners than the majority. The power of contribution lies with the minority, that of numbers with the majority. Two preachers come before them;—one very intellectual, and otherwise an excellent and pleasing man; he suits the minority exactly; but the majority really cannot easily enter into his habits of thinking, and are not benefited and instructed;—another, equally excellent, of homelier manners perhaps, desirous to do good, preaching plain, useful sermons, but perhaps with hardly an idea in them new or fresh to the more cultivated class, yet, on account of his zeal, he is a favourite with the majority, while the minority, though esteeming the man, are listless hearers. What should be done? We reply, *nothing.* Granting both men to be the best of christians, and both admirably adapted to *some* church, neither are adapted to *this* particular church. Neither party in the church, and neither of the ministers, should wish to make a settlement unsuitable to an important part of the church. They should conclude that the Lord had not yet shewed them the "man after his heart" *for them.* There are many preachers, all should aim to be such, who can interest both classes,—whose intellectual efforts do not extinguish their zeal, and lessen their delight in the heart-touching truths of the gospel,—and whose ardour to do good does not hinder them from "leaving the first principles of the oracles of God, and going on to perfection."

The president of any church for the time being, whether minister or deacon, should continually remind church meetings of the distinctive character of their assemblies, namely, that *christian love may not be violated.* It is no excuse whatever that members may be "strictly in order," "adhere to the rules," &c. No member, no meeting, no president, is in order, if all are not watchful to preserve the kindly feeling which it is the very object of our Lord to generate and maintain in his people, in his churches, and, through them, eventually, in the whole world. As we have remarked before, we think whoever presides should dissolve or obtain an adjournment of any meeting, again and again (of course himself doing all things in the spirit of love), in which it seems hopeless to bring the great body of the members to a thoroughly christian feeling. Business rightly settled for the form of it, would be most injuriously

settled, so far as the *effect* is concerned, if settled with heated, divided, and unkindly feelings. A little delay, with kind, *impartial* advice from the leaders, will generally recover all the right-hearted from any temporary aberration of feeling.

Let it never be forgotten, however, that nothing conduces more to this end, than that the president of the church should, as rigidly as possible, adhere to the rule acted upon by every truly constitutional sovereign,—the rule so admirably adhered to by our own beloved sovereign, whom we have admired the more ever since, in the late ministerial crisis,—the rule of being himself of *no party*. The president's party must be that of order, peace, and love; and every good member will sustain him in deferring the settlement of any question till it can be done on those terms; till the question can be altogether dropped, or settled with the sincere good-will of all, even of those who might have preferred a different decision. F. C.

Notices of Books.

A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, by C. M. Du Veil, D.D., with an Historical Introduction by the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 574. London: The Hanserd Knollys Society.

This is the sixth volume of the Hanserd Knollys Society. And we have pleasure in stating, that it is really and veritably a book written by an "old English Baptist," and not, as in a recent case, nearly half the volume by a modern preacher. We sincerely thank Dr. Cox for introducing, not supplanting, Du Veil,—for not spreading out what half a dozen pages easily contain, into nearly half a volume of needless disquisition. Certain we are, that if the Society is to be upheld, the subscribers must have the works of old, not of modern Baptists. Du Veil was born a Jew. The study of the prophecies led him to believe in the messiahship of Jesus, and hence to become a Roman Catholic, the only form of christianity he knew of, —in which church he became distinguished as a scholar and preacher. Having been led into controversy with the Huguenots, the chief opponents of Popery at that time, the study of the points in dispute between them opened his eyes to the superstitions and errors of Romanism. He escaped to Holland for safety, and thence to England. Having become acquainted here with many of the most distinguished Churchmen of that day, he entered the Episcopal church; but having free access to the library of the Bishop of London, and meeting there with some works of the English Baptists, having also been introduced to Hanserd Knollys (the excellent man from whom our Society takes its name), he was eventually led to adopt Baptist views, and joined the church of the Rev. John Gosnold. All his former church friends, except Archbishop Tillotson, appear now to have forsaken him. It was shortly after this, that he applied himself to the work before us, which appeared in England in 1685. It is termed, by the author, a "Literal Explanation of the Acts," and such is its character. All our readers who like the antique style of comment, will use this work with interest. There is abundance of learning in it, yet not the least ostentation of it; and a character of manly simplicity and straightforwardness, such as we might look for in one who had found his way successively out of Judaism, through Popery and the Church of England, to scriptural views of baptism. Of course, he does not neglect texts bearing on this subject, but his discussions are perfect in point of christian temper and spirit, combining learning, manliness, and kindness.

A Manual of the Baptist Denomination, for the Year 1851, by the Committee of the Baptist Union, with an Account of the Thirty-ninth Annual Session of that Body, &c. Pp. 96. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

The Distinctive Features of the Baptist Denomination, a Discourse delivered at the opening of the Session of the Baptist Union, April 25th, 1851. By Edward Bean Underhill. Pp. 16. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

The "Baptist Manual" contains this year all the usual information, including much interesting Denominational intelligence, and a full account of the proceedings of the Union, with an Introductory Discourse by Mr. Underhill. Mr. Under-

hill's Discourse, which we are glad to see reprinted from the Manual, is instructive and valuable in a very high degree. It points out, in a lucid manner, and with those marks of research and thorough knowledge of his subject which always appear in Mr. Underhill's productions, "those features of truth which seem especially characteristic of the Baptist denomination, and which distinguish the Baptists from bodies of christian men otherwise allied to them by a common faith;" referring more particularly to their views on Scripture, the Church, and the Sacraments. We hope that it will be extensively circulated, and carefully read by ministers and the more thoughtful members of our churches.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, AND ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS, DESIGNED FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS AND BIBLE CLASSES. BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES. CAREFULLY REVISED BY THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN. Pp. 768. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We had pleasure in commending Mr. Green's edition of Barnes's Notes on the Gospels; his edition of the Notes on the Acts and Romans, appears to be quite as deserving approval. To Sunday School teachers and the young generally, these Notes must be very valuable; but we would entreat those who use them to remember, what, indeed, there is too much danger of their forgetting, that such works should be used rather as *helps*, than as *guides*, to the understanding of Scripture. It is impossible to gain from Commentaries, however excellent, a full comprehension of Scripture truth; it would be dangerous, as it is certainly wrong, to "call any man master on earth;" to study the Word of God *for ourselves*, with constant prayer, of course, for Divine illumination, is required of all who would comprehend the mysteries of divine and spiritual knowledge. If, however, such works as that before us are used to *aid* our own enquiries, and not to *supersede* them, they must greatly facilitate our efforts, and their wide dissemination cannot be too strongly desired.

THE PAPAL WORLD: BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG ON POPERY. Nos. 1 to 8. Price One Halfpenny each. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We are glad to welcome these beautiful little books, and heartily to commend them to our young readers. They are simply and pleasingly written, in a good spirit, with none of that extravagance into which too many writers on the subject have fallen, and convey a good deal of important information. Their extensive circulation could not but have the effect of putting many young readers upon their guard against the imposing claims and plausible assertions which Popery is again making.

GUTTA-PERCHA, ITS DISCOVERY, HISTORY, AND MANIFOLD USES, ILLUSTRATED BY AN ENGRAVING IN OIL COLOURS, AND SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD. Pp. 48. London: Benjamin L. Green.

A very useful and interesting tract, containing a good deal of well-compiled information on a subject at present attracting considerable attention. The oil colour engraving is beautifully executed; and the wood cuts are done in good style; though some of the pictures, such as that of the marching policemen, and that of the laundress and the clothes line, scarcely, we should think, deserve to be dignified with the name of "illustrations."

Recent Publications.

The Friend of Israel. Published Monthly. Scottish Society for the Conversion of Israel.

A Manual of Faith and Practice, designed principally for the use of Junior Members of General Baptist Churches. By W. Chapman, Longford. (*Pp.* 40. *Leicester: J. Brooks.*)

The Compatibility between Divine Foreknowledge and Human Obduracy. A Lecture by William Barker, Baptist Minister, Burslem. (*Pp.* 16. *Birmingham: Swan.*)

A Page for the Young.

WHO IS OUR BEST FRIEND?

"Do not weep so, poor child," said a *tender-hearted pastor* to little Ernest; "it *will not bring back* your mother."

"Oh, Sir," said the boy, "will she never live again, and love me, just as she has done? Why did she die?"

"It pleased God to take her, Ernest, for

she lives now with him. Grieve not so bitterly; your mother is holy and happy. Should not that comfort you?"

The sobs were quieted, but only for a moment. Again the thought of his great loss, and a fresh sense of this, his first experience of sorrow, overpowered the affectionate child, and his heart, in its desolateness, almost refused the consolation that he so greatly needed. "My mother! my precious mother!" said he, "oh, how you loved me! How good, how kind, how dear you were to me! Who is there now to love me as *you* loved? You were my best friend." And then the fast coming tears would choke the words, and the little mourner gave himself wholly to his grief.

The old pastor looked at him compassionately, and then turned his gaze upon the placid features of the dead. "He *is* nearly alone in the world, poor lamb," thought he; his mother's only one—her single tie to earth, and she every thing to him! God have mercy on thee, dear child!" And as he smoothed the hair of that young head, with caressing tenderness, tears, for a time, kept back the words of comfort he would fain have spoken. Ernest scarcely heeded the old man's presence. He drew his little bench nearer the bedside, and leaned his head towards the cold form of her who never in life had failed to welcome his approach. "My mother! my *best*, my *only* friend!" was the absorbing thought of the bereaved one.

"Ernest, child," said the pastor, in a kind but firm tone, "say not so; you are not friendless nor alone, even though *she* is taken."

"I know you love me, my good father," said Ernest, "and you will still be my friend, if only for her sake. But neither you nor any one can love me and take care of me as my mother did. I *feel* alone."

"True, child," said the pastor, "I am your friend, and would most gladly, now, bless you with consolation. Therefore does it pain me that you mourn so much. While you have been weeping and sorrowing here, feeling that all is taken from you, I have been thinking of a friend—a true and faithful friend—whom you seem to have forgotten; one who loves you and remembers you constantly."

The boy raised his head and turned with an enquiring glance towards the old man, saying, "What do you mean, good Sir? Was not my mother the best and dearest friend I had in the world? and now she is gone. Indeed I have no friend like her."

"My dear Ernest," continued the aged teacher, "you have still left to you your best Friend. Death cannot remove Him from you; sorrow cannot separate his love from you, nor affliction of any kind deprive you of his favour, so long as you truly desire it. Earthly friends pass away. Alas! do *I* not well know the anguish of separation from the loved and cherished ones who have walked with me in life?"

He paused here; his memory was busy in recalling seasons of the past, when his own heart, from time to time, had experienced the desolation of bereavement; and then, as though strengthened by the retrospection that brought equally before him God's mercy, as well as his chastisements, he continued his discourse.

"And though our friends be spared to us many years, yet they sometimes become strangely changed. They cease to love and confide in us as once they did, so that we enjoy no more happiness with them. There are few disappointments harder to bear than *this*, Ernest. Earth offers no balm to a heart thus wounded, and we shrink from trusting and loving again, lest another blight fall upon us, and our affections quite wither under its chilling influence. But He of whom I speak is a friend that never 'leaves' nor 'forsakes.' We need have no fear that the heartiest reliance upon *Him* will meet with disappointment. What think you of such friendship, Ernest? Is it not of priceless worth?"

"Indeed, I think so, Sir," returned the boy, "and if all this be true, I would be glad to have such a friend. But how can I know that he loves me, and cares for me, as you say?"

"He himself says thus, or I should not have known it to repeat to you. And not only are his *words* friendly, but all his acts correspond with what he has said, proving his sincerity and his truth."

"Well, good Sir, where shall I find him? Must I go a great distance, and will it be a long, wearisome search?"

"That depends upon the feelings with which you regard him. If you do not *truly* desire his favour, you cannot ask with that fervour necessary to success. He is not one to be trifled with, and none can deceive *Him*, however one may deceive himself. But if you believe that he is willing to receive you, and has the power to do what he

has promised, then I am sure he is at all times ready to befriend you. His ear is ever open to those who call, and his hand is as ready to help them, as his heart is to welcome them. Earthly friends, you know, may not always be near us in time of need. Many circumstances may keep them from us just when we most desire their presence and services; but *He* is ever with us."

"Can he, indeed, be with me, and with you, and with all his friends at the same time? How is that?" asked the simple-minded child.

"Even so, Ernest. It is true that he can be the same abiding, constant friend to *you* as to me, and also to all others who apply to him. His nature is infinite, and his perfections are beyond our feeble comprehension."

"But does not he become tired of doing so much for others, and sometimes lose his interest?"

"No, Ernest, by no means, and this is one respect in which he is so different from other friends, and therefore so precious. They often become weary if we are frequent in our demands upon them, and our helplessness and necessities may become a burden that presses heavily. But *this* Friend never wearies in assisting us—he delights in it. He knows it is for our own highest good to come often to him, and he bestows most liberally his gifts. I have often noticed that the greater our need, the more helpless and weak we feel ourselves, the nearer may we approach him, and the more may we ask. Is this like any human

"Strong, and deep, and pure mother's affection, yet, believe me there is a Friend whose love is o worth; a love unmixed with frailty embracing every being God ha This love may be yours; is it not seeking? I think you must feel if only for this present life; but not yet the full extent of its ble Throughout eternity it will never elevate, and purify, and bless all become partakers of it."

Ernest's tears were dried and comforted, as he listened with i interest to the good man's teachin his little hand fast clasped in th friend, he had eagerly drunk in hi at first uncertain of the exact tru under the similitude he chose to u length catching the meaning, he interested to pursue the compari to study the excellence of the Friend.

"Yes, dear Sir," said he, eager Jesus you mean, is it not? An almost forgotten him, as you said How wrong that was! Oh, he i Friend, I know; mother often told and I know that if she were livi nothing would make her so hap know that I love Jesus with all my

"He requires that, Ernest. O him not by neglect and disobedienc to him *now*, and prove him in truest and best of Friends!"

Miscellaneous.

Access to God.—However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah-shammah*, 'the Lord hath been here,' inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We *should find it not* only in Jerusalem's proud *temple, and David's* cedar galleries, but in *the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Gen-* nesaret, and in the upper chamb Pentecost began. And whether field where Isaac went to meditat rocky knoll where Jacob lay down or the brook where Israel wrestle den where Daniel gazed on the lions and the lions gazed on him hill-sides where the man of sorrow all night, we should still discern t of the ladder's feet let down from the landing-place of mercies, bec starting-point of prayer. And whatsoever you are. It needs no proficient in piety, no adept in language, no dignity of earthly needs but a simple Hannah, or Samuel. It needs but a blind beg loathsome lazar. It needs but a publican, or a dying thief. And it sharp ordeal, no costly passport, n

expiation, to bring you to the mercy-seat; or rather, I should say, it needs the costliest of all: but the blood of atonement—the Saviour's merit—the name of Jesus—priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and instantly and constantly he may use them. This access to God in every place, at every moment, without any price or personal merit—is it not a privilege?—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

CURE FOR A PASSIONATE TEMPER.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and enquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the enquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal that I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up towards him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee into a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak aloud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

DO WE KNOW HOW TO PRAY?—And has not the church almost to learn what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of *believing prayer*, before which mountains depart? What of *persevering* prayer, which causes us to stand continually upon the watch-tower in the daytime, and which sets us in our ward whole nights? What of *importunate* prayer, which storms heaven with its "violence and force?" What of *united* prayer, "gathering us together to ask help of the Lord?" What of *consistent* prayer, which regards no iniquity in our hearts? What of *practical* prayer, which fulfils itself? Let but such prayer be understood, let our spirit but "break with such longing," and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—*R. W. Hamilton.*

THE ONE SUBJECT.—Christ is the great subject of the Scriptures. The Scriptures are the ring, Christ is the diamond. The Scriptures are the circle, Christ is the centre. The Scriptures are the field, Christ is the treasure hid in that field. The Scriptures are the box, Christ is the spikenard. The Scriptures are the building, Christ is the foundation. The Scriptures are the body, Christ is the soul. What is the Old Testament, but Christ concealed? What is the New Testament, but Christ revealed?—*W. M'Owen.*

Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

ABSTRACT OF ANNUAL REPORT.

Presented at the Annual Meeting, April 30th, 1851.

The missions carried on by the contributions and the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, are limited, with one slight exception, to the Hindoo and Negro races. The Hindoo race is supposed to number at least sixty millions of souls; the negro population of the globe, fifty-five millions.

Among the Bahamas, in Trinidad, Haiti, Jamaica, and on the west coast of Africa, your missionaries labour, and, by God's blessing, with large and increasing success. These fields of labour have been occupied, during the year, by ten European brethren. Of these, eight *remain*. Two have reached the shores of the better land, where they rest from their labours—Mr. Newbegin of the African, and Mr. Tinson of the Jamaica, missions.

In the Bahamas, 135 persons have been baptized, and 2,758 converts are under the care, for the most part, of men of their own race, nineteen in number; 152 others are found gratuitously to assist in the maintenance of Christ's cause. In Trinidad, our brethren have had the pleasure of receiving into the fold of Christ, eight persons; while the tracts on the errors of Rome, prepared by Mr. Law, have been widely circulated, and have wrought some visible effect on the minds of the general population. In Haiti, the little band of disciples has received a few accessions.

In Africa, notwithstanding all the afflictions which have fallen upon the mission, the absence of any European to superintend

or guide the native teachers and the immature body of converts, the Committee have reason to believe that, for the most part, they remain faithful to the truth; and that, at least at one station, the instructions of the negro preacher have been greatly blessed.

In India and Ceylon, thirty-six missionaries, with their wives, and ninety native preachers, with about ninety schoolmasters and catechists, carry on the work. These are distributed over thirty-nine principal stations. In some twenty-four villages besides, there are regular preaching places or chapels; while the labours of the brethren are widely diffused in every direction, at melas, bazaars, markets, and fairs, and in remote and distant parts of the country. Thus, in Ceylon, the brethren visit regularly not less than 109 villages; and one brother, in the north-west of India, embraces fifty villages in a monthly tour of evangelistic visitation. One of this noble band, the Rev. J. T. Timpson, has been called away by death, after thirty-eight years' service.

The Society has sustained another severe loss, by the sorrowful event which has deprived the Ceylon mission of the valued labours of Mr. Dawson. It was stated in our last Report, that that excellent and worthy missionary had sailed from Ceylon, accompanied by his wife, his three children, and a Singhalese boy, for this country. Too long a time has now elapsed to permit us to cherish the slightest hope of their safety. The terrific hurricanes and storms that swept the Indian Ocean in the month of March last year, leave no doubt that the vessel foundered at sea, with all her passengers and crew.

Others of the missionary band have been greatly tried by domestic afflictions. The brethren Denham and Morgan have been constrained to take voyages for the re-establishment of their health; Mr. Makepeace, of Saugor, for the same purpose has visited this country; and Mr. Small, of Benares, is now on his homeward way.

The number of brethren engaged in India has received, at Dacca, an unexpected accession, in the baptism of two German missionaries. Without any previous communication with our aged missionary, Mr. Robinson, these foreign brethren declared their change of sentiments, and were baptized in September last.

The translation and printing of the word of God has given incessant occupation to our brethren Wenger, Lewis, Leslie, and Thomas. An edition of 2,000 copies of the Hindi Testament has left the press; and the edition of the Gospels and Acts in Hindustani has been completed. Upwards of 15,000 copies of portions of the New Testament in the Persian language have been finished. The distribution of the Scriptures, in various portions, in the chief languages of Hindostan, from the depository in Calcutta, has amounted to upwards of *32,000 copies*. Mr. Wenger has still in the *press the important* version of God's word *in the Sanscrit*, the classical language of India, and has just commenced, with numerous improvements, and with the intention to render the version more perfect, new editions of the Old and New Testaments in Bengali.

Other works have likewise engaged attention. A catechism of christian doctrine, in Bengali, has occupied the pen of our brother Wenger, who has also completed a volume on the composition of sermons, for the use of native christians. Similarly useful is the Church History, translated from the English of Dr. Barth, published in Hindi, by Mr. Parsons, of Monghir. And our brother Mr. W. Carey has promised to commence a series of books adapted for the use of native christian women and school girls.

The number of converts received into the churches of India and Ceylon during the past year, is not quite equal to that given in the last Report, while an unusual number of the members have been subject to discipline. Yet, on the whole, advance has been made, and the various mission churches enfold upwards of 2,000 members, of whom there are not less than 1,600 native converts. The absolute number of baptized converts exhibits by no means fully the influence the truth exerts. Thus in several villages in Bengal, idolatry has ceased to be the practice of the people. In the district of the Barisal mission alone, our brethren have under their care native communities, nominally christian, embracing more than 1,000 individuals, of whom 700 are adult men and women. While only 87 adults can read the word of God, 154 others are learning to do so, of whom 93 are women. A somewhat similar state of things exists in the district of Jessore. An interesting native christian village has recently been formed in the neighbourhood of Agra, containing upwards of 100 inhabitants, engaged in agriculture and handicraft trades, of whom 35 are members of the church. This village forms a valuable refuge for converts from the persecutions to which they are often exposed by their heathen relatives, as well as affording means for training the christian converts and their families in habits of industry and domestic piety.

More than eighty schools, containing above 3,000 children, are superintended by our missionaries and their assistants. Nearly the whole of those in India, fifty in number, are supported by liberal local aid, by funds supplied either by the European members of the churches, or by residents of other denominations. The thirty schools of Ceylon draw the chief part of their funds from this country. To this object the labours of the Young Men's Missionary Association have chiefly been directed, and with a success that encourages the Committee to hope that, ere long, the school operations of the Society will be wholly sustained by the young, to whom this object is one of attractive interest.

Another feature of general interest is the completion of the Act for liberty of conscience, announced as prepared last year.

slature of India passed this righteous
April 11, 1850. By its provisions,
rson who may forsake, or may be
d from any religious community, is
d in the enjoyment of all his civil
If but a small part of the results
ted by orthodox Mussalmans and
flow from the Act, there has been
one, if not *the* greatest barrier ex-
the way of an open profession of
ity by multitudes of the people.

le education has likewise, of late,
d great attention in Bengal, and re-
n impetus, by the generous patron-
the active exertion in the establish-
a female school of the Hon. Mr.
, a member of the Supreme Coun-
l President of the Committee of
on. The number of scholars in this
ent of our mission is but small,
not reaching to 100 scholars in the
and these chiefly taught in the few
g-schools sustained by the wives of
hren.

e early part of the year, in accor-
ith the resolution of the last general
, the question of a deputation, to
the eastern stations of our mission,
the anxious attention of the Com-
As the brethren then invited were
to accede to the request, an invita-
s addressed to the Revs. J. Russell
Leechman, both members of the
tee. From those brethren, and the
s over which they preside, was re-
cordial assent; and on the 20th of
they proceeded by the overland
rst to Ceylon, thence to Calcutta,
g on their way at Madras. The
f these brethren are, on the whole,
cheering nature. It is hoped that
ll return in the month of May or

mains to speak, in a very few words,
ociety's mission in France. By the
volution, principles were embodied
harter which gave the liveliest hope
time was come when the word of
d would have free course and be
. Those hopes have proved falla-
For a time, tracts and Scriptures
ely circulated and sold, liberty of
ying was enjoyed, and the brethren
est for worship without molestation.
ights are being every day invaded.
vements of the missionary and his
colporteurs are, on every hand,
ed. First, authorization so to act
osed on them, and now that autho-
is refused. The *préfets* and mayors,
d by the agents of Rome, absolutely
o allow the liberty assured by the
ntal law. Still, in these circum-
our brother's labours are not fruit-
everal enquirers and hopeful cases
llen in his way, and two persons
n baptized into the faith of Christ.
year was begun with a debt of
9s. 1d., inclusive of a balance of
14s. 1d., due on the account of the
rrant to Jamaica. The debt on this
ount was to have been liquidated
by charging every year the sum of £500 to the general account of the mission. For two years this was accidentally omitted, but this year it has been done, and that account is now closed. The present balance, therefore, against the Society, which will appear in the account about to be read by the Treasurer, will be the amount of the entire debt.

The total amount of receipts has been £19,064 18s. 5d., and the expenditure £18,459 0s. 8d. The excess of income over expenditure is £605 17s. 9d., which will reduce the balance due to the Treasurers to £5,751 11s. 4d.

Although the receipts for the past year are below the average of the three preceding years, yet, in some respects, the account is encouraging. The falling-off has been in donations and legacies, which are less this year than in 1850 by £1,000. The Committee look with more anxiety to the income from the auxiliaries, since any serious diminution of income from that source would shew that either the capabilities of the churches were becoming less, or their interest in the mission was declining. The Committee have at present, however, no ground for such fear, for this year there has been an increase of £300; and they are persuaded that the organizations in the churches may be extended and improved, while, in some cases, they need quickening, and, in some, have to be commenced altogether.

It is plain, however, if the present operations of the Society are to be efficiently carried on, that the income must be increased, and if they are to be extended it must be considerably augmented. The reductions which the Committee have been compelled to make have necessitated a reduction in native agency, which all your missionaries declare to be among the most useful. How, then, is the income to be increased? The Committee feel some hesitation in urging the members of the churches generally to greater efforts. For the most part they are constituted of the poorer classes, and it is to their honour that they have done so much. The annual subscribers, however, are a class of supporters among whom much more might easily be done. Their contributions are mournfully monotonous. If they could be induced to follow the example of their poorer brethren, and give weekly, or monthly, or quarterly, as God had prospered them, the result would both surprise themselves, and go far adequately to fill the treasury of the Society.

Again, then, is this beloved Institution afresh commended to the divine blessing, and to the prayers and support of its friends; and if through the coming year, each one engaged in the work can but realize its importance and grandeur, prayer and effort will be more commensurate with its design. If it should be so, effort and prayer will be put forth with a deeper reliance on the favour of the Holy Ghost, who is in the church to renew the heart, and perfect the saints for glory, and in the world to con-

vince it of sin, and righteousness, and judgment. May He shed down upon this and all kindred institutions His selectest influence, that they all may rejoice in a blessing on their varied labours, far more abundant than they have ever yet employed.

WESLEYAN REFORM.

We have just received a copy of an address "to the Protestant Evangelical Churches of Great Britain and Ireland," which has been issued by the general committee of Wesleyan Reformers. It is written in a clear and conciliating, and yet in a firm and fearless spirit. We quite think our brethren are acting rightly in thus appealing against the tyranny and obstinacy of the Conference to the sympathy and support of the entire christian world; and we feel assured that in the battle they are so nobly waging, they will continue to have that sympathy which has been hitherto so generally accorded to them.

We wish our space would admit of our inserting the address to which we have referred entire. It contains a clear and unexaggerated statement of the position and principles of those from whom it emanates; and we commend it to all who wish to understand the bearings of one of the most important movements of the christian world in the present day. We have room only for the conclusion of the address, which is as follows:—

"Thus is our Connexion in a state of anarchy and ruin. The flocks are being scattered and destroyed by their pastors, and our Zion is almost desolate. We have been branded, it is true, with the epithet of faction; we have been denounced as revolutionists, who seek the overthrow of Methodism; and we have been told, that, if we cannot reconcile ourselves to the present state of things in the Connexion, we must seek some other church more in accordance with our views. But we have no disposition to forsake Methodism. Many of us have been ourselves excommunicated, yet we claim to be considered as Methodists. Conscious that we seek nothing at variance with the primitive principles and vital interests of our ancestral church, we will not abandon the temples which we and our fathers have erected, and for the support of which we are still responsible; nor retire from scenes and associations hallowed to our minds by the most sacred recollections. We love the doctrines of Methodism and its modes of worship, especially the more social means of grace and of mutual edification peculiar to its economy. We desire such alterations only as are sanctioned by the Word of God; such only as would render the Connexion more beneficial to its own members, and increase its capability of becoming a permanent blessing to the world.

"If during this agitation we have been betrayed, either by ignorance or by anger, into a deportment or language unbecoming those who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, we supplicate the forgiveness of a merciful God. To Him we refer our cause, and entreat His guidance, that our future course may be in harmony with his will. Next, however, to the favour of God, and a conscious sense of integrity, nothing can be so encouraging to us as an assurance that we have the approbation and esteem of our fellow-christians.

"For this reason, we lay our case before you, and commend it to your fraternal consideration. The claim we prefer is not for active assistance. We *are able and willing* to provide for our own religious *wants, while involuntary exiles* from our Father's *house. We desire* 'that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another.' Judge, then, between us and our oppressors. Take knowledge of the nature of our demands, and of the spirit and temper in which we advance them. Admonish us if we exceed the bounds of christian moderation, or deviate from the line of moral rectitude. Encompassed as we are with calumny and reproach, let us at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we possess your sympathy,—may we add, that your friendly voice is raised in our vindication? Above all, christian brethren, in those solemn moments when you are gathered together to worship God in your own sanctuaries, none daring to make you afraid, and when you approach the throne of grace, remember us who are suffering in the cause of religious liberty, and let our names be mingled with your supplications to Him who is the avenger of the oppressed, and especially the friend and protector of his persecuted followers.

"Sustained by your prayers and by the blessing of God, we shall make light of suffering, and think no labour too great in the prosecution of the cause; for the rights we maintain have been, for ages, regarded as the sacred inheritance of Englishmen; the principles we contend for have been sealed by the blood of our Protestant ancestors; and, above all, our Lord himself has with his own gracious words solemnly invested his church with that liberty which we assert for the Wesleyan-Methodist Societies."

In conclusion, we can only say that we are fully sensible of the evils resulting from such an agitation as the one now going forward, and of the sad aspect it bears, and must bear, to the world at large; but the responsibility of these we throw not upon the reformers, but upon their oppressors; to use the words of the great Melancthon, "If controversy engenders many evils, as I see to my great sorrow, it is the fault of those who first propagated error, and of those who, filled with diabolical hatred, are seeking to uphold it;" and remembering the injunction of the apostle Paul, to be "*first pure, then peaceable*," we assure our brethren, in answer to their appeal, of our most devout and cordial sympathy, and once more wish them "good speed in the name of the Lord!"

BLISWORTH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, at Blisworth, on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 21st, to recognize the recently formed pastoral engagement of the Rev. R. Turner (late of Bythorne, Hunts) with the church and congregation meeting there. The Revs. T. Brooks of Roade, J. Lea of Kislingbury, T. Marriott of Milton, F. Wheeler of Moulton, I. New of Birmingham, and Slye (Independent) of Potter's Perry, took part in the service. After the service about two hundred and fifty persons took tea together, and in the evening a public meeting was held in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society.

HUDDERSFIELD.

Mr. J. Chislett, late minister of the Baptist Village Mission, Kirkstall, having laboured amongst the Particular Baptist, meeting in Princess-Street, Huddersfield, for about six months, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the church and congregation to the pastorate, and commenced his stated labours with them on Lord's-day, June 1st.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

AUGUST, 1851.

THE PILGRIM'S WATCHWORD.

BY THE REV. JOHN BERG.

"Go forward."—*Exodus* xiv. 15.

When this command first echoed through the hosts of Israel, their position was difficult and perilous; only a little in the rear was the Egyptian cavalry making rapid advances towards them with hostile intentions, while in their front rolled the sparkling waters of the red sea. They had just escaped from the severe bondage of Pharoah, and were joyously wending their way to the promised land, when, as by an electric shock, their brightest prospects are blasted, and their fondest hopes laid in the dust. With intense anxiety and tremulous forebodings they can only "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." But the arm of omnipotence is not shortened that it cannot save. At that critical moment God so interposes as to silence all their fears, and to call forth that triumphant and magnificent song which celebrates their victory. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

It is easy to perceive that this command delivered to Israel, is equally applicable to "the sacramental host of God's elect" in its pilgrimage from earth to heaven; and is addressed to all classes of christians, whether youthful or aged, who have their faces Zionward. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that it was issued to the people of Israel when they were in the midst of overwhelming calamities and, apparently, irremediable difficulties. But man's extremity renders the mightiness of Jehovah more manifest. Though obstacles, all but insurmountable, beset their path, they were, nevertheless, to go forward. It was given also at the commencement of the journey, and it was to be their watchword all through the wilderness. It is yours, Christian Pilgrim, whatever be the stage of your pilgrimage, whether just commencing the christian course, or far on the way. Though escaped from the bondage and tyranny of Satan, you are yet in an enemy's country. The toils, the anxieties, the duties, are to be heroically met and conquered. You are to forget the things which are behind, and to reach forth to those things which are before; to "go from strength to strength till you appear in Zion before God."

It is the will of God that you should go forward in *knowledge*. When a sinner is translated from darkness to light, another world opens before his wondering vision,—he is a new creature in Christ,—"old things are

passed away, behold all things are become new." The emancipat
is encircled with means and facilities for advancement in knowle
spiritual understanding; and is not, therefore, to settle down c
contented with only a knowledge of the rudiments of the grand
of redemption, but, leaving the first principles, is to "go on to perf
In the volume of inspiration, God has given "precept upon prec
upon line," for the express purpose that we may obtain an enla
quaintance with its mysterious doctrines, its charming promises, i
ing predictions, its enchanting prospects, and all that pertains to
godliness,—"that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to
and carried about with every wind of doctrine," but, rooted and g
in the truth, "may grow into him in all things."

In close proximity with an increasing knowledge of revealed
an augmentation of self-knowledge. Although this attainmer
ceedingly difficult and humiliating, it is nevertheless essential to c
advancement. To value the work of Christ, we must form rig
of self. To estimate his atonement, we must become acquainted
depravity of our nature, the sinfulness of the human heart, w
unerring witness pronounces "deceitful above all things, and de
wicked." Tradition informs us, that on the very spot where
first founded Rome, Nero built a transparent marble temple, whi
be seen into from without. If we could imagine the heart of ma
temple, how much impure worship would be detected within,—h
unhallowed fire would be seen burning on its altar, and sin co
marring all the service. How, then, but for the cleansing blood o
could we stand before the holy Lord God of Israel? Whilst ma
vancement in other kinds of knowledge, neglect not to go forwa
knowledge of self.

Progression in *personal holiness* is likewise included in the con
go forward. In the present state of being, the renewed mind is
with a body of sin and death, hence a continual struggle has to
tained. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit ag
flesh." The christian life, therefore, is one of continual resista
eternal war with sin and Satan, and all those spiritual foes whi
battle array against it. But, through divine grace, in the very
conquer, the spiritual strength is renewed. "God giveth pow
faint, and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength.'
victory confirms the habit of resistance, and renders the mast
perfect. The exercise of gracious principles is to the soul, wha
ployment of a stringent regimen is in some forms of physical d
subdues and conquers its malady, not, indeed, at once, but by
persevering, continuous effort; thus the flesh is weakened, and
strengthened, evil passions and besetting sins lose their domini
gracious principles increase in power, and, as a consequence, i
gentleness, patience, and other christian virtues adorn the
Thus, there is a growth in grace, and a meetening for "the in
of the saints in light."

Increased efforts to promote the kingdom of Christ also belong forward. The glory of God, in connection with the felicity of m
grand end of creation and redemption. Every redeemed and re
spirit is a trophy won from Satan to the side of Christ. And
secrated to the service of his divine Master, each christian
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Here is my heart,
my hands, here are all my powers to be devoted to thy service."

"All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine."

And it is the combination of the power and influence of the faithful that represents and instrumentally carries on the cause of God in the world. Now, it is only natural to expect that every consecrated spirit, as it increases in knowledge, in influence, and in personal holiness, should proportionally increase in efforts for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. And there are many motives to induce to this enlarged action, such as the manifold mercies of God constantly realized,—expanded views of the blessedness of Christ's kingdom,—a consciousness of the perilous condition of the wicked,—the increasing efforts of Antichrist; added to which, everything in the world around is progressing—art, science, commerce, civilization. And shall the church be stationary? Can the Lord's witnesses remain inert and inactive when all around them is in a state of feverish excitement and activity? Oh, Christian! the land of promise is before you, go up and possess it. The time has arrived when every representative of the Saviour's cause should be nerved for active duty, and, if called upon, for suffering also. Amidst the mighty movements of the age, God is saying to each faithful servant, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Notwithstanding all the conflicting elements, "the Lord of hosts is with us." If the true church of Jesus is faithful to her trust, we cannot doubt that a glorious era will ere long dawn upon her; the dark cloud has a "silver lining,"—the threatening storm will pass away,—the conflict is only the precursor of glorious victory. When the immortal Hannibal was crossing the Alpine mountains of eternal snow, in order to rally the drooping spirits of his warriors amidst indescribable hardships and suffering, he took them to a point and shewed them the fertile vales and enchanting vineyards beneath the sunny skies of Italy, intimating that by a few more efforts they should repose there. With far greater certainty may we point the faithful followers of Christ to the immortalizing scenes and transcendently glorious prospects awaiting the church after a few more struggles. "Her wilderness shall be like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." The whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.

But whatever part we may be permitted to take in the coming glorious kingdom of Christ, "Forward" must now be our watchword. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," for daily are we rapidly advancing towards the end of our course. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed: a few more Sabbath day's journies,—a few more encampments in the wilderness,—a few more storms and conflicts, and the turmoil of life is ended. The warrior then returns from his campaign to realize the delights of victory,—the heir then takes possession of the inheritance,—and the weary pilgrim arrives at home. But while within the precincts of Earth's enchanted region, he must not "sleep, as do others." To indulge repose were criminal and dangerous. To remain inactive is to form a league with the enemy; to stand still is equivalent to going backward. With the voice of God commanding, a sense of duty urging, angels expecting, and glorified spirits inviting, oh, christian, "Go forward."

"Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heaven-ward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed?
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
You hear your Master's midnight call!"

A SPIRITUAL HOUSE.

1 Peter ii. 5.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON.

Every kind of animated existence has its appropriate dwelling-place. Leviathan has his home in the waters; the fir-trees are the house of the stork; the high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies (Ps. civ. 17, 18). Bees have their cells, lions their dens, foxes their holes, and birds their nests. Man, also, has his habitations: some rude and inconvenient, as the tent or wigwam; others splendid and spacious, as the mansion or the palace. Higher orders of beings have their dwelling-places too: devils and lost souls have their home in hell; angels and regenerated sinners have their residence in heaven. Jehovah, too, has his appropriate habitation:

"Eternity's His dwelling-place."

Heaven is his throne, earth his footstool. He inhabits the universe, but more than fills it; for even heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him. Yet so wondrous is his condescension and his grace, that on earth he has a mansion too.

"The humble spirit and contrite,
Is an abode of His delight."

And the aggregate of such contrite souls constitutes that church, or spiritual house, concerning which he has said, "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it."

In submitting a few remarks on this house, we notice

1. Its *spirituality*. Other buildings are material; this is spiritual. Some of them are constructed of earth or of clay; others of stone or of iron; others of oak or of cedar; others of marble or of crystal; but this is composed wholly of spiritual and immortal things, all of which are found in the quarries of nature, and the forests of sin,—many of them originally as hard as adamant,—not a few of them so rugged and uncouth as to render it highly improbable that they can ever be fitted to occupy a place in a house so glorious and so beautiful,—and all of them apparently so worthless as to be utterly unsuitable to be thus employed; yet in the hands of the divine and wonder-working Architect, they become more precious than gold or gems, and reflect his glory "as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." It is constructed, too, not on mechanical principles, but spiritual; not for corporeal, but for spiritual purposes.

2. Its *site*. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," is this house. With its lofty turrets and golden pinnacles rising far above the sky, it stands high on the

"Mount of God's unchanging love."

Seen and admired by all holy beings, beheld and hated by all his enemies, yet unapproachable and impregnable to their utmost rage, and most desperate assaults.

3. Its *foundation*. In the erection of a building, it is of primary importance to secure a foundation strong enough to sustain it. As might have been anticipated, "the only wise God" has not neglected this essential point. But whence could an adequate foundation be obtained? For a spiritual house, a material basis would be manifestly incongruous. A house so lofty and so vast, no created being was potent enough to sustain. Men, angels, and seraphs, the highest, the holiest, the mightiest, and the best, would in an instant have been crushed into ruin by its weight. But *when no other* basis could be found, Jehovah took his everlasting Son, the

partner of his throne, and said, "Behold, I lay in Zion, for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation" (Isaiah xxviii. 16).

> "We own the work of sovereign love,
> Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
> Which fixed on this foundation stand,
> Laid by His own almighty hand."

4. Its *builders.* God himself is the architect in chief. The plan, the superintendence, the skill, the power, the glory, are his, and only his. No arm but his has strength sufficient to excavate the stones from the quarry, or to hew down the cedars of the forest, and to fit them for their respective places in the structure. Nevertheless, he condescends to bestow on many of his servants the honour of labouring in the erection of this house. Amongst these, Paul was "a wise master builder;" and some besides might, perhaps, with propriety, receive a similar appellation. Others are builders of inferior note, though still usefully employed. Others are but hewers of wood or drawers of water; yet their services are useful too. Prophets and apostles, martyrs and confessors, missionaries and evangelists, pastors and deacons, Sabbath-school teachers and religious tract distributors, are all graciously employed by God as instruments in the erection of this spiritual house.

5. Its *purpose.* "Ye are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. ii. 22). A spiritual house is the most fitting abode for a spiritual Being. And he has said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" (2 Cor. vi. 16). What unspeakable honour, what safety, what comfort, what blessedness, are connected with the thought that we form part of the Lord's house, the temple of the living God! What solemnity, what cogent motives to holiness of heart and life, spring from this consideration too! For thus saith the Lord, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

6. Its *extent.* Many houses are inconveniently small; others uncomfortably large. Not the most spacious of earthly palaces can, however, in point of extent, compete with this spiritual house; for already its walls are visible not only in every county of Great Britain and Ireland, but also on the continent of Europe, the hills of Palestine, the steppes of Tartary, the plains of India, the coasts of China, the islands of the Pacific, the wilds of Africa, the prairies of America, and especially in the eastern districts of the United States. Yes; already innumerable multitudes which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, have, by the operations of divine grace, obtained a name and a place in this house better than that of sons and of daughters. And still the work is advancing; for we notice

7. Its *progress.* The Indian erects his wigwam in an hour; other buildings require a day, a week, a month, a year, ten years, or perhaps forty or fifty years, or more, for their completion. But this house has already been nearly six thousand years in building, and is still unfinished. Fresh stones are every day raised from the quarry,—fresh instruments prepared to carry on the work,—new manifestations of Divine power and skill presented,—and the comprehensiveness, minuteness, perfection, and beauty of the Architect's design more distinctly developed. And thus, though probably with vastly augmented rapidity, the building must continue to advance, until the top-stone is brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it."

8. Its *magnificence.* "The house that is to be builded for the Lord, must be exceedingly magnificent, of fame and of glory throughout all

countries," said David (1 Chron. xxii. v). Yes, and the spiritual house of the Lord—of which the material temple, in all its splendour, was but a faint and inadequate type—must be of fame and glory, not only throughout all countries, but perhaps, too, throughout all worlds; for "the glory of the latter house shall exceed the glory of the former, saith the Lord of hosts." The glory of his wisdom, his power, his holiness, his justice, his faithfulness, his truth, his mercy, his grace, his condescension, and his love, will eternally shine forth from this house. The glory of sin forgiven, sinners justified, the unholy cleansed, the children of Satan transformed into children of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, will there be exhibited. The glory of "God *with* us" in the person of Christ, and of God *in* us by the presence of his Spirit, will there be seen for evermore. Thus will Jehovah fulfil his promise, "I will glorify the house of my glory. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

9. Its *duration*. Some dwellings, like a shepherd's tent, are erected in the morning, and removed before the evening; others stand for years, and even centuries; but all earthly things are doomed to perish, either by violence or by the slow but not less certain scathing of the hand of time. Hence not a few of what were once the stateliest, the strongest, or the most beautiful of sublunary edifices, have long ago become heaps of ruins. Yes, and even the heavens shall pass away with a great noise; the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burned up. But amidst all the days and changes of time, and the tremendous conflagration and destruction by which the end of time will be distinguished, this spiritual house will stand not only immoveably secure, but while all terrestrial things are perishing, the unprecedented development of its incomparable design, its exquisite workmanship, its magnificence, its admirable proportions, its splendour, and its utility, will excite universal wonder and applause. And throughout the eternity which will succeed the last day of this world's history, this house will retain its glory, its beauty, and its meetness to be the honoured dwelling-place of Him who liveth for ever and ever.

Oakham.

THE OBJECTS TO BE PURSUED.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Follow after charity."—1 *Cor.* xiv. 1.

The word rendered "charity" is love; and the religion of Jesus is the religion of love. It originated in the love of God to us—his free, infinite, and eternal love; and it produces love in us, first toward himself, and then toward his beloved people. Love is the standard of real religion, and we have just as much religion as we have love. Love is the bond of union in the church of Christ, and should, therefore, be zealously cultivated, and carefully guarded. The peace, the purity, and the prosperity of the church depends very much upon the love of its members. A loving church is sure to be a peaceful, prosperous, and happy church; but if they have not love, though there may be members, wealth, and quietness, there is no true prosperity. The Corinthian church abounded in gifts, but it was deficient in love; hence its divisions, and the cry, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." To cure this *sad state of things*, and bring the whole church into a truly healthy con-

diction, Paul proposes that every member should set his eye and his heart upon love. That this should be the object of pursuit. This he calls the more excellent way, and would lead the Lord's people to prefer it to gifts, however splendid, useful, or valuable they may be. Brethren, nothing is to be preferred to love in the church of Christ; and one of our greatest defects in the present day is the want of love. Many rest satisfied if there are no strifes, or divisions, or gross immoralities; they think the church is in a good state, though there is little or no warm-hearted, zealous, self-denying love. But this is a mistake. Let us briefly consider Paul's kind exhortation, and let us endeavour to reduce it to practice.

What are we to seek? Love to the brethren. Love, similar to that which Jesus felt. Love, strong, active, and determined, as displayed by the apostle himself. Love to all saints for Jesus' sake, and love to all saints under all circumstances. Love to the poorest, the weakest, and the most imperfect of the Lord's family. Though they differ from us in doctrine, in discipline, in many other things, yet if they belong to Christ, we should love them. Every one should have a place in the warm affections of our hearts, if they prove that they have a place in the heart of Christ. To live in the neglect of love, is to live in sin. To be cold and indifferent toward one another, is contrary to the law of Christ. He says, "Love one another *as* I have loved you." It is practically neglecting the admonition of the Holy Spirit, who says, "*See that ye love one another, with a pure heart, fervently.*" Love adorns the christian character, silences the church's foes, makes the loving one happy, and brings honour to the Saviour's name. Vain is our profession of Christ, vain our costly almsdeeds, vain our mighty faith, vain our painful sufferings, and vain our splendid gifts, if we are destitute of holy love. Let us ponder deeply and prayerfully the testimony of the Holy Spirit, by the apostle, upon this point. Paul places himself before us with all his costly endowments, with all his wondrous works, with all his varied sufferings, and that he may impress and deeply affect our minds, he says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbal; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, *I am nothing;* and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, *it profiteth me nothing.*" How solemn, how interesting, how affecting, is this statement! Can we wonder that he should urge his beloved friends, and while urging *them*, urge *us*, to "*follow after love*"?

Love sometimes seems to take its flight from the church; it even appears to take its flight from our bosoms. We can look at persons whom we believe to be christians, and feel no love to them. Nay, at times, we have no desire to love them. We can pass them without speaking, or speak without sincere affection. This must be wrong. This never ought to be tolerated by us for one hour. We should go upon our knees, and confess it before God as a sin against the Saviour's own commandment. We should plead with God to fill our hearts with his own sweet love, to give us the Spirit of love, power, and of a sound mind. We should carry our unloving and unlovely spirits and tempers to the cross of Jesus, and seek that our old man may be crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed. We should carefully watch against what is opposed to love, realize it as a sin, and deeply deplore it before our heavenly Father's throne. We should diligently cultivate a loving spirit, remembering that it is the very image of God, and our nearest assimilation to

the Lord Jesus Christ. Does it seem to evade us, to fly from us? Let us follow it with determined step, with patient perseverance, with strong cries and tears to God for help. Is it opposed to our natural disposition? Let us yield up ourselves unto God, that he may sanctify us wholly in body, soul, and spirit.

Love is humble; it is never proud of itself, nor will it allow its possessor to boast, or to undervalue others, in order to exalt himself. Love is patient; it will not fly at every supposed insult, or be provoked by every appearance of neglect. Love is active; it will do, or give, or go, to comfort, or relieve, or benefit any of its objects. Love is self-denying; it looks from itself, it loses sight of itself, and wishes to do others good, and make others happy. Love is liberal; it will allow others to think differently, to act differently, without being prejudiced or offended, except God be dishonoured, and his cause injured. "Love," says the Holy Spirit, "suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." Let us, therefore, heartily, earnestly, and constantly follow after love. It is the object of Satan's special hatred, consequently, he makes the most determined opposition to its exercise, and endeavours by all means to prevent its cultivation. It is also opposed to all the selfish principles of our fallen nature, and is, therefore, opposed by them all. But we should ever remember that God requires it, not only in his law, but also in his gospel. Nor can he be pleased with us, if we neglect, or trifle, or run counter to this his holy and necessary commandment. He sent his own Son to set us the example, to shew us that love may be cultivated, and constantly manifested even in a world like ours, and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The church deeply needs the exercise of love. Her many imperfections,—her unseemly divisions,—the unfounded prejudices of one part of the body against the other,—her low condition,—her sorrows and sufferings,—all these call for love. They unite, and with one strong, energetic, and solemn voice they cry, "Follow after love." All admire love. It is the most powerful instrument we can wield. Would we spread the truth? Would we conquer the enemies of the gospel? Would we win over the young to the cause of God? Would we silence gainsayers? Would we close the mouths of infidels? Would we effectually conquer Rome? In one word, would we honour God, exalt Jesus, sow to the Spirit, heal the wounds of the church, make a good impression on the world, or be really happy ourselves, it must be effected by love? We must, one and all, in public and private, by searching the heart, by pleading with God, by denying self, by using all the means which God has appointed, or the gospel furnished, "*follow after love.*"

Reader, is love an object of admiration with you? Does it appear as most desirable, not only in others, but also in yourself? Do you sigh, cry, pray, and pant for it? Are you mourning over the want of it in others, but especially in yourself? Is it the object of your pursuit? Or, can you indulge in unlovely tempers, use and sanction harsh and uncharitable expressions, and live in a state of alienation from God's people because they have at sometime offended you? Is this the case? If so, how dwelleth the love of God in you? How can you expect to enjoy nearness to God, or sweet communion with God? How can you wonder, if thus grieving the Holy Spirit, he leaves you to yourself, and your heart grows hard, your evidences are beclouded, and your religion *dwindles into* a mere form? Would the Scriptures be true if it were

otherwise? You are a backslider in heart, and unless you repent, the Lord will leave you to be filled with your own ways. You are sowing the seeds of wormwood, and it will be bitterness in the latter end. Religion is love. Love to God and love to man. We have just so much religion as we have love, and no more. If we have no love, we have no religion. May the Holy Spirit shed abroad the love of God in our hearts, and lead us to love every one that loves God with tender affection; and to love all others with pity and compassion. Then shall we prove that we are the children of God, by loving him and keeping his commandments; then shall we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things; then shall we allure sinners from the paths of sin and death; and then shall we be the ornaments of the church, and the glory of Christ. Let us, therefore, "FOLLOW AFTER CHARITY."

Shrewsbury.

THE GREAT HEALER.

BY THE LATE REV. J. H. EVANS.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed."—*Jer.* xvii. 14.

It is a great truth, that all fulness is in Christ. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." And it is no small mercy if we can say that it pleases us. It is a fact that is lost sight of too frequently. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." All is in Him, and so all flows from Him. A Jew would look to God through his Messiah, and some Christians look only to God through Jesus. The Lord Jesus Christ himself, the God-man, is the Physician of souls. His blood is the true balm of Gilead, he is the Healer of the soul. It hath pleased the Father that this should be the case. We have access to the Father, who reminds us, as Pharoah did, all is in the hand of Joseph. All grace, all sanctity, all justification, all righteousness, all healing, is in Jesus. The text is a vehement prayer. Let us notice,—

First, The sin-sick soul. It is easier to use the words than to feel the force of them. Sin is the sickness of the soul. It weakens, it pollutes the soul. The seat of all evil is the heart. It is defiled to its very core. It is full of evil thoughts and evil things. Sin is compared to the plague, the leprosy, to adder's poison, to the vomit of the dog, to the mire in which the sow wallows. God's hatred to sin is deep, and God's deep hatred to sin causes the believer to mourn, that he feels and mourns over sin so little. The cause of all disease and death is one peculiar in sin,—the seed of all sin was seminally in Adam's sin. All sin was included in that one sin. All rebellion, all distaste to God, was from that one sin. It is a disease that is incurable by any human remedies. "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord" (Jer. ii. 22). What, in the prophet! He was a shining light, a gracious character. True, but there was one blemish in him. Turn to Jer. xx. 7th and 14th verses: "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me. Cursed be the day wherein I was born: let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed." If God leave us, beloved, we shall do just the same. We think of him and wonder. Let us walk softly if we would walk safely. God's thoughts and Jeremiah's thoughts differed. The Spirit knows it to be safest to shew us our faults rather than our excellencies. He had

much communion with God. He lived near to God. The nearer to God, the lower we lie. Your men at a distance think themselves something. To have a good report from without should be a special object of your care. What cares the world for your principles? they consider your conduct. The righteousness of Jesus teaches us to be zealous of good works, and faith purifies the heart. What are we when *alone* before God? Alone before God, Jeremiah was deficient as a prophet, as a preacher, as a man of God. They derided him, he betook himself to the throne of grace. We now observe,—

Secondly, The conviction expressed. Only the Lord can heal. None but the God-man. There is such a depth in sin, such ingratitude. Who can understand his errors, their number, their aggravations! What a black ground is this on which the diamond lies, goodness, mercy, long-suffering, grace! No one can heal me who does not understand my errors. It requires omnipotence to subdue them. A dark soul is like the dark world; only God can say, "let there be light." Matter is inert; but a sinful soul is active against God; therefore it requires a greater display of power to regenerate a soul than to re-fashion a world. It required more power to convert Saul of Tarsus, than to create millions of angels. To subdue corruption is more than to create a world. What boundless, inconceivable patience does God exercise towards us! Oh, ye trifers with sin, think, think of this! A small request is a test of love, therefore to refuse it is the greater sin. Sin opposes every perfection of God, every purpose of his will. What an instance we have of this in Luke ix. 51st to 56th verse. Jesus came, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. But the disciples would call down fire from heaven to consume those who would not receive him. Who would do this? John. John! what, the loving John? Oh, how much there is of this in England! But how differently Jesus felt. What inconceivable sympathy there was in him, just fitting him to be our Physician. A stranger may bear with men in a loathsome disease; but we want more than this. We want a friend to wait on us, a brother to soothe us, a husband to deal tenderly with us. Jesus is all this. As our legal head he suffered for us; as our vital head he suffers in us.

Thirdly, The confidence that he could heal effectually. "*I shall be healed.*" He alone can make means effectual, and he makes any means effectual. He uses everything as a means of healing. Things pleasant, and things painful. Great things and small things. Giving and taking. Friends and foes. The power is not so much in the medicine, as in the Physician who employs it. In sickness he often begins his work with a thought. We begin to think, this leads us to pray; we have our misgivings, we obtain more light; we are filled with anxiety, this again leads to prayer, to repentance, even repentance unto life. He uses the threatenings, the reasonings, the promises, the invitations, and the warnings of the word of God. He uses his own precious, precious, precious blood. He makes us new creatures, but not without blood, not without a view of a forgiving God. The blood unfolded, applied by his Spirit, purifies the heart, quiets the conscience, and leads out the soul in obedience to God. It is as the cross is exalted, that he purges the conscience, and melts the soul into tears; see Mary, being forgiven, she wept. Oh, for more sanctification through the blood of Jesus! Live upon justification, for it is as this truth is realized, and its efficacy felt, that our sanctification is deepened. There is infinite wisdom in the remedies he employs. We are all sick,—we are in a desert world,—the church is a hospital,—the ordinances are means of healing, may we all use them aright. *They are precious* cordials, but they are not the physician. Beware lest

you put them in the place of Christ. Some make too much of ordinances, and some too little. Some appear too forward, and some too backward. O for the happy mean! See that happy believer, he had been in great darkness, he was looking at self, and the more he looked the worse he saw himself, he lost all hope; at length he looked simply at Christ, he looked above all his sins, fears, doubts, and misgivings to Jesus; hope sprung up, light spread over his soul, and all was peace. Then rose up those evidences, which he had been seeking for before but could not find, like lilies of the valley. When was this? When he looked simply to Jesus. Beloved, Jesus gives all the medicine with his own hands. There is one point more, it is the mysterious process by which he heals. He opens our wounds,—he makes us feel the hidden evils of our hearts,—he discovers sin to us, and reproves sin at times by sin,—thus he beats us off from self, and we mourn in secret over our faults; then he leads us to himself as our only Physician, and heals us by his precious blood. My hearers, Jesus, as a physician, never fails; he never rejects, or refuses to heal any poor sinner who applies to him for healing. May the Holy Spirit lead you to Him just as you are, with the confidence of the prophet, saying, "*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.*"

THE OLD MAN.

The old man totters bye
With footsteps slow;
Dim is his sunken eye,
And on his brow

A weary weight of care
Its hand hath lain.
Weep'st thou for him?—forbear,
Or list again.

He hath trod the weary way
Which *thou* must tread;
He hath seen Hope's morning ray
In darkness fled.

He hath laid the loved of youth
In silence down;
And its cherish'd hopes' untruth
His heart hath known.

He hath seen a home of mirth
Of all bereft,
And a love-encircled hearth
Deserted left.

He hath wept, as *thou* must weep,
O'er trust betrayed;
He hath toil'd through anguish deep,
With none to aid.

The cup which he hath quaff'd,
Thou too must drink,
Though from the sickening draught
Thy spirit shrink.

Then sorrow not for one
Whose cares are o'er,
Whose footsteps rest upon
Life's farther shore,

Where Hope's reviving ray
Is o'er him cast,
And Mercy seems to say,
"Safe home at last!"

Biblical.

GEOLOGY AND GENESIS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We adverted, in our last number, to Dr. Pye Smith's valuable illustrations of sound principles of interpretation, as worthy of fuller notice than we then could bestow upon them. In Lecture VII., after a copious induction of passages of Scripture, he says, "We have thus seen it placed beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is *the manner* of the Scriptures, and most copiously in their earliest written parts, *to speak of the* DEITY, *his nature, his perfections, his purposes, and his operations, in language borrowed from the bodily and mental constitution of man, and from those opinions concerning the works of God in the natural world, which were generally received by the people to whom the blessing of revelation was granted.*" (Page 191, Fourth Edition). And the Doctor observes that if it was not unworthy of God to permit *himself* to be described in terms so infinitely beneath him, much more is it consistent with the character of the Scriptures that his *works* should be described in language *comporting with the knowledge of the age* at which the revelation was given. Now we think nothing can be clearer than that throughout the whole compass of the word of God, nothing properly *scientific* is the subject of revelation. Not a single discovery in astronomy, chemistry, optics, or any branch of science, is anticipated in the Scriptures. Hardly any of the great Heathen writers and thinkers, but gained some glimpse of knowledge which posterity developed. The same may be said of all the greater minds in Christendom. Almost every distinguished philosopher has been a philosophic or scientific prophet. In the scripture writers, on the contrary, so many of them wise and powerful minded men as well as inspired, we meet with nothing of the kind. *Moral and spiritual* discoveries, if we may so use the word, we do find anticipated. Our Lord and his apostles continually discover in Moses, David, or Isaiah, the germ of ideas developed by them under the Dispensation of the Spirit; and even now we are continually noticing with admiration that the most *truly benevolent views* and projects of the *day, are but the* bringers out more fully of New Testament principles. Not to mention the numberless institutions of a charitable kind which aim to fulfil the law of *love*, even Free Trade and Equal Political Rights, are but developments of that higher formula in which our Lord described *strict equity*, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." But in the department of Science all this is reversed. When Religion is concerned all is calculated not only for the people *as they are*, but also to lead them higher. In matters of Science the *language* is that of the many, nor is an idea conveyed in such terms as suggest that the reality may be something very different. With the language which speaks of God after the manner of man, as if he partook of our nature and its imperfections, abundance is also said which quite corrects any wrong use which could be made of it, and which prompts to the profoundest consideration of the Divine attributes. Not so of the unmetaphysical and unphilosophical language employed in regard to the works of God. Not a hint is given suggestive of profounder philosophic views. Why this difference? The only answer is, that we might not be tempted to look for aught in the Scriptures beyond what they were given for, namely, instruction in the knowledge of God, and in our relations and duties to Him.

It follows of course that while He by whose inspiration holy men of old spake is omniscient, yet as He used their *language*, so He used their *thoughts and views*, on all matters which had no necessary connexion with His main objects. An exact *historical* date when the common reckoning was sufficient for the religious purpose, it was of no more consequence to correct by Revelation, than it is for an educated man now to correct always the date of the current year to the real time of our Lord's birth, though it is hardly to be doubted that our date is wrong by several years. Much more is this the case in regard to Astronomical and Geological questions. Any attempt to have communicated is either what is now known even to well educated persons generally, not to say to philosophers, would have required a miracle to have rendered it even intelligible to the men of such an unscientific age.

At page 198, Dr. Smith observes, "I must profess, then, my conviction that we are not obliged by the terms made use of, to extend the narrative of the six days to a wider application than this; *a description, in expressions adapted to the ideas and capacities of mankind in the earliest ages, of a series of operations, by which the Being of omnipotent wisdom and goodness adjusted and furnished the earth generally*, but, as the particular subject under consideration here, a PORTION *of its surface, for most glorious purposes; in which a newly formed creature should be the object of those manifestations of the authority and grace of the Most High, which shall to eternity shew forth his perfections above all other methods of their display.*" The same general principle he applies to the Deluge. 'The terms implying universality may be taken most consistently in the sense which they conveyed to the mind of a Hebrew, they are to be limited by the necessary limitation of their meaning at the time, and nothing is clearer than that such limited use is very common in the Hebrew writers. "Passages are numerous, in which the phrase, *all the earth*, signifies only the country of Palestine. In a few places it denotes the Chaldean empire: in one, that of Alexander." (Pages 212—214). The vast difference between the Hebrew conceptions of the Heavens, as a solid arch covering of the *plain* of the earth, from ours, is sufficiently clear, and equally so is it that they are introduced in Gen. i. 14—19, only in reference to their use to *man*; the stars, so to our apprehensions infinite in number, distance, and magnitude, are merely mentioned as it were accidentally, in a way assuredly not intended for those who had the slightest conception of their relation to the earth.'

We think Dr. Smith, and many who wrote before modern Geological discoveries, right in separating the first verse at least, and we should add, the second, from the six days' work. But when the Doctor views the six days' work as a description in popular language of a *part* of the earth's surface for the habitation of man, although we fully allow that the phraseology *may well* bear such an explanation, we find considerable difficulty in thinking that either the Divine Spirit or his prophet Moses, employed the description with this view. We confess ourselves not prepared to substitute another, yet candour compels us to think that the account taken as a whole does not seem to have been drawn up for such a purpose; it appears to us as if there were hardly a medium possible between taking it literally, or as a pictorial representation of creation adapted to impart the ideas of gradual creation, and of a sacred seventh day, all in a form suitable to the apprehension of a nation of perfect babes in science. A better *middle* course than Dr. Smith's, one more in accordance with the great and sound axioms of interpretation adverted to, cannot we think well be imagined. It shews at least that Genesis and Geology are not *necessarily* at variance. To us it seems, however, most natural to abide by the letter, or to receive from it the great lesson that "the worlds were made by the word of God," and that after the primeval creation of the heavens and the earth, the latter was gradually prepared for the dwelling of man. The grand fact, however, of *the accommodation of inspired language throughout the Scriptures, not to the facts of science, but to the knowledge and capacities of the age*, is that which saves our faith from any disturbance, by such discoveries as those with which science will from age to age henceforth enrich the world.

Tales and Sketches.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

BY A CANADIAN MERCHANT.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from

his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God, or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was awaked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way,—"Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, bethels, temperance societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those tracts, Sir, are mine. I have but a few, as you see; but they are very good, and you may take one, if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologise for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologised for his men, the captain was puzzled *for an answer; but after* a little hesitation replied, "I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarterdeck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "you've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he never would part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then looking round upon us he said, "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives; let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a

a *floating Bethel*. Instead of
d wrath, there was sweet peace
ty. We ceased just as the set-
as flinging upon us his last
's.

ain, deeply affected, went into
t his lamp, took his Bible, and
l in reading till we had retired

, for three days, we regularly
mily worship, and had much
conversation on various sub-
ere was nothing in the religion
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social intercourse. From his
vith the Bible, his readiness in
its truths, and presenting its
i from his fearless but judicious
ring steps, we concluded that he
ter of the gospel. From all he
hered laurels to cast at his Mas-
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t eternity was not to be trifled
w hours before we arrived in
rtained that he was a *mechanic*.
e reached the wharf, the captain
rd, and with much feeling bade
ll; declared he was resolved to
ad done no longer—his wife, he
christian, and he meant to go
h her; and added, "I have had
passengers on my vessel Sab-
nd week-days, but never before
so touchingly reminded of the
r where my departed parents
we left the vessel, every counte-
ed that our friend had, by his
mild and christian faithfulness,
ititude of many, and the esteem

found ourselves in a canal boat,
e about thirty passengers of
s and characters; and my curi-
ot a little excited to learn how
ion would proceed among them.
on had nearly passed away, and
versed with no one but myself.
ne enquired of the captain if he
g to have prayers on board.
no objection," said he, "if the
have not; but *I* shan't attend."
arly hour the passengers were
the cabin, and in a few minutes
was seated among them. After
hort portion of Scripture, our
a few appropriate remarks, and
ommended us to God.
s he rose from prayer, a gentle-
man, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man, "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you then tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honoured?"

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded:—"Not many years since, I was an infidel because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truths; and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighbourhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

"But," said he at length, "though intoxication occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connexion." He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story:—

"In a populous city of the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence toward his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathised with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected

with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death."

"Where was that?"—"When was it?"—"Who was it?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us, guilty sinners, he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees, while we wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them. Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and shewed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influence, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning, sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing,

> "There shall I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to *live* for God. He felt for dying sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, laboured for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze: "Allelujah! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*James* v. 16.

It often happens that the Lord sees most, by the restraints of His Providence, to lay His people aside from *active* exertions in His vineyard; yet it is an error to suppose, that when thus laid aside they are not serving Him. We read that the Seraphim were as much engaged in serving the Lord when they "*stood*," as if they had flown to the ends of the earth on His errands of mercy and love. And why? Because it was *His will* that they should stand instead

of fly, and *doing His will*, whatever it be, is serving Him. (Isaiah vi. 2.) Every believer should take delight in *actively* promoting the Redeemer's cause, but let him not be discouraged because the restraints of Providence prevent him from so doing; let him remember David's case, who desired to build the Lord an house, but was prevented; and how did the Lord comfort him under this disappointment? "I knew it was in thine heart to build me an house." The Searcher of hearts appreciates the motives of the believer under restraint, and graciously makes the *very desire* to be a means of blessing to his own soul.

But, whatever be the hindrance, surely no dear child of God need be under any restraint in approaching the throne of grace; and who can estimate aright the mighty effects of intercessory prayer? Doubtless, the omnipotent Jehovah could work without our prayers, but He condescends to associate His redeemed ones with all He does; He *chooses* to appoint prayer as the channel through which His blessings descend from Heaven. No believer can be *so tried* as to be shut out from *working with God* in intercessory prayer. The following interesting and *authentic* narrative will illustrate the truth of this statement:—

In the small village of K—— lived Mrs. M., an afflicted christian; she was in humble circumstances, severely tried by poverty, and labouring under a complication of diseases, which unfitted her for exertion of any kind. During ten years she had been confined entirely to her bed, unable to move without assistance. She could not even feed herself; yet, in this state of helplessness, she found a way of glorifying God, in *doing* as well as suffering. Like the Psalmist in his affliction, she gave herself "continually unto prayer." Many a timid and weak disciple received lessons of advice and encouragement at her bedside, and was cheered onwards through her instrumentality, amid the difficulties of the Zion-ward path.

Her neighbours frequently spoke in her presence of Janet ——, a young woman who had lately come to the village. She led a notoriously wicked life, and, in consequence, none of the villagers would associate with her. The case of this poor outcast deeply affected Mrs. M.; she felt for her, not merely as an outcast from her more decent neighbours, but as being alienated from God, and exposed to eternal misery. For years after first hearing of her, she pleaded with God on her behalf, beseeching Him to save her soul; and as she could not go to her, to deal affectionately with her about her guilt and danger, she asked the Lord to guide the wanderer to her bedside, that she might have an opportunity of doing so. We shall now learn how this prayer was answered.

A lady from a distance had come to reside for a short time in the neighbourhood; she heard of Mrs. M. and her sufferings, and frequently visited her. One day, when sitting with her, the following conversation took place. Mrs. M.—"Oh, Miss D., prize your health, you are able to attend the house of prayer, I cannot go there, it is ten years since I was privileged to share in public ordinances; but God's will be done." Miss D.—"What would you think of having the ordinances brought to you, since you cannot go out to attend them?" Mrs. M.—"Ah! that cannot be." "Yes, it might be; why not hold a prayer-meeting in your room occasionally, when you are able to bear it?" The idea had never before occurred to the invalid, and she grasped it eagerly. A promise was given by Miss D. that she would endeavour to arrange matters for this purpose. Accordingly an evening was fixed, and an elder of the church appointed to address the meeting.

Miss D. went among the villagers from house to house, inviting their attendance; when, passing along the street, she observed a miserable looking woman standing alone, and asked her to come to the meeting in Mrs. M.'s house. The poor creature shrank back without giving an answer, and thought within herself, "Can that lady know *me*? surely not, else she would not have spoken to me, or asked me to such a place." This poor creature was Janet ——. As the hour of meeting approached, she felt an intense desire to attend, but shame made her hesitate. With anxiety she watched the neighbours going one after another, and when all were within, and the psalm-singing had commenced, she managed to get behind the door unobserved, where she could hear without being seen. The passage of Scripture commented upon that evening was singularly applicable to Janet's case. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He

will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah lv. 7). The speaker dwelt chiefly on the abounding grace treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ. It pleased God to carry home His own word to this wanderer's heart, the Spirit's arrows pierced her conscience, and in agony of conviction she retired to her miserable home. Sleep fled, all night scenes of wickedness in which she had participated rose up before her, and she *writhed* under the intensity of these newly awakened feelings. When the villagers had gone to their accustomed work next morning, Janet resolved to go to Mrs. M. and tell her her misery. With a trembling hand she knocked at the door, and asked admission for a few minutes. The invalid at once kindly invited her entrance: with tears Janet confessed her guilt, and asked whether there was hope for such a sinner. With deep emotion Mrs. M. pointed her to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and assured her of a welcome to the Lord Jesus as an atonement. After praying with her, she promised to send Miss D. to speak to her of the same loving and forgiving Saviour.

Miss D. went to Janet's dwelling, and found her in the same distressed state of mind in which she had been the previous day. During the interview, Janet informed her that she was the only child of pious parents, who both died of fever within a week of each other, when she was eleven years old. The kind neighbours sympathized with her orphan state, and agreed to take her to their homes "month about," that she might share their own children's bread. She lived in this way till she was fifteen, when a company of strolling players came to the village, and enticed her to follow them. In their society she learned vice of every description, and her character very soon became ruined. Tired of this wandering life, she had come to K—— in search of employment; but her habits of sin had shewn themselves speedily on her arrival, and she became an object of dislike to all around. Alas! that any should willingly yield themselves to be slaves of Satan; truly he proves himself to be a hard master, and his wages are death.

From this time Janet "forsook her evil ways," thus evidencing the sincerity of her repentance. Ever since she had joined the players, she had never entered a church; *now* she became a regular and *impressed* hearer. Every Sabbath evening she might *be seen taking her* place in the Sabbath school, to learn with the *children* the long forgotten lessons of her childhood. Twice every week she attended Miss D. in her lodgings, to improve herself in reading; and in a few weeks she could read in the New Testament with ease.

Many years after Miss D. had left K——, she had the happiness of hearing that Janet —— continued steadfast, and seemed to be "following on to know the Lord."—*British Mother's Magazine.*

THAT ONE WORD.

"I never can forget *that word* which was once whispered to me in an enquiry meeting," said a pious man once to a friend. "What word was it?" "It was the word ETERNITY. A young christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me as I sat in my pew, and simply whispered 'Eternity' in my ear, with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross."

The sainted M'Cheyne was once riding by a quarry, and stopped to look in for a minute at the engine-house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel; when M'Cheyne, pointing to the bright hot flame, said mildly to the man, "Does that fire remind you of anything?" The man could not get rid of the solemn question. To him it was an effectual arrow of conviction. It led him to the house of God, and will lead him, we trust, to heaven.

A single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon on the blessings which had resulted from the labours of Dr. Carey, in India, first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the dying heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath school to get the spiritual census of the school. Coming to one of the teachers he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher replied, "No." "Then," said he very tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little book and left him. That was enough. God gave that young man's soul no rest till he found a hope beneath the cross.

A member of my church, not long since, overtook a lady on her way to the prayer meeting. She asked the young woman if

bought of her own salvation? as addressed replied that during she had never had one word er before about the salvation of Within a month from that time a devoted member of the flock

isciple! have you never yet spoken *one word* to an impenitent friend about the most momentous of all questions? Then I fear you will find no one in heaven that you were the means, under God, of sending there. Though you may reach the "many mansions," I fear your crown will glitter with no splendours. It will be a *starless* crown.

Correspondence.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH LIST TO BE MADE THE TS OF ANNUAL RELI- COMMEMORATION?

Editors of "The Church."

thren,

ur correspondent of Newcastle- some friendly strictures on a per from Gravesend, has raised, very distinctly, an important hether the New Testament is a ide for settling the constitution, ordinances of the christian hile freely admitting that this court of appeal on doctrines— ne thinks christians are more facts will prove—he seems to ot that it is the only guide for tice, because it is not so full and s subject as on that, containing, t part, passing hints and short ot descending to particulars, but few general principles. All that require of us is, that we will *atter of fact* that on which he ument. This is fairly done. But makes of it is matter of serious nd, in my opinion, of danger- y. The proper enquiry is not e constitution, order, and ordi- ne church are as *explicitly* laid doctrines, but are they recorded *ner*, so that a diligent and pa- nt of the whole writings may y make them out? It makes no the question, that such readers ng notices of apostolic practice *tand them differently;* so that stance, may be for Episcopacy, resbytery, and others for Inde- for the fact that each appeals to ok in support of his plan, shews erence is one of interpretation, and has no respect to any *supposed silence of the writings.*

Either the New Testament is sufficient for order and ordinances, as allowed to be for doctrine, or it is not. If it is, let us make it our only rule, each one doing the best he can to make out its meaning. If not sufficient without helps, either ancient or modern, or both, such as custom, pleas of decency and peace, let us honestly espouse tradition at once. A middle way will not do long. "The bible alone," must be our motto, or we shall be beaten out of the field by those who are more fully equipped with other weapons, and know how to use them better. Take the Papist, and shut him up to the Scriptures only, and his cause is ruined. Just let Protestants universally and entirely act on this rule, and victory will not be far off, and safety is certain.

It is not to be forgotten, that by far the greater part of the unseemly strife and cruel persecutions that have disgraced our country, arose from adding to the few and simple ordinances of Christ, and enforcing those additions; and we ought to learn caution from the past. Sharp as have been the contests on doctrines—and there is hardly one but has been keenly controverted—the fiercest war has been respecting order and ordinances, about supplying what Scripture has said nothing of, for the sake of order and decent ornament. Your correspondent is for liberty, and so am I; for liberty enters deeply into the religion of Christ. Let liberty of thought and action be enjoyed on all sides without an unkind reflection; but let it be liberty to interpret the New Testament, not to make a supplement for its supposed deficiency. While christianity is a law of liberty as to our action, it is the law of Christ as to the limits of that liberty.

There was a question of liberty in apos-

tolic times, arising out of the peculiar, but temporary circumstances of many of the churches. A part of the converts were Jews, who were undergoing a transition from their national religion to that of Christ. The process was slow and difficult. The difficulty arose not so much from the long operation of the old religion on their minds and habits, as from the fact that it was of divine institution equally with the gospel, though intended only to be preparatory—a schoolmaster to train pupils for Christ. The Jewish converts, still clinging fast to the old religion because of its origin being divine, were hard to be convinced of its temporary character; and some of them went so far as to require that the Gentile converts should be circumcised and keep the law of Moses, in order to be true christians. To the first sort the apostles were gentle, aiming to bring them off from the old usages by degrees, as they were able to bear it; but to the other they offered, especially Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, a prompt and decided resistance. The former were as truly christians as their Gentile brethren who had left off all their former worship to which ages had bound them, but were weak in faith, and had weak consciences in the matter of the Mosaic usages; and till their faith was increased, and their consciences more justly formed by clearer light, the Gentile brethren were commanded to treat them tenderly, avoiding what might unnecessarily wound their weak conscience, and all appearance of judging them hastily or harshly, but so far as they still kept their old customs, *without trying to impose them on others who had never been subject to them*, to let them alone. Such was the old question of liberty and forbearance. It has long since ceased, though of great moment in its time; nor is it easy, if possible, to find a case in our times much like it, though it has been made the basis of splendid, but delusive reasoning. These remarks are intended to shew the unsoundness of the interpretation your correspondent has put on three passages of Scripture relating to this subject. The friend on whose paper he animadverts, had, for the purpose of opposing holy days, for which we have neither commandment nor example in the New Testament, quoted, with much judgment and succe 10, 11, "Ye observe days, and r times, and years; I am afraid o have bestowed on you labou This is a severe reproof, a sorro strance, an earnest, decided co of their conduct, designed to continuance of these observa Newcastle friend would have us this passage another, and a total one, as though they were parallel 5, 6), written in favour of the w brethren already mentioned, tha not be interrupted in, nor t worse of for, observing just the so strongly condemned in the Galatians. And why was such made? Simply because the being brought to the gospel fro which, unlike those of the Gen origin from heaven, as much a had lately embraced, though no necessary, because it had served and was abrogated. Had they last point, such a passage wou been written. To join these t together is bad enough; but, worse, we are presented with the same end, Col. ii. 16, "L therefore, judge you in meat, or in respect of an holy day, or moon, or of the Sabbath days." he exclaims against those wh holy days, as "judging their bre they so condemn." Was a qu wider of the mark than this? carefully read the context, and stantly be seen that the pass tended to fortify the minds of *kept not* these holy days, agains censures of those weak perso retained them. The apostle d let none who reject them conde keep them; but, let none who condemn you *for not* keeping these are but the shadows of substance, Christ and his king being come, the shadows are To group together passages so neutralise their force, confound and by wrong combination of bring out a false conclusion.

Yours truly,

Cranfield, Beds. THE

Notices of Books.

OR, THE TEACHING OF
MMON SUBJECTS. BY THE
EWLETT. No. 1. REASON.
ion: Benjamin L. Green.

this series is a very good
tract before us it is very
. Our sincere interest in
writer will be our apology
that a little more energy
into the style without any
the argument, and that it
to be very careful not to
nd not to say it in such a
ly to raise or justify objec-
nnot, ourselves, see that
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him some intimation of his
to the publication of his
nity, nor even that Socinus's
prayers to Christ for gui-
interpretation of passages
," are any *proofs* of "reck-
ippancy."

AND DEATH SURVEYED: A
CHED ON THE OCCASION OF
OF MR. WILLIAM POPE,
ISTER, MEOPHAM, WITH A
NT OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH.
OX. Pp. 108. London:

in this little volume is ex-
Biography is very interest-
g. Both together present a
: the same time instructive
memorial of one, not the
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E FALSEHOOD OF CHRIS-
CH IS IT? A LECTURE DE-
LIVERED BEFORE THE NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION INSTITUTE. BY THE REV. T. POTTENGER. Pp. 24. London: Benj. L. Green.

We have already given our hearty commendation to Mr. Pottenger's former tracts, and have pleasure in expressing equal approval of the one now before us. We cannot but think that the extensive circulation of such tracts as this, in all our more populous districts, would be a most important means of counteracting the influence of the infidel literature which is being spread so widely.

THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, AND SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S FRIEND. Nos. 1 to 6. Published Monthly. London: Partridge and Oakey.

We have pleasure in giving our cordial commendation to this capital little publication. It has "been commenced with a view to counteract, to some extent, the wide-spread influence of the cheap immoral prints now teeming from the press, and at the same time to promote a love for Bible truths, and the adoption of Temperance and Peace Principles." We are glad to welcome so excellent a co-worker in the promotion of objects we have ourselves so much at heart.

Recent Publications.

The Temple of Truth. Its Wonders, its Worshipers, and its Witnesses. A Great Exhibition Tract. By John Cox. (*London: Ward and Co.*)

A Letter to Sunday Scholars Everywhere; from an affectionate Friend. (*Pp.* 16. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

The Child of Faith; or, A Brief Memoir of Thomas P——, who died March 22, 1850, *aged eleven years.* (*Pp.* 28. *London: Benjamin L. Green.*)

A Page for the Young.

MELY WARNING.

ar an absence of three years,
house so dear to him. He
ast voyage, and rejoiced to
have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown, from a mere child and baby of my mother's—for I was her youngest—into a

rough, careless, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although, for a few days, he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favourite play-ground for the children in the neighbourhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors.

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by every body. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet, affectionate smile—her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely; I was never happy apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home, and my reverence for my mother, and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it an indication of manliness to resist her authority, or to appear to feel penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron-strings. From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roistering boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. *She exerted herself* to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following sacrificing example, sought to enti planning games and diversions for tainment. I saw all this, but I heed it.

"It was on an afternoon like as I was about leaving the dining spend the intermission, between and evening school, in the street, my mother laid her hand on my and said mildly but firmly, 'My s you to come with me.' I would belled, but something in her man me. She put on her bonnet, and s 'We will take a little walk tog followed her in silence; and, as I sing out of the door, I observed rude companions skulking about and I knew he was waiting for sneered as I passed him. My wounded to the quick. He was a boy, but being some years older th he exercised a great influence o followed my mother sullkily, till w the spot where we now stand, be shadow of this huge rock. Oh, could that hour be blotted from my which has cast a dark shadow whole life, gladly would I exchan the world can offer me for the qu of mind I should enjoy. But, no! huge, unsightly pile stands the n of my guilt forever.

"My mother, being feeble in h down and beckoned me to s her. Her look, so full of tender present to me now. I would no continued standing sullenly be 'Alfred, my dear son,' said she, 'lost all love for your mother?' reply. 'I fear you have,' she c 'and may God help you to see heart, and me to do my duty!' talked to me of my misdeeds, of th consequences of the course I was By tears, and entreaties, and pr tried to make an impression upon placed before me the lives and ex great and good men; she sought late my ambition. I was moved proud to shew it, and remained s dogged silence beside her. I thou will my companions say, if, aft boasting, I yield at last, and sub led by a woman?'

"What agony was visible on my face, when she saw that all she and suffered failed to move me!

to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door. 'It is school-time, now,' said she. 'Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said to you.'

"'I shan't go to school,' said I.

"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, 'Certainly, you will go, Alfred, I command you.'

"'I will not,' said I, with a tone of defiance.

"'One of two things you must do, Alfred,—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your own room, and keep you there, till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future.'

"'I dare you to do it; you can't get me up stairs.'

"'Alfred, choose now,' said my mother, and laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"'If you touch me, I will kick you,' said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"'Will you go, Alfred?'

"'No,' I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"'Then follow me,' said she, and grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—Oh, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot, and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels, as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! May God forgive me for I can never forgive myself. She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. 'Oh, heavenly Father,' she cried, 'forgive him, he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and, seeing my mother pale and almost unable to stand, he stopped; she beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his own room,' said she, and turned from me. Looking back, as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me—it was a look of agony, mingled with intensest love—it was the last, unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp night air, and terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated, and became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.

"'What may I tell mother from you?' she asked.

"'Nothing,' I replied.

"'Oh, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry—let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.'

"'I won't be driven to school against my will,' said I.

"'But you will go, if she wishes it, dear Alfred,' said my sister pleadingly.

"'No, I won't,' said I, 'and you needn't say a word more about it.'

"'Oh, brother, you will kill her! you will kill her, and then you can never have a happy moment again.'

"I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their kind influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched! how fearful I did not know.

"Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's. 'Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?' she asked.

"I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, which thrilled through me melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood beside me. 'Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up, and come

with me. Mother is dying!' I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of my mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me, and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. 'Mother, mother,' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. I fell on my knees beside her. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart—heavier than grief for the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

"My son, the suffering such memories awaken must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. I saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my own character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys, who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, *beware!* Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

Obituary.

MISS M. N. ROBINSON,

OF ROCHDALE.

If it be true that remarkable events of providence are fraught with salutary lessons of instruction to those who become acquainted with them; then in proportion to the probability of usefulness, there is propriety in giving publicity to what has transpired. Sunday school teachers are an important class of persons, and the writer deems it a privilege to be associated with them in their great and good work. And if by any means he could encourage, sustain, or stimulate them in their undertakings, he would think his time spent to valuable purpose. In the hope of being, in some humble degree, serviceable to those who are bearing "the burden and heat of the day;" and with the design of perpetuating the memory of one who has been an active and useful fellow-labourer, the following account has been drawn up.

M. N. Robinson was the daughter of Mr. Thos. Robinson, builder and timber merchant, of Rochdale. It was her great *privilege* to be favoured with pious parents, *who watched over* her interests, both *temporal and spiritual*, with that solicitude which pious parents alone can understand. For surely they only are prepared to form a proper estimate of man's necessities, who, having felt the vanity of all earthly objects, have sought and found rest to their souls in the grace and fellowship of our Lord Jesus Christ. The writer has not been able to ascertain what were the operations of Miss Robinson's mind respecting religion in early life. Suffice it to say, that as years rolled on, the trifles of this world attracted her attention, and pleased for a time. The ordinary affairs of life absorbed and occupied her thoughts. Sunshine and shade alternated, with their varied and salutary lessons, yet there appeared to be no lasting good impression produced on the mind of our young friend. But "He who is wonderful in working, and excellent in counsel," has always means at hand by which to accomplish his designs of mercy.

In the month of May, 1847, a severe stroke was sustained. A heart which had long beaten in prayerful solicitude, ceased its throbbings under the chilling grasp of death. That heart was a mother's. From that time Miss R. seems to have felt the want of a friend, a better Friend than any

of those who are merely mortal. In this state of mind she appears to have remained until the beginning of the year 1849. About this time a person employed as town missionary, under the auspices of Henry Kelsall, Esq. of Rochdale, in conjunction with Mr. Robinson, commenced a Sunday school in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. R.'s residence. Miss R., who had never been engaged in any Sunday school, was requested to take part in teaching; and having given the subject a becoming degree of consideration, she cheerfully consented to be employed in this arduous but honourable work.

About the time when our dear friend commenced her Sabbath school exertions, the state of her mind with regard to religion was disclosed. It was found that the painful event of a mother's death had not been unblessed. Serious reflection had been awakened; the uncertainty and instability of earthly things had been discovered; there had been produced conviction of the depravity of the heart, and the sinfulness of life in the sight of the God of holiness. Sin was felt to be exceeding sinful. A better righteousness than any which sinful, fallen man can produce, was deemed to be necessary in order to acceptance with God. And in this state of mind her attention was directed to Him who has brought in everlasting righteousness, by magnifying the law and making it honourable, and by giving himself a ransom for us; and with gladness she "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before her" in the Gospel. She was baptized in West chapel, by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, on the evening of Lord's day, October 28th, 1849.

From this time up to her last earthly Sabbath, she exhibited a steady continuance in well-doing. As far as circumstances would permit, and sometimes when other persons thought such engagements uncalled for, she regularly attended upon the means of grace, either in the school-room near her own dwelling, or in the chapel at the other end of the town. Being aware that piety could not be kept lively and healthful without a proportionate supply of proper nourishment, she evinced a strong desire to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Hence, those sermons, and books, and means of grace which savoured most of Christ, were most acceptable. Nothing pleased better than a plain, earnest, faithful representation of *Jesus Christ and him crucified.*

While the dear departed one was anxious to promote her own spiritual interests, she was not indifferent to the wants of others. The Gospel expands the heart. When it takes possession of a heart naturally kind, it makes that heart more benevolent. Hence the poor were visited, the distressed were relieved, religious tracts and books were distributed, a monthly supply of that admirable publication, "The Appeal," was procured and disseminated. The instruction of the young was a means of good to others, in which she took great pleasure. In short, I have seldom seen any one who has entered more thoroughly and practically into the aggressive principles of the Gospel of the grace of God. And I fear the time is far distant when I shall meet with another of equally cultivated mind, who, emerging from the circles of worldly frivolity, and avowing her faith in the great truths of the everlasting Gospel, will persevere, in spite of many obstacles and annoyances, in all the works of faith and labours of love to which reference has just been made.

But she was destined to finish her course speedily. On April 13th, 1851, it was her turn, as she called it, to be in the school all day. The engagements of the day were fulfilled, as far as the class was concerned, in the usual manner. At a quarter past two in the afternoon, she was speaking to her class with her accustomed seriousness and earnestness. The school was called to silence, people were coming in for public worship, and while the teachers and scholars were singing that beautiful hymn commencing,

"Let children proclaim their Saviour and King,"

she complained to a fellow-teacher of pain in her head and dizziness, which increased until she had to be taken out of the room; and she soon sunk down into a state of stupor, from which she could not be aroused. Medical aid was procured as speedily as possible. But in spite of all that could be done, she continued in the same state about thirty-seven hours and then expired. Her emancipated spirit quitted its fragile tenement of clay, for that blessed state of which she had been often heard saying during the last two years:

"Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

Little did any of us think that these strong desires were so soon to be realised.

But more than realized, we trust they are, for Jesus has said to every believer, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Blessed truth, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." How agreeable must be the surprise to a soul, which being engaged in divine worship on earth, after a brief interval, is conducted to the scenes and service of the heavenly temple. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find *so* doing."

Miscellaneous.

THE CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE.—The claims of the Bible to your careful and devout perusal are strong and clear; and they are more so in the present day than ever they were before. The modern press sends forth its millions of books, of all sizes, prices, and characters. Many of these are deadly poisons, and "should not be so much as named among you." Others are the merest trash, or "trifles light as air." There are others whose contents are unobjectionable, but whose mere innocence or charming style should never allow them to gain the ascendency over the heart. Such reading and study seem to have engrossed the mind of the great scholar Salmasius, and he exclaimed on his death-bed, "Alas, I have spent a life in laboriously doing nothing!" He further declared that, were he permitted to live his time over again, he would spend his days with the Epistles of Paul, and the Psalms of David. And that great northern wizard, Sir Walter Scott, who had himself written enough of books to make a decent library, yet when he came to die, and was asked by his son-in-law what book he wished to have read to him, replied, "Why do you ask that question? *There is but One Book.*" Beautiful confession, but only comparatively true; for there are happily great numbers of others, possessing sterling positive merits. We are as far from saying that the Bible only should be read, as the Pope is from saying that it should be popularly read at all. This false compliment to the Scriptures would be doing it the greatest wrong; for there are numberless facilities in our christian literature for the better understanding of their contents. We would, moreover, have you to store your minds with as much useful knowledge as will enable you fully to act out the character of "Christian Citizens;" and would also go a little out of our way to recommend our own Denominational Pennyworth, "THE CHURCH," to your hearty support. But our main object is to urge upon you the especial and paramount claims of Heaven's Own Book. In these days of many books, read your Bible—in these days of alleged or real Papal Aggression, read your Bible—to withstand the contagious mania of Mormonism and its kindred schools, the insidious arts of Priestcraft, both Anglican and Roman—to bid defiance to the Pantheistical influence of Germany, the daring godlessness of France, and the legion-heresies of England and America, read your Bible. Yea, to be rich and strong in the possession of supreme truth, pillars in the temple of God on earth, burning and shining lights in the Sunday-school, and prepared for "shining forth as the sun in the kingdom of your Father" hereafter,—

> "Read and revere the sacred page; a page
> Where triumphs immortality; a page
> Which not the whole creation could produce;
> Which not the conflagration can destroy:—
> In nature's ruins not one letter lost."

Circular Letter of the Montgomeryshire Baptist Association, by the Rev. D. L. Pughe.

OUR DUTY IN THE PRESENT TIMES.—A sense of duty should always keep us calm, while the consciousness of truth on our side should make and keep us bold. And it behoves every christian to "put on the whole armour of God." At the present crisis we have a duty to perform; and there are advantages to be obtained if we embrace the opportunities, and scatter widely the principles we hold and profess. We live in remarkable times, distinguished by the most stirring events; and the civil and religious liberties of unborn generations depend (humanly speaking) upon the manner in which we acquit ourselves at this crisis. If hesitating and pusillanimous, we are lost; but if we discover the bold and indomitable spirit which sustained our nonconformist ancestors, in striving for the religious principles which we now enjoy, we shall be triumphant. In connexion with the spread of Popery in this country, and the bold assumption of ecclesiastical titles and territorial jurisdiction, there is a large and influential party in the Established Church who evince a disposition to neutralize the benevolent exertions of voluntary churches, to curtail their rights, and to bring back on this country all the errors of bygone times. Dear brethren, we are anxious to express our feelings and sentiments upon these topics, that the churches composing this association, at least, might know that the sentiments and doctrines inculcated by the Papacy and the Tractarians or Puseyites (which is but another name for Popery), we reprobate from our hearts. We tremble at their influence; we hold them to be fearfully erroneous, and eternally ruinous; they are fatal to all we hold dear; they tend to the subversion of all those precious privileges and glorious principles which we have been accustomed to cherish as our best inheritance. And should these errors become prevalent—which God forbid!—should they steal into the heart of society, and control the popular mind; should they like a cloud darken the horizon of our country; from that moment the sun of Great Britain will

e gathering of the nations in the . Palace" will be the last of Eng- eatness. We may expect our atmo- become charged with the elements Divine displeasure, and desolating ts may follow. "Ichabod" may written on our best institutions, for will have departed from us. Our will have become weakness, our olly; our light will be extinct; and f being great, and noble, and free, ly free, the first among the nations, become a scoffing, a hissing, and a unto all people. May that great ificent Being who has hitherto been dian and defence, preserve us from ppalling calamity; deliver us from e of Popery; save us from the despotism of the man of sin; pour hearts of our children an unsophis- love of his pure truth, that our may share in the felicity of his *-Circular Letter of the East Kent Association, by the Rev. F. Wills.*

POSITION OF BAPTISTS AS A DENOMI- — Whether our denominational nts be proportionate or not, the of believers' baptism is on the eve er and nobler development than any ttained since the apostolic times. there are not a few of the foremost edobaptist communities who evince action with their own system, and a consideration of ours. They stand the argumentation and authorities re deemed decisive. They abandon rites and to dawdlers the defences their forefathers, and are conscious y progression towards a point where ist declare for believers' baptism or As such men multiply, so will the itions of change become distinct and They are the heralds of the rising e forerunners of coming events. ear the way for the many, but are so far ahead that they drop into their before their followers come up with For the present, therefore, we must nt to maintain the post and attitude rnestly protesting minority. Our riumph is not yet; but our protest is assuredly growing, both in volume and effect. New churches planted and new converts springing up in all parts of the world, expand and deepen it. And our protest is of that kind which makes itself heard and felt. It is presented in deeds as well as words, and so appeals with equal force to opposite classes. The common people understand us, so do the sacramentalists. Our proceedings make it manifest that we reject sacramental efficacy without compromise and without misgiving. We baptize none but such as we believe to be already christians. Our own children we keep unbaptized till they steadfastly believe, and desire to profess the truth as it is in Jesus. To those who confide in the sacramental efficacy, our conduct in this respect must not only present an adequate expression of our own opinions, but a cool and daring defiance of theirs, which can be hardly less than appalling. We are thought resolutely to place in jeopardy—tremendous jeopardy —the souls of our precious little ones. We cannot be supposed to want parental tenderness; the inference therefore must be, that our convictions are so settled and strong, that we laugh to scorn the anathemas hurled at us by Synods and Councils, by Priests, and Bishops, and Popes, and Fathers. Ours is "a crime to be punished by the judges." We are wilful and obstinate heretics. Our children are to be intensely sorrowed over. It would be an act of sweetest charity to inveigle them to the font, and thus rescue them, in spite of us, from the dreadful doom to which our neglect exposes them. Such are the sentiments which our practice awakens, and we are glad of it. It proves that we are in a position to present an adequately clear and pungent protest against sacramental efficacy. Let the protest involved in the ordinance to which we cleave, be supported by a holy life, by charity towards men and single-hearted consecration to God, and we shall put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and purchase to ourselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.—*Circular Letter of the Bristol Association, by the Rev. W. Barnes.*

Intelligence.

TIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BARISAL, BENGAL.

ave been favoured with a letter from e, who, as many of our readers will er, is labouring at this interesting The following is an extract from

ave enclosed a paper which my fel- sionary, Mr. J. C. Page, drew up r, and to which I have added such as were necessary to complete the p to the present time. From this *a pretty correct, certainly* not at all an exaggerated, idea of what is doing in this district, will be gained. The people under our care are numerous and widely scattered; so that a very large part of our labour consists in travelling—the greater part of the year by water—from station to station, and spending a few days at each, in instructing the people, and correcting whatever may be wrong, as far as possible. There is the more necessity for this, as some of our native preachers are very inefficient. Connected with this is preaching to the heathen, for which there is much facility in this district, the cases in which the people do not listen being the excep-

tions. Then there is a good deal doing in the way of teaching the people to read the scriptures. Amongst the women especially, the desire to learn is rapidly spreading. We have old women borrowing or begging spectacles of Mr. Sale, to learn to read with. Mrs. Sale's girls' school is also getting on very nicely. There are several of them very well acquainted with the main facts of the gospel history. Then we have some hundred young women whom the Hindoo laws had doomed to perpetual widowhood, which means to a life of crime, but who have happily, by God's blessing on the efforts of our dear brother Page, been rescued from that horrid fate, and are now wives, and many of them mothers. With scarcely an exception, they are behaving well. We have our difficulties; one of the great ones is the wickedness of the landholders, and their hatred to christianity. They will perpetrate any act of meanness, treachery, or oppression, in order to vex the poor "ryot," *i.e.* tenant, who gives up caste. I wish some young men of enterprise, spirit, piety, and some capital—very much would not be required—would come out for the purpose of taking estates here. I have no doubt it would be at once a good speculation and an incalculable blessing to the district, politically and religiously. Another leading difficulty is want of money. Not to multiply particulars under this head, I will only say we now want very much, but cannot get, a chapel which would be large enough for our Bengali congregation in Barisal, and which would be fit for the English services, of which there is great need here. Such a place would cost about £200. I know how glad you will be to induce any friend to give us something for this. It may be sent to Moorgate-Street as a special contribution for Barisal chapel."

FERNANDO-PO, AFRICA.

"Most of our readers will have heard already of the safe arrival at Fernando-Po of Mr. and Mrs. Saker. The following is from a letter from Mr. Saker, dated Bimbia, January 20th:—

"We were mercifully preserved through a long passage of nine weeks. It was in most respects a very pleasant passage. We touched at Cape Palmas, and Akran, and landed at Clarence on Sabbath-day, the 29th of Dec., about two o'clock. Truly it was a day of joy to me and our people.

"The condition of the church is generally much better than my fears had predicted. A few bad cases we have had to do with, together with a few who are cold; but the fervent piety of the many really rejoices my heart.

"Here at Bimbia I have had two days over the books, and am in a labyrinth. I cannot see my way through it.

"The buildings are much decayed, and have been too much neglected. Some are in ruins, and must come down; I have no use for them: some must be repaired. I *have already* begun to repair and re-thatch *the printing office*. The falling buildings *may supply me* with sufficient material to *repair such as must stand*.

"One thing deeply grieves me here. My sainted brother Merrick laboured and toiled here, even to giving up his life, to translate and to print the word of life for the Isuba. Judge of my feelings on walking into the printing office to find it decayed for the want of a few mats; and the sheets already, and at such a sacrifice, printed, now left a prey to insects and dust. Then in the binding room, sheets of scripture, cuttings of paper and dirt, the collection of months, all heaped together or scattered over the room in wild confusion. I sat down and wept! but not long. I soon resolved on the following: to collect as many sound copies of each book as possible, sheet by sheet, and send home to you all that we do not want now, and shall then beg of the committee to bind them for us; we cannot do it here now. We will bind only for our present wants. Already I have selected 200 of John's Gospel, 200 Matthew's Gospel, and 130 Genesis. Fuller, I hope, will do the rest before I return. To-morrow I go to Cameroons, and return here afterwards."

SHOTLEY-BRIDGE, DURHAM.

This locality presents more than an ordinary field of labour and christian sympathy. Its population is growing, and consists of many thousands, who are sunken into depths of sin too revolting to mention, and living in an entire disregard of all religion; and while many hundreds are under the dominion of Roman Catholicism, other facilities are energetically and insidiously employed to bring the masses into the obedience of Puseyism. The friends of the Redeemer here are deeply afflicted with this state of abounding iniquity, and, after much anxiety and prayer, have resolved to build a suitable house for Divine worship, and to contend the ground with the "Prince of darkness." Our number is comparatively few, and our means are very contracted; but having obtained the presentation of a site for building of Messrs. Annandale of Shotley-Grove, we wish to afford an opportunity to the *wealthy and other sympathizing friends* to assist us in this very important and desirable undertaking. Any donation will be gratefully received by Mr. Joseph Robley, treasurer, or Mr. E. Le Fevre, pastor, Shotley-Bridge, Durham.

LINCOLN.

The Rev. W. Goodman, B.A., Andover, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church meeting in Mint-Lane, Lincoln, and entered upon his pastoral labours on the first Lord's-day in July.

ACCRINGTON.

Mr. Charles Williams, of Hallaton, Leicestershire, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church, Accrington, to become their pastor, and entered on his labours on the first Lord's-day in July.

CANTERBURY.

The Rev. C. Kirtland, of Sabden, has accepted a warm and unanimous invitation from the church at Canterbury, to become its pastor.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THE DANGERS AND TEMPTATIONS OF TRAVELING.

BY THE REV. DR. CHEEVER.

It is now a time when all the world are in an unusual process of locomotion. Many are pilgrims for a season, from lake to lake, from city to city, from mountain to mountain, and from one fashionable watering place to another, who think little of the pilgrimage of life, or its ten thousand snares and allurements. It is well to consider some of the dangers and duties involved in the experience of traveling; some of the temptations, not only that are always waiting on our course as pilgrims to a better world, as those who have here no continuing city, no abiding home, but that are incident especially to the daily experience of christians in the wing, or sojourning for a season in unaccustomed places of abode. Whether for business or recreation, duty or enjoyment, such changes bring dangers, and dangers bring not *new* duties, but a necessity of increased diligence and watchfulness in *all* the duties of our mortal pilgrimage.

First, then, as to the habit of secret prayer. There is great danger of its being interrupted, and for a season broken up. But it need not be so, it *ought* not to be so, but the very contrary. Yet it will require great watchfulness. If you are on a journey of some length, up early in the morning, hurried for your breakfast, anxious to be in season for the railway or the steamer, all day in the company of others, all your ordinary habits of meditation broken up, fatigued in the evening, looking after your lodging, with time only to take a rapid survey of places and things around you, and the certainty of a renewal of the same crowd and pressure of men and things the next day; if with all this you are not extraordinarily careful, if you do not, at particular seasons, take hold of your mind and heart by main force as it were, and bring them to converse with God, if you do not take time definitely for this, you will be defrauded of all communion with heaven. If you do not *watch* unto prayer, you will not pray at all. You may take your hurried meals for the body in the presence of others, but your soul will be cheated of its spiritual nourishment; and if this should continue, then what you gain in health by bodily exercise and recreation, will be more than lost in the decay of inward strength and prosperity. Indeed, on a journey you will have to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, if you keep in it at all. It is the experience of all travelers, that a life of such restless change and wandering is unfavourable

to communion with God, unless you keep your fixtures of prayer as a mould of adamant or iron, and have everything reduced within their forms. Whatever compression or inconvenience it may cost you, hold on. If those fixtures be broken away, or laid aside, or left at home, everything in your spiritual life will be at loose ends. You will not only not grow in grace, but grace itself in you will become dry, shriveled, stunted. These heavenly flowers in the garden of your soul require watering and care, and they ask for still more of such diligence and tenderness while you are by the wayside, than in your own quiet habitation. Without such care, it is as impossible to make them flourish, as it would be to keep a border of daisies fresh and green beneath the thunder and dust of a great railroad.

And a single day's neglect upon a journey may produce great evil. As you begin, so probably you will go on. One day passed by your heart, mind, and soul outside the fixtures of prayer, will leave you with less of the spirit of prayer the next day, less disposition to compress your thoughts at any one time within those fixtures, and still less the next; so that, positively, a journey of a few days in this manner may break up the best formed habits that ever existed. Then, again, the influences you meet with, the circumstances by which you are surrounded, the company, the scenes, of the place of recreation where you stay, are not particularly adapted to reconstruct the habits thus broken through, or to renew the divine influences from which you have been running, or to awaken you to a more earnest diligence. And if, on returning to your accustomed sphere of duty in Christ's kingdom and service, your homeward progress be like the outward, the result will be, in all probability, a sad experience of departure from God. If you could return to your heavenly home as easily and speedily as you can to your earthly, the evil might be small indeed. But it takes a long time to recover from the disastrous influence of such spiritual neglects. The few weeks of absence from your home, if you neglect your spiritual affairs, if you are not exceedingly watchful unto prayer, may cost you as many months' hard work after your return, before you can even recover the position of your heart with God which you enjoyed when you started on your journeying.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." We dare say that in very many cases, when a christian returns to the city from the country, and is welcomed by the cordial greetings of friends and brethren, with the exclamation, How well you look, how fat and hearty you have grown; your trip seems to have done you great good,—in many cases, after the first grateful acknowledgment, there is a groan from the very bottom of the heart, answering to the ruddy presentments of the countenance, Oh, my leanness, my leanness! "From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous. But I said, Oh, my leanness, my leanness! woe unto me; the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously." It is a sad and melancholy thing; but this must always be the case, if while the body is waxing fat, the soul neglects prayer. And, therefore, journeying or resting, but especially journeying, for then there is the greatest danger, a christian must hold on, with inflexible tenacity and perseverance, to his seasons of prayer, his *fixtures* of prayer. Let him keep his habits of prayer, and his habits of prayer will keep him; but if he lets *them* go, it is like the parting of the best cable in a storm; everything goes with them, and away the ship is driven before the tempest. Therefore, pray without ceasing; no matter *where* you are, or what your circumstances, prayer is your first duty.

And for a help in this, hold on also to the word of God. Every day

let it be consulted. It is a mighty help to prayer. If you feel ever so much indisposed to prayer, open your bible, and read with earnestness and solemnity the 51st Psalm, and it will quicken you; or even a few verses in the 119th, or the last eight verses in the third chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians; send your heart with them, throw yourself into the chariot that thus by the Spirit of God stands waiting for you, let these wings of devotion enfold you and bear you up. Do you want a prayer-book? All the saints ever upon earth, or hierarchies, or councils, could never construct one half so appropriate, so life-giving, as God's word. Use it, and you will find the glory of it. Sometimes the heart, in regard to the duty of prayer, is heavy with sleep, and cannot be started; it is like a train or a car, which it would be easy to push on and keep in motion, if it were once moved; but there is no strength to move it. The word of God, in such a case, may start it, when nothing else would. Begin with that, and you may beguile your heart with prayer, may get it praying, almost before you know it. Read a passage and turn it into prayer, and with that push, go forward. The Spirit of God, when there is such a disposition to help yourself, will certainly help your infirmities.

Remember, at all events, that the word of God must be the christian traveler's constant companion. Every day it must be consulted. "These words which I command thee shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." The daily course of life, and all God's blessings, and all our trials, *are sanctified by the word of God and prayer.* The word of God is the Pilgrim's daily food, which he should endeavour to receive with prayer, by the ministration of the Holy Spirit. A traveler must find time for this, or his soul will wander from the way, and will not be prospered. But if he feeds daily upon God's word, and feels the power of it in his own soul, then he will have a blessed light and influence shed by it over his whole deportment and conversation. And wherever a christian goes, he ought to remember that the vows of his God and Saviour are upon him, and that he is bound to be everywhere, as he has opportunity, *holding forth the word of life,* endeavouring to bless others. He may, if he will, do great good by the presentation of a tract here and there, and a conversation naturally ensuing upon it. And every such effort will react most happily upon his own soul, will help him wonderfully in prayer, will quicken and inspire his communion with God. Even one such blossom of christian duty in a day, may shed its fragrance and its blessing over a whole journey. And who knows, that puts forth such efforts, though they may seem fruitless now, who knows, that in the morning sows his seed, and in the evening withholds not his hand, how much good may be done, and whether it may not please God to make them all prosperous? At any rate, the promise holds good, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Now these two things, prayer and the word of God, will be sure to keep a christian, and make him useful; for the Spirit of God works by these things, and works *with* them in the soul. It is an excellent proverb, that *prayer and provender never hindered a journey.* If a man did not stop to give his beast corn and quiet, he would soon break down, and revenge this neglect upon his owner by a rest for ever. Prayer and the word of God are more essential to the strength and well-keeping of the soul than corn for the beast upon a journey. No time is lost that is seized and held for such spiritual nourishment; no journey is hindered, but forwarded, even

by costly delays for such provender. Moreover, these things, and the blessing of God with them, which always attends them, will preserve the christian from a thousand carelessnesses and temptations by the way, and will keep him in a serene, enjoying, happy frame, all the day long. The soul that is thus walking closely with God, and at peace with him, enjoys both nature and grace, and sees and loves God in everything. Moreover, the impress produced by such a christian, the influence exerted, will everywhere, and as a matter of quiet ease, be hallowed and delightful. Such a christian will be always cheerful, but never frivolous; always a delightful companion, but not heedless or trifling. Such a christian's conversation will have an elevated tone, even when the subject of religion is not directly named; and it is by no means necessary, in order to do good in conversation, that a christian be always preaching, or else reserved and silent. Let him be always kind, courteous, affable, taking a heartfelt interest in the happiness of others, and in every innocent thing that interests others around him, and so let him watch and take his opportunities, always loving to say a word for his Saviour, when the opportunity comes. How beautiful is Cowper's description of such a christian!

"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings.
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain enquiring to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent."

Now if all christians were of this stamp, if the conversation of christians were thus habitually and delightfully redolent of heaven, how much happier and better the world would become daily! Let your conversation, says Paul, be *always* with grace, seasoned with salt. For this, also, much prayer will be necessary.

THE TRIED SAINT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long."
Psalm xxxviii. 5.

To be troubled, is to be agitated, distressed, and burdened in mind; and such is often the case with the believer. His faith is weak; his trials are numerous; therefore he is often agitated and cast down. Sometimes the cause of trouble is in the domestic circle. When minds are not well matched, when natural dispositions do not agree, except there be much grace, there will be great trouble. Many christians do not like the place assigned to them by Providence; they do not relish the self-denying precepts given to them in the gospel; and, therefore, they do not endeavour to reduce them to practice, and this always causes trouble. If the husband does not endeavour to love his wife, even as Christ loves his church; and if the wife refuses to submit to the authority of the husband, making his will her law, there must be frequent jars, conflicts, and disagreements, and these trouble the spirit. If children are not trained up in the *nurture and admonition* of the Lord, or if they are headstrong, unruly,

and unlovely in their tempers, there will be trouble. Many godly parents have often to retire to the closet and sigh out before the Lord, "I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly." Family trials are often kept in the family; no one knows them but the parties who endure them, nor, as a rule, should they; but in consequence of this, many suffer deeply who are not supposed to suffer at all. Oh, the bitter nights and sorrowful days which many believers pass through in secret, arising from domestic troubles! What a mercy that there is a throne of grace, a loving Father who listens to our secret sighs, and hears our painful confessions, which we dare make to no one but himself, for if this were not the case, many a christian's heart would break.

Very frequently the source of trouble is within. It is soul-trouble, which is trouble with an emphasis. Guilt is contracted, confession is neglected, and the eye is taken off the great atoning sacrifice, and then comes trouble. The evidences are beclouded, the prospects are darkened, the heart is contracted, fears are awakened, and unbelief becomes strong. The spirit of prayer departs, the heart is drained of its comfort, and the soul, which was like a well-watered garden, becomes like a barren desert. Every duty is a task, and what was a sweet privilege becomes a burden. The bible is a sealed book, the ordinances of God's house are like dry breasts, and christian conversation is wearisome. Conscience accuses, memory furnishes the indictment, and Satan tempts us to despair. Past experience appears to have been a delusion, and a spirit of restlessness seizes us; so that, like the unclean spirit which went out of the man, we wander through dry places, seeking rest, but finding none. If we look up, God appears to be an angry judge; if we look back, our iniquities are set in array against us; if we look around, we cannot see any of the Lord's people exercised as we are; and if we look forward, the idea of eternity without hope is dreadful. Now the soul sighs out, "I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly." No one knows what sin is, who has not seen it in the light of God's countenance; nor can any one tell the trouble occasioned by a guilty conscience, but he who has smarted beneath its lashes. Precious, infinitely precious, is the blood of Jesus which heals it; and gracious, unspeakably gracious, is the Holy Spirit who applies that blood unto us. Without that blood, and without this blessed Spirit, the poor troubled sinner would sink into despair, or rush into desperation.

The law of sin in the members is a constant source of trouble. It is always present. It is ever active. It is sometimes so exceedingly powerful. It is upon this that Satan works, and by this he often brings us into bondage. When this law is realized in its full force, every grace appears to be buried under a heap of corruption, and the dreadful evils of the heart are set in motion. What images are painted on the imagination! What horrible thoughts pass through the soul! What indescribable evils are working in the hidden chambers of the heart! Oh, it is fearful sometimes, when the flesh is lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that we cannot do the things that we would! What fearful thoughts of God,—what dread conceptions of eternity,—what alarming ideas respecting the bible, the Saviour, and the blessed Spirit! The soul is indeed agitated, depressed, and wearied. The conflict is severe. It is only as we wield the sword of the Spirit, oppose the shield of faith, and cry unto the strong for strength, that we can prevail. Many of the Lord's people suffer a secret martyrdom; for they are so harassed, perplexed, and confounded by the working of the law of sin in their members, that their life hangs in doubt, their fears are like the rack, and unbelief, like a fire, scorches up their spirits. This makes such

exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The temptations, insinuations, and suggestions of Satan are another cause of trouble to the believer. He worries those whom he cannot devour. He distresses those whom he cannot destroy. Now he tries to draw into sin, and then to drive into despair. Now he employs external agents, and then he secretly works upon the mind. Sometimes he comes in his own true colours, and sometimes he is transformed into an angel of light. Oh, the devices he uses, the stratagems he employs, to distress and trouble us! Now he fills the heart with foul, debasing, devilish thoughts, such as no christian dare utter, such as no author dare write. Then he misrepresents God's character, and insinuates the vilest thoughts against his goodness and his grace. Now the object of his attack is God's word, and he assaults us in reference to its authenticity, inspiration, and purity. Then he calls attention to the church of God, and shews up all that is inconsistent among the saints, and tries to alienate our hearts from them. Now he tries to undermine our faith in the atonement of the Lord Jesus, and then he levels all his artillery against the glorious person, and gracious work, of the Holy Spirit. His one object is to generate doubt, foster unbelief, and lead us into sin, desperation, and despair. Well may the apostle compare it to wrestling, when he says, "We wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places." They are wicked spirits, full of spite and malice against God, against his Son, and against every one that desires to honour his dear name. It is a fearful struggle often, so that we are "troubled and bowed down greatly."

What with trouble in the world, trials in the church, disorders in the family, occasionally guilt upon the conscience, the law of sin in the members warring against the law of the mind, and the buffetings, suggestions, and temptations of Satan, the true believer proves his life to be a conflict, his course a trial, and all the consolations of the gospel necessary. He is often troubled, and deep sighs, heavy groans, and heart-felt cries ascend from him to the throne of his gracious God. He is bowed down, straitened in Spirit, and so pressed in soul, that he knows not what to do. His burden appears too heavy for him to bear, and would be, only that his Saviour's strength is made perfect in his weakness. He desires to love God with all his heart, and with all his soul; but often that heart appears full of rebellion, and is as hard as a stone. He would be constantly ascending to God in the exercise of prayer and praise; but instead of this, he is often prayerless, indifferent, and ungrateful. He would exercise faith in his word, and trust in his wise and holy providence; but, alas, he discredits the promise, doubts God's goodness, is discontented, and murmurs at his lot! He wishes to walk in the light, as God is in the light, that he may enjoy high and holy fellowship with him; but he is dark, distant, and knows little of the holy intercourse he longs for.

Thus he goes mourning, at times, all the day long. He mourns over the hardness, depravity, and coldness of his heart. He mourns because sin dwells in him, works in him, and he fears will some day overcome him. He mourns lest he should offend the Lord, grieve the Holy Spirit, or wound his beloved Saviour anew. He mourns because his love is so feeble, fitful, and imperfect. He mourns because he cannot serve God as he requires, or be holy as he commands him. He mourns because his repentance is not deep enough: he does not, he cannot, sorrow for sin as he wishes, because he is so little affected when he sees others sin, and grieves so slightly over his own. He mourns because, notwithstanding *all, pride* still works in his nature, though he wishes to lie low in the

dust, and be clothed with humility before God and man. He mourns, at times, lest his spot should not be the spot of God's children, or his experience be different from theirs: this frequently wounds his feelings, burdens his soul, sinks his spirits, shakes his hopes, fills him with fears, and makes him groan. Then he cries, "I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long."

Reader, are you troubled *for* sin? Are you ever troubled *by* Satan? Are you ever bowed down *in* sorrow, burdened *with* guilt, and *laid low* before the Lord? Do you ever mourn over your imperfections, repent of your sins, and sigh and strive for holiness? Real religion is experimental, and though all do not experience the whole of what I have written, yet every true christian does, or will, know something about it. It is necessary to strip him of self, divorce him from the law, teach him his own weakness, lead him to rely entirely on the Lord Jesus, and gladly accept salvation as the gift of free grace. Those who are thus tried, have low thoughts of themselves, and high thoughts of Christ; they walk softly before God, without boasting, or self-conceit; and they renounce all confidence in the flesh, placing confidence in God's covenant-mercy alone. To them Christ is precious. To them free grace is sweet. To them the cross is glorious. To them the absolute promises are necessary. To them heaven will be a place of rest, satisfaction, and rejoicing; and throughout eternity they will admire, adore, and enjoy the wonders of redeeming love.

Shrewsbury.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

Is there a single descendant of Adam who can say, "I shall never need consolation; I am proof against misfortune's darts; I can withstand sorrow's fiercest storms"? If such an one there be on the face of the wide earth, let him stand forth, that we may see the Heaven-favoured being who needs not religion.

The sources from which men seek consolation are numerous. Some seek it in wealth, some in honour, and others in friends. It would be easy to shew that there are times in each person's life when none of these *can* afford consolation,—when consolation, if it come at all, *must* come from above.

Is it one who has the wealth of Crœsus, who says, "Let the christian seek consolation in *his God*, if he will. Gold will console and deliver *me*. The *shining gold* shall be *my god*"? To him we would say, There *are sorrows and trials* which the wealth of the *world* can neither alleviate nor remove. Can gold, with its potent influence, call back the loved and dear ones of your heart from the icy embrace of the grave? Can it stop the ravages of disease, and bid the mighty reaper, Death, pass on and leave your idol unscathed? Can it rob sickness of its torturing pangs, or death of its mortal sting? No, no! The united testimony of all men in all ages is, that not one of these fell destroyers which visit all, can for a moment be resisted by wealth. Oh, ye rich; if ye have nothing but riches to console you, how miserable your condition *may be* even in *this world*. Well has the pen of inspiration written that fearful passage, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." Said Elizabeth, the most renowned of England's Queens, with the wealth of England at her command: "Millions of money for an inch of time!" But Time heeded not the bribe, and rolled on into eternity, bearing her along with it.

Some may say, "They are, indeed, fools who think to soothe the sorrows of the immortal soul with gold. Honour and fame can do it. Let but millions delight to do me honour, and I will ask no other consolation." Think again, I entreat you. What consolation will fame's noblest wreaths afford in that hour when the angel of death is knocking at thy heart's inmost door? When about to enter *another* world, of what account will the honours of *this* be? Then wilt thou see, and *feel* too, if not before, that thou hast been all thy life long chasing a bubble which perishes in the grasp. The dying testimony of monarch, hero, orator, poet, and philosopher has been in many cases, "that *human greatness cannot afford consolation in affliction's bitter hour.*" One of the greatest, wickedest, and *most miserable* of poets has sung,—

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below."

Yes, there are times when all that art and fancy can do in their greatest efforts is but a solemn mockery. Nothing human can pluck a rooted sorrow from the brain.

But there is a consolation still nobler than wealth or fame; that is, the sympathy of friends. How consoling to the sorrow-stricken heart is a friendly word from a loved one; better by far than the "wealth of India," or the loudest trump of fame. But friends *abide* not. "They go hence to be here no more." Who hath not been separated from a friend either by circumstances or death? If any, let him stand forth as one among ten thousand. If the fond embrace with which we hold our friends could be *lasting*, friends indeed would be a consolation. But, alas, they pass away as a summer cloud, never, never to return! How overpowering the thought, to bid an *everlasting farewell* to an idol of the heart. In such an hour one feels that there is some *other consolation* needed, which this world affords not. In this extremity *religion* shines with unwonted splendour, beams with heavenly radiance.

It was an occasion of this kind that suggested this train of thought. A sister was called to bid a brother farewell, who was about to embark to a far distant land, to proclaim the glorious gospel. She wished to have him go, but then the strong ties of nature and affection had to be broken, and bitter and almost *heart-rending* was the trial. And as the *heart* said, "Good-bye," "for the lips move not when the heart feels most," it seemed to be bursting with anguish. Then the thought that they would *never meet again on this earth* seemed to overwhelm their souls. But in this dark hour, light burst in upon them. Said they to one another, "We will meet in heaven, meet to part no more." Soul-enrapturing thought, which *religion alone* can give! "Oh," said he, "without the consolations of *religion* how could I endure *this hour*?" These are thy glorious triumphs, Christianity, to give light when all else is darkness,—to give *consolation* when wealth, and honour, and friends are taken away. Let each one *now*, while he may, seek this *universal antidote of all sorrow and pain.* Then shall we rejoice in life, and triumph in death, and glory in a blessed immortality. M.

MEETING IN HEAVEN.

How shall we meet? How shall we meet?
As oft as we met while here?—
To pass the hours in converse sweet,
Only without a fear,—

Without a shade of grief or pain,
  A thought of doubt or care,—
Is it thus that we shall meet again,
  When our heavenly home we share?

Will the voices of the household band
  Ring out in music free?
Will the clasp of the freely-offered hand
  Be warm as it used to be?
Will the smile of the lip be still the same?
  Will the light of the earnest eyes
Bear sunshine to the heart again,
  In our dwelling in the skies?

Shall we know each other's faces there,
  As we have known them here,
Only more calmly, brightly fair?
  Shall we hold our friends as dear?
And shall we count as dearest, still,
  Those with us who have pressed,
Hand clasped in hand, through good and ill,
  On to the land of rest?

Shall we find *all* our loved ones there?
  Or shall we look, in vain,
For the smile that beamed o'er the features fair,
  We may not see again?
Shall we miss, as, with memory's aid, we trace
  The close-linked circle round,
More than one from the accustomed place?
  Or will all in our home be found?

Or will Memory itself be lost,
  As we pass from earth to heaven?
And the bright ones of the ransomed host
  Be as friends, for the first time given?
Shall we have them all, in their beauty, blest,
  Nor pause, to single one
To love more dearly than the rest,
  As on earth we might have done?

We know not, friends. There beams no ray
  Of light on us, to tell
Of the scenes in the "land of purer day,"
  Where we hope, ere long, to dwell.
Yet our hearts will oftentimes reply,
  As we muse on that viewless sphere,
"Our love will still cling, in our home in the sky,"
  To those whom it twined round here.

"We shall love all the ransomed ones and blest;
  But those whom we loved before
Will be nearer to us than the rest,—
  We shall—we *must* love them more.
Our hearts were linked with theirs in life,
  And the ties have not been riven;
They thought of us *last* in the parting strife,—
  They will meet us *first* in heaven."

THE BUTTERFLY.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave
  Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
  Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
  And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph, sings:
  Wouldst thou call the blessed one back?"

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Biblical.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

We have been far more pleased with the interesting little tract mentioned below, than with any production of the same size which we happen to have seen. None of the larger treatises, Dr. Henderson's for instance, much less Dr. Carson's, have met our own views of the subject so nearly; and we do strongly recommend Mr. Gotch's discourse to such of our readers as feel any interest in the present controversies on Inspiration. We saw it asserted in a contemporary last month, that Mr. Gotch had "*conceded*" too much. Probably Mr. Gotch, like ourselves, had nothing to concede, having never been able to accept those extravagant views of Inspiration, which endanger, rather than strengthen, the faith of reflecting and intelligent christians.

It is *very* important to bear in mind what is the real nature and importance of the question of Inspiration, as amongst sincere christians. It is not whether there be such a thing as Inspiration, nor whether the Scriptures are inspired or not, but *how* Inspiration takes place. All men "who have the spirit of Christ," who are "born of God," have the "witness in themselves;" they recognize the divinity of God's word by the Spirit of God dwelling within them. Their faith in its being a divine communication does not rest on external evidences merely or chiefly. Like the men of Samaria, although their first interest may have been attracted by miracles or other evidences, they have heard the Lord himself, and know that this is indeed "the Messiah, the Saviour of the world." Religion, as revealed in the Scriptures, is to every believer as manifestly the moral work of God as the starry firmament or the wonders of animated creation are his natural work. It is deeply to be regretted, therefore, when good men, like Dr. Carson, so far forget their fallibility as almost to anathematize any other theory of Inspiration than their own. They contend for the Inspiration of the very letter of Scripture, and verily in their hands the *letter killeth*; for their denunciations breathe the wrath and assumption of infallibility which in other times have persecuted even unto death. Nor is it much better, when every variation from the opinions of Wesley, Booth, Gill, or Fuller, is regarded as a movement towards latitudinarianism or infidelity. That the bible is the *word of God*, that is, in opposition to *ancient* Fathers or *modern* sect-founders, the only authority to which a christian ought to bow, this is heartily, *joyfully* recognised by every true disciple of Christ. But that any disciple is permitted to say to his fellow-disciple, you must believe Inspiration to be "verbal," or "dictation," or "*possession* by the Divine Spirit;" or that messages about "cloaks," and genealogical tables, are equally inspired with doctrinal teachings or predictions of the Messiah; otherwise you are an infidel in heart,—every christian who really believes in the duty of private judgment, will at once indignantly deny. *How* Inspiration took place is not recorded. We may gather some dim conceptions from casual hints; we may feel it of interest to discuss these hints; but while the result, viz., that the bible is the word of God, is a proper object of faith,—*how* God brought about that result cannot be an object of faith, for it is never required of us to believe either one theory or another.

Indeed, a great part of the question is purely metaphysical. It turns on the means by which God can communicate knowledge to the human mind. Some conceive he cannot do it except by language, and that to describe accurately Divine ideas, men must be supplied with words by the Divine Being himself. Others think it more natural to suppose, that except it be explicitly recorded that certain words were delivered by God himself to the sacred writer, that the ideas were presented to the mind of the latter, and that he was left to clothe them in his own language. It is clear that the difference between these conceptions does not at all affect the result. The latter view, however, has the advantage of explaining naturally the exceeding variety of style and language in the sacred writers. "Holy

* *The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*, a Discourse by F. W. Gotch, A.M., Classical Tutor of the *Bristol Baptist College*. 16mo. Pp. 39. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

l spoke," not as they were dic-
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t." The impetus was divine and
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account for the unquestionable
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various as the number of the au-
is not, as it ought to be on the
theory, of the same character
t (the one Holy Spirit dictating,
n the same style by all his agents),
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e dictated by the Holy Spirit
writers themselves would have
t thus God is made to deceive
presents to us every reason-
nce, that whoever supplied the
the writer ordinarily supplied the
at while the treasures were di-
essels were earthen; while the
that God herein deludes us is a
tural straining of two or three
We once heard a Professor of
affirm that the fossil skeletons
ns of animals which prove that
death in the *animal* world before
luction of sin, indeed before
eation, were created as they are
infidels; his only reason being,
ose to believe that even animals
before the Fall! Divines should
all such violent and unnatural
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of the Divine Word. It is the
y to generate scepticism in the
he enquiring. It surely should
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fallible, men's *interpretations* of
ories about it, are as fallible as
emselves.

Mr. Gotch's chief position is, that Inspiration belonged to the writers, properly speaking, and not to the words; that it was not, however, a mere subjective brightening or strengthening of the ordinary faculties of the writer, but a communication of objective knowledge; in all this we fully agree. We would add, that we cannot conceive that knowledge having been once fully communicated, did not abide as a constant possession, as well as the mental and moral fitness to be vehicles for imparting divine knowledge to men. Hence it appears to us that "Paul was as much inspired in his speech at Athens, and in all his religious teachings, as in writing the Epistle to the Romans." Indeed to us it appears to involve much more unsettling consequences, to deny the *permanent* inspiration of the apostles, than to deny the mechanical, dictation, or verbal theories on the subject.

Let not, however, the faith of good men be shaken by subtle discussions. Let the grand fact to which the apostles, as mere men, were amply competent to bear witness, and for which above all they contended, the Resurrection of Christ, be but cordially believed, and all the rest will inevitably follow:—his divine mission, his expiatory sufferings, his competency to *inspire* his servants, the evidence in what they wrote that he did so, the verisimilitude of every important fact and doctrine in the New Testament, and by implication in the Old, too, all naturally follow from faith in him as a RISEN Saviour. The foundation of God standeth sure. The theories of divines prove too often but a house built upon the sand.

Tales and Sketches.

WRIGHT AND THE POOR ORPHAN.

the month of April, 1734, three boatmen, connected with the rse, were journeying along the road which at this period winded he capital of the Highlands and e kingdom. They had already ince morning, more than thirty gh the wild Highlands of Inver- and were now toiling along the of an uninhabited valley of Bade- noch. A dark sluggish morass, with a surface as level as a sheet of water, occupied the bottom of the valley; a few scattered tufts of withered grass were mottled over it, but the unsolid, sooty-coloured spaces between were as bare of vegetation as banks of sea-weed left by the receding tide. On either hand, a series of dreary mountains thrust up their jagged and naked summits into the middle sky. A scanty covering of heath was thrown over their bases, except where the frequent streams of loose debris

which had fallen from above were spread over them; but higher up, the heath altogether disappeared, and the eye rested on what seemed an endless fall of bare gloomy cliffs, partially covered with snow.

The evening—for day was fast drawing to a close—was as melancholy as the scene. A dense volume of grey cloud hung over the valley like a ceiling, and seemed descending along the cliffs. There was scarcely any wind, but at times a wreath of vapour would come rolling into a lower region of the valley, as if shot out from the volume above; and the chill bleak air was filled with small specks of snow, so light and fleecy that they seemed scarcely to descend, but, when caught by the half-perceptible breeze, went sailing past the boatmen in long horizontal lines. It was evident there impended over them one of those terrible snow-storms, which sometimes overwhelm the hapless traveller in these solitudes; and the house in which they were to pass the night was still nearly ten miles away.

The gloom of evening, deepened by the coming storm, was closing around them as they entered one of the wildest recesses of the valley,—an immense precipitous hollow scooped out of the side of one of the hills; the wind began to howl through the cliffs; and the thickening flakes of snow to beat against their faces. "It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray Frith," said the foremost traveller, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-looking man, of about five feet eight; "I would fil like to hae to beat up through the drift along the rough shores o' Cadboll. It was in just such a night as this, ten years ago, that old Walter Hogg went down in the Red Sally."—"It will be as terrible a night, I'm feared, just where we are, in the black strath o' Badenoch," said one of the men behind, who seemed much fatigued; "I wish we were a' safe i' the clachan."—"Hoot, man," said Sandy Wright, the first speaker, "it canna now be muckle mair than sax miles afore us, an' we'll hae the tail of the gloamin' for half an hour yet. But, what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a little figure that seemed sitting by the side of the road, about twenty yards before him; it's surely a fairy!" The figure rose from its seat, and came up, staggering apparently from extreme weakness, to meet them. It was a boy, scarcely *more than ten years of age.* "Oh, my puir *boy," said Sandy* Wright, "what can hae ta'en ye here in a night like this?"—"I was going to Edinburgh, to my friends," replied the boy, "for my mother died and left me among the freines; but I'm tired, and canna walk farther; and it'll be late, I'm feared, in the yown drift." "That ye winna, my puir bairn," said the boatman, "if I can help it; gi'es a hand o' your hat," grasping, as he spoke, the extended hand of the boy; "dinna tine heart, an' lean on me as muckle's ye can." But the poor little fellow was already exhausted, and after a vain attempt to proceed, the boatman had to carry him on his back.

The storm burst out in all its fury, and the travelers, half suffocated, and more than half blinded, had to grope onwards along the rough road, still more roughened by the snow-wreaths that were gathering over it. They stopped at every fiercer blast, and turned their backs to the storm to recover breath; and every few yards they advanced, they had to stoop to the earth to ascertain the direction of their path, by catching the outline of the nearer objects between them and the sky. After many a stumble and fall, however, and many a groan and exclamation from the two boatmen behind, who were well-nigh worn out, they all reached the clachan in safety about two hours after nightfall.

The inmates were seated round an immense peat fire, placed, according to the custom of the country, in the middle of the floor. They made way for the travellers, and Sandy Wright, drawing his seat nearer the fire, began to chafe the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. "Bring us a mutchkin o' brandy here," said the boatman, "to drive out the cauld frae our hearts; an', as supper canna be ready for a while yet, get me a piece of bread for the boy. He has had a narrow escape, puir little fellow, an' maybe there's some that would miss him, lanerly as he seems. Only hear how the win' roars on the gable, an' rattles at the winnocks and the door. It's an awfu' night in the Moray Frith." . . . . .

Sandy Wright shared with the boy his supper and his bed, and on setting out on the following morning he brought him along with him, despite the remonstrances of the other boatmen, who dreaded his proving an incumbrance.

The story of the little fellow, though simple, was very affecting. His mother, a poor widow, had lived for the five preced-

ing years in the vicinity of Inverness, supporting herself and her boy by her skill as a sempstress. As early as his sixth year he had shewn a predilection for reading, and, with the anxious solicitude of a Scottish mother, she had wrought late and early to keep him at school. But her efforts were above her strength, and, after a sore struggle of nearly four years, she at length sunk under them. "Oh," said the boy to his companion, "often would she stop in the middle of her work, and lay her hand on her breast, and then she would ask me what I would do when she would be dead, and we would both greet. Her fingers grew white and sma', and she couldna sit up at nights as before; but her cheeks were redder and bonnier than ever, and I thought that she surely wouldna die; she had told me that she wasna eighteen years older than mysel'. Often, often when I waukened in the morning she would be greetin' at my bedside, and I mind one day, when I brought home the first prize from school, that she drew me till her, an' told me, wi' the tear in her ee, that the day would come when her head would be low, that my father's gran' friends, who were ashamed o' her because she was poor, would be proud that I was connected wi' them. She soon couldna hold up her head at all, and if it wasna for a neighbour woman, who hadna muckle to spare, we would have starved. I couldna go to the school, for I needed to stay and watch by her bedside, and do things in the house; and it vexed her more that she was keeping me from my learning than that hersel' was sae ill. But I used to read chapters to her out of the Bible. One day when she was very sick, two neighbour women came in, and she called me to her, and told me, that when she would be dead I would need go to Edinburgh, for I had no friends anywhere else. Her own friends were there, she said, but they were poor and couldna do muckle for me; and my father's friends were there too, and they were gran' and rich, though they wadna own her. She told me no to be feared by the way, for that Providence kent every bit o't, and he would make folk to be kind to me; and then she kissed me, and grat, and bade me go to the school. When I came out she was lying wi' a white cloth on her face, and the bed was all white. She was dead, and I could do nothing but greet a' that night, and she was dead still. I'm now traveling to Edinburgh, as she bade me, and folk are kind to me just as she said; and I have letters to shew me the way to my mother's friends when I reach the town; for I can read and write." Such was the narrative of the poor boy.

Throughout the whole journey, Sandy Wright was a father to him. He shared with him his meals and his bed, and usually, for the last half-dozen miles of every stage, he carried him on his back. . . . .

"An' now, my boy," said the boatman, as they reached the West-port, "I ha'e business to do at the Custom-house, an' some money to get; but I maun first try and find out your friends for ye. Look at the letters and tell me the street where they put up." The boy untied his little bundle, which contained a few shirts and stockings, a parcel of papers, and a small box. "What's a' the papers about?" enquired the boatman, "an' what have ye in the wee box?" "My mither," said the boy, "bade me be sure to keep the papers, for they tell of her marriage to my father, and the box hauds her ring. She could have got money for it when she was sick, and no able to work, she said, but she would sooner starve than part wi't; and I widna like to part wi't either, to ony bodie but yoursel'—but if ye would take it?" He opened the box, and passed it to his companion. It contained a valuable diamond ring. "No, no, my boy," said the boatman, "that widna do; the ring's a bonnie ring, an' something bye ordinar, though I be no judge; but, blessings on your head! tak ye care o't, an' part wi't on no account, to ony bodie. Hae ye found out the direction?" The boy named some place in the vicinity of the Cowgate, and in a few minutes they were walking up the Grass-market.

"Oh, yonder's my aunt," exclaimed the boy, pointing to a young woman who was coming down the street; "yonder's my mother's sister!" and away he sprang to meet her. She immediately recognised and welcomed him; and he introduced the boatman to her, as the kind friend who had rescued him from the snow-storm. She related in a few words the story of the boy's parents. His father had been a dissipated young man, of good family, whose follies had separated him from his friends; and the difference he had rendered irreconcilable by marrying a low-born, but industrious and virtuous woman; who, despite of her birth, was deserving of a better husband. In a few years he had sunk into indigence

and contempt; and in the midst of a wretchedness, which would have been still more complete had it not been for the efforts of his wife, he was seized by a fever, of which he died. "Two of his brothers," said the woman, "who are gentlemen of the law, were lately enquiring about the boy, and will, I hope, interest themselves in his behalf."

In this hope the boatman cordially acquiesced. "An' now, my boy," said he, as he bade him farewell, "I have just one groat left yet; it's an honest groat, any how; an' I'm sure I wish it luck."

* * * * * * *

Eighteen years elapsed before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had quitted it a robust, powerful man of forty-seven, and returned to it a grey-headed old man of sixty-five. His humble fortunes, too, were sadly in the wane. His son William, a gallant young fellow, who had risen in a few years, on the score of merit alone, from the forecastle to a lieutenancy, had headed, under Admiral Vernon, some desperate enterprise, and from which he never returned; and the boatman himself, when on the eve of retiring on a small pension, from his long service in the Custom-house, was dismissed without a shilling, on the charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He was slightly acquainted with one of the inferior clerks in the Edinburgh Custom-house, and in the slender hope that this person might prove powerful enough to get him reinstated, he had now traveled from Cromarty to Edinburgh, a weary journey of nearly two hundred miles. He had visited the clerk, who had given him scarcely any encouragement; and he was now waiting for him in a street near Brown-square, where he had promised to meet him in less than half an hour. But more than two hours had elapsed; and Sandy Wright, fatigued and melancholy, was sauntering slowly along the street, musing on his altered circumstances, when a gentleman, who passed him with the quick, hurried step of a person engaged in business, stopped abruptly a few yards away, and, returning at a much slower pace, eyed him stedfastly as he repassed. He again came forward, and stood. "Are you not Mr. Wright?" he enquired. "My name, Sir, is Sandy Wright," exclaimed the boatman, touching his bonnet. The face of the stranger glowed with pleasure, and grasping him by the hand, "Oh, my good, kind friend, Sandy Wright!" he exclaimed; "often, often have I enquired after you, but no one could tell me where you resided, or whether you were living or dead. Come along with me, my house is in the next square. What! not remember me; ah, but it will be ill with me when I cease to remember you! I am Hamilton, an advocate—but you will scarcely know me as that."

The boatman accompanied him to an elegant house in Brown-square, and was ushered into a splendid apartment, where there sat a madonna-looking young lady, engaged in reading. "Who of all the world have I found," said the advocate to the young lady, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind, brave man who rescued me when perishing in the snow, and who was so true a friend to me when I had no friend besides." The lady welcomed the boatman with one of her most fascinating smiles, and held out her hand. "How happy I am," she said, "that we should have met with you. Often has Mr. Hamilton told me of your kindness to him, and regretted that he should have no opportunity of acknowledging it." The boatman made one of his best bows, but he had no words for so fine a lady.

The advocate enquired kindly after his concerns, and was told of his dismissal from the Custom-house. "I'll vouch," he exclaimed, "it was nothing an honest man should be ashamed of." "Oh! only a slight matter, Mr. Hamilton," said the boatman; "an' truth I couldna weel do other than what I did, though I should has to do't o'er again. . . . . I have an acquaintance in the Custom-house here, Mr. Scrabster, the clerk; an' I came up ance errand to Edinburgh in the hope that he might do something for me; but he's no verra able, I'm thinking, an' I'm feared no verra willing; an' so, Mr. Hamilton, I just canna help it. My day, o'course o' nature, canna be verra long, an' Providence, that has aye carried me through as yet, winna, surely, let me stick now." "Ah, no, my poor friend," said the advocate; "make up your mind, however, to stay for a few weeks with Helen and me, and I'll try in the meantime what my little influence may be able to do for you at the Custom-house."

A fortnight passed away very agreeably to the boatman. Mrs. Hamilton, a fascinating young creature of very superior mental endowments, was delighted with his character and his stories: the latter opened

to hee a new chapter in her favourite volume—the book of human life; and the advocate, a man of high talent and a benevolent heart, seemed to regard him with the feelings of an affectionate son. At length, however, he began to weary sadly of what he termed the life of a gentleman, and to sigh after his little smoky cottage, and "the puir auld wife." "Just remain with us one week longer," said the advocate, "and I shall learn in that time the result of my application. You are not now quite so active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and so I shall secure for you a passage in one of the Leith traders."

In a few days after, when the boatman was in the middle of one of his most interesting stories, and Mrs. Hamilton highly delighted, the advocate entered the apartment, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and a packet in his hand. "This is from London," he said, as he handed it to the lady; "it intimates to us, that 'Alexander Wright, Custom-house boatman,' is to retire from the service on a pension of £20 per annum."

But why dwell longer on the story? Sandy Wright parted from his kind friends, and returned to Cromarty, where he died in the spring of 1769, in the eighty-second year of his age. "Folk hae aye to learn," he used to say, "an', for my own pairt, I was a saxty-year-auld scholar afore I kent the meaning o' the verse, 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"—*From Miller's Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.*

KIND WORDS TO THE ERRING.

In the pleasant village in which I resided at the time of my narrative, there stood a low tenement, under the shadow of an old mansion-house, which was usually occupied by some poor family. It looked lonely and comfortless enough in the vicinity of large, substantial buildings, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, and filled with the good things of this life. But there it stood for many a year, the inhabitants moving in and coming out without exciting attention or enquiry. At length it was occupied by a family, consisting of an aged widow, her daughter, and two young children, taking with them, unhappily, a ruined reputation and its frequent attendant, poverty.

They had come from the outskirts of the parish, and planted themselves down in our village—the abode of wealth, of good order, propriety, of even goodness, of piety, and just within reach of the church!

What was to be done? For some weeks no one noticed them, or thought it even safe to employ them, as was before customary with the occupants of this poor tenement. Yet there was something touching in the fact that the poor daughter, in her desolation, had ventured to approach so near with her helpless charge—that old woman her mother, and those two children her nieces. And for what purpose had she come hither to this central spot of light, and morality, and religion? Apparently, it was to gain a livelihood for these dependants, and by her single arm to give them bread and clothing.

It was a providential circumstance, that just at this time I was in want of a washerwoman; and on making enquiry, the story of this unhappy girl was related—"But," added my informant, "you cannot employ her; she is so dishonest that nothing is safe within her reach."

"Poor thing! Has she, then, in her despair, been driven to this method of sustaining that trembling old woman and those children of misery? I think I will venture to employ her."

"Well, you may if you please; but I advise you to lock up your stores, and even your cellar. She is a cunning creature, and I would count every article you give her."

That day M—— was sent for, and the next morning she made her appearance, looking strong and able to do a good day's work.

At the customary hour the bell for prayers summoned the family. M—— was particularly invited to be present. She sunk into a corner of the room; the Bible was read, and in the prayer that followed, her case was distinctly and tenderly remembered.

The presses were not locked up that day, nor the cellar door fastened, nor even the clothes counted. At night she was well paid, and half a bundle extra to take home to the old mother. Week after week she came. Nothing was lost. We left her alone in the kitchen hour after hour. She went down to the cellar for the soap when she pleased. She saw the well-filled barrels of meat, and sometimes a good large piece found its way into her bundle at night; but it was never stolen!

One day, as M—— stood washing, I said, "Do you never go to church?"

"No, Ma'am."

"And why not, M——?"

"Because I have nothing to wear."

"What do you need?"

"Oh, only a cloak. I could go if I had one. I have the materials, but can get no one to make it for me."

"Bring it to me, M——, and you shall have it made."

The next Sabbath, in the pew nearest the door, sat the poor girl, with a warm cloak and hood.

Not long after this, I drew near to her one day, and enquired into the welfare of her soul; for if the soul has cost the blood of the Son of God, is it not worth a *few poor words?* So I said, "M——, do you ever think that you must die, and are you prepared for eternity?"

The poor creature stopped her washing, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, I am so wretched. I am such a sinner."

"And how long have you felt wretched, M——?"

"Ever since I first entered this house, ma'am. That prayer which your husband offered for me went to my heart. I thought, Well, if the minister thinks I am worth praying for, I ought and will pray for myself."

It was true, that the Holy Spirit had found a way to the heart of this child of sin, awaking hope in despair. It was not in vain that she had come to pitch her tent so near the droppings of the sanctuary—that she had entered it, and listened to the voice of mercy, which reaches from heaven to earth, which now extended its hand to her, removing her heavy load of sin as "far as the east is from the west." It was not long before M—— found rest and peace in Christ. Oh, yes! poor M—— found it as easily as the christian friends around her, who now looked kindly upon her, assisting her to bear the ills of life. "Just as easy for M—— to lay her burden at His feet and bear a song away" as for any of us.

M—— now had enough of employment. There was food enough and clothing enough for all. The little girls were sent to school; one of them proving a fine scholar, M—— determined to educate her! Yes, her money worked out by daily labour would pay for the child at the academy; and so to the academy she went; and there she continued, year after year, pursuing the same course with the best scholars in the village.

Anne grew up a tall, slender girl, and M—— looked upon her with delight and gratitude. She was to be the pride and blessing of her old age, and repay her love and care. Every year added to the promise and prospects of the young girl, who was so nobly urging her way forward to usefulness and respectability.

But God had other purposes. Anne was cut off like a flower in the very bloom. A typhus fever laid her low; she lingered a week or two, and died.

It was a dreadful stroke to poor M——. She was the next victim. She took the fever, and followed the child of her adoption and hard labour. The poor aged mother did not long survive, but left the world in peaceful hope of a better, through the redemption of Christ Jesus.

The little tenement was now closed up, but what riches of grace had visited its inhabitants!

It is easy to perceive that the instrumentalities in this case were very small. They cost nothing. A kind word, a prayer, a little risk, a little trust!

"No labours or watchings, no hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness." Kind words to the erring, how easy! Punctual payments to the poor labourer, how necessary! A watchful tenderness for the immortal soul. Let us not forget *a soul is worth a word! A soul is worth a prayer!*

This story is not even garnished, every syllable is true. The time is short. Let us to-day look over our neighbourhood to see if beneath the shadow of the church, the school, the rich mansion, there may not be a lonely outcast for whom *Christ died!*

A WORD TO THE BEREAVED.

"I spake unto thee in thy prosperity; but thou saidst, I will not hear."—*Jer.* xxii. 21.

Prosperity is not always a blessing. Ease sometimes genders hardness. Discipline is absolutely necessary. The Lord speaks to the prosperous, but they are too busy to attend. He brings a cloud over their affairs, he changes his dispensation, and says, "hear ye the rod." There is a parent bereaved of a lovely child; it was an idol; or, if not, it was in a fair way of becoming so. The affections were set upon it. The Lord was displaced by it. It became absolutely necessary to remove it, for nothing else

would do. The Lord had spoken by his word, by his ministers, by the gentle voice of his Spirit, but all was disregarded. The fond and foolish parent would not hear. Now the beloved object is taken away, and the idolater refuses to be comforted. The Lord's ways are called mysterious. The heart rises in opposition, and it is just ready to indulge in hard thoughts of Him, or to murmur against Him. But it must not be. No, rather examine thy course. Turn over the pages of thy past history. Attend to the Lord's enquiry, "*Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, see thy way?*"

An eastern shepherd had taught his flock to know his voice and follow him. But on one occasion, when the weather was fine, and all was pleasant, he wished to lead his flock to another spot. He called them to follow him; a ewe who was feeding with her lamb beside her, refused to do so. He turned and snatched up her lamb and carried it off in his bosom, and she readily henceforth followed his call. Just so the good Shepherd, when we allow our lambs so to engross our attention, or captivate our affections, that we neglect to hear his voice, and obey his call, takes our lamb, lays it in his bosom, saying, "*follow me.*" Bereaved christian, has Jesus taken away your lamb? He has laid it in his bosom. He is carrying it to his Father's house. He will place it beyond the reach of the storm, the wolf, and painful disease. He is tender over it. He will take the utmost care of it. He will feed it, and lead it to living fountains of water. He will wipe away every tear from its eyes. It shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on it, nor any heat. It is safe. It is happy. It is at home. It knows its Shepherd's voice, is always in its Shepherd's presence, and enjoys its Shepherd's love. Happy lamb! Gracious Shepherd! Glorious flock!

Beloved! the Shepherd, who has your lamb in his bosom, still gently whispers, "*follow me.*" He spoke to you in your prosperity, but you would not hear; he speaks to you now in your sadness and sorrow, listen and attend to his voice. Follow him into his chambers of secret communion, there he will soothe and solace your soul. Follow him into his ordinances where he feeds his flock, and he will make you to lie down in green pastures, and lead you beside the still waters; he will restore your soul. Follow him in the path of tribulation, with patient spirit and steady pace, and he will shew you the path of life, and conduct you to his Father's right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. Look not for your missing lamb, but look up in the Shepherd's face; there love is enthroned in brightness, and sympathy speaks in tears. Look at the Shepherd's arms, your lamb is safe there; and look at his warm bosom, your lamb is happy there. It was necessary that he should thus try you, and you will see this by and bye. At present believe his word; he says, "I will do you no hurt." Believe his love to you, it is too great to suffer the presence of a rival, or to allow you to injure yourself by improper attachments. Had he loved you less, he might have spared your feelings. You might have retained your loved one. Can you regret that Jesus loves you so much? Could you wish him to love you less? My friend, weep no longer. Dry up your tears. Listen to your Shepherd's voice. Follow in your Shepherd's footsteps. Detach your affections from earth and earthly things, and set them on those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. It is but a little while, and we shall have done with everything here. If the Lord had not taken your child *now*, you must have left it *very soon*; and if you had left it behind you in a world like this, who can tell what might have been its sufferings or its sorrows? If the Lord had not taken it from you, it may have been necessary that he should take you from it, and this might have been far worse. Your Saviour has done wisely, you will see this by and bye. Your Saviour has acted kindly, and the time is coming when you will acknowledge it. Silence, then, your complaints. Dry up your tears. Rise from your mourning. Go forth at thy Redeemer's call, and ask, as you fall in submission at his feet, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We may anticipate his reply. "Love me more. Keep closer to my side. Speak to me more frequently, and more fully. Live for my honour. Walk by my word. Let nothing occupy my place in your affections. Rest in my love to you. Rely on the promises I have made you. Attend to the cautions I have given you. Expect the mansion which I am now preparing for you." Lord Jesus, let us not refuse to hear thee, but give us thy grace in such abundance, that we may

listen to catch the first sounds of thy voice, and stand ready to do whatsoever thou shalt command, or to surrender whatsoever thou shalt call for!

Correspondence.

"A BAPTIST MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER BURNT CHILD.

A TRUE TALE."

[Dear Brethren,

My present communication may be of no use to you; however I will send it, as one of the curiosities of Church of England Romanism.

Mr. C——, son of an Ipswich brewer, and Rector of Wortham, a man from whose ever active and fertile genius have proceeded books of fiction, poetry, and theology, lectures at Mechanics' Institutions on mesmerism, and speeches at Protectionist meetings, full of political ire, has delivered this extraordinary production to his school children, to be committed to memory by all who are capable, and repeated at church next Sunday,—thus aiming, as he supposes, a severe blow at certain contumacious Baptist mothers, who will not yield to him to have their children sprinkled.

I send you the enclosed as an exact copy from a printed sheet, which had no printer's or author's name attached; but the people in the village of Wortham think it is Mr. C——'s own composition, and I think this is very probably the case.

I am, dear Brethren,

Yours truly,

E. TRICKETT.*

Botesdale, Suffolk.]

I.

"My little child is burnt to death,
Oh, agony of woe!
He shrieked away his dying breath,
With burning on his brow:
I saw him die, he called in vain,
'*Oh, mother, quench the flame!*
Oh, mother, mother! ease my pain!
My soul is burning with my frame.'

II.

"'Twas all in vain! No mother's care
Could soothe the dying pang;
He left his mother to despair;
My child's cry wildly rang,
'*My soul burns, mother, with my frame*
But water I denied!
Forbade its use in Christ's pure name,
I killed him in my pride.

III.

"It was my stubborn, cruel heart
Denied that sacred rite;
I bade God's minister depart,
E'en in my husband's sight.
And yet that husband bade me pause,
Consider well the fact;
Sure of my calling and my cause,
I set at naught the act.

IV.

"I saw with pain the pastor's grief,
He loved my child full well;
He argued for his soul's relief,
Forewarned of what befel.
I heeded not, I told him then,
(So much my child I prized),
I'd rather die before all men,
Than have my child baptized.

V.

"Oh, could I tell that he would cry,
'*My soul burns with my frame,*'
I would not, could not, then deny,
Christ's baptism was his claim.
But surely now my soul is wrong,
I see his black, burnt brow;
Death on his features darkly hung,
And settled down in woe!

VI.

"Ye mothers all, who love the Lord,
Who died for babes and men,
Hear ye his sacred, holy word,
Come to his church again!
Come, bring your babes, and let them
On sure foundation reared:
Oh, may their souls salvation see,
And God, the Lord, be feared."

* *We have had the above several months in hand, but have been unable sooner to find room for it.*

EN OF BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

Sirs,

I have read with much pleasure action your interesting and valuasine, "The Church," from its arance, and think the enclosed hich I have just copied), if it rted in its pages, would prove g to many, inasmuch as it is o the already innumerable proofs odigious absurdity of the doctrine ismal Regeneration."

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours respectfully,

J. LAWRENCE.

rth.]

was last week passing through a t far from Bristol, I looked into ay of a miserable hovel, contain- ne apartment, in which were two filthy beds, and a hearth without a chimney, the smoke having to find its way out through the rafters. Here dwelt a man, his wife, and two daughters. The latter only were at home. I accosted the elder, whose age was eleven years, and asked her, 'Who was Jesus Christ?' She could not tell. 'A man or a woman?' After some hesitation, and apparently at a guess, 'A man.' 'Did he die in his bed, or was he drowned at sea?' 'I don't know.' 'What did he come into the world to do?' She could not tell. 'What is your name?' 'C——.' 'Who gave you that name?' 'My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ,' &c. So here was a child telling us she was a member of Christ by baptism, and did not know who Christ was! Yet, in spite of this ignorance of the very elements of christian knowledge, this child, according to the teaching of the Church of England, was a 'Child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven'!"

Notices of Books.

PEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA; CON- A SKETCH OF THE COUNTRY, AND ORY OF THE BAPTIST MISSION IN HONDURAS, &c. BY FREDERIC . Pp. 588. London: Charles

owe's object in this volume is to interest in Central America as a nissionary enterprise, and also to practical action and add greater to the more than electric thread an sympathy and fellowship long ly uniting the church in British with the churches in Great

He is himself a labourer in conith the Baptist church in Belize, onduras; and we understand he to return almost immediately to of his former labours, in which edness was proved by an almost nted amount of suffering and per-

The first part of the volume, ch alone we express any opinion, large amount of information re- a country about which little has been known, and in the spiritual of which little interest has been felt. The information given is divided into sections, under the respective heads of Physical and Geographical, Historical and Political, and Moral and Religious; and, considering how little practice the author must have had in composition before the preparation of this volume, we have been surprised at the spirit with which he has written, and the interest which he has thrown into his narrative throughout. We hope that Mr. Crowe's varied exertions will at least have the effect of directing attention to the important sphere of labour which Central America presents. We understand that he has obtained encouraging promises of help in his own efforts, and in those of the church with which he is connected. In our next number we shall present our readers with an interesting extract.

SACRED HISTORY, FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD TO THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES, &c. EDITED BY HENRY WHITE, B.A. Pp. 187. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

The History in this cheap little Manual is very appropriately divided into Periods,

which are again subdivided under suitable heads: and each chapter is supplemented by Exercises, in the form of Questions for Examination. The style appears to be simple, and more attractive than in some similar volumes, and the facts are carefully arranged and accurately stated. We consider the work very well suited "for the use of Schools and Families;" and a careful perusal of it would be of great advantage in removing that ignorance of Sacred History which the engrossing nature of other studies is making but too common among young people now-a-days.

"FEED MY LAMBS;" A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE STOCKPORT SUNDAY SCHOOL. BY THE REV. O. T. DOBBIN, LL.D. Pp. 40. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A Sermon full of beautiful, earnest thoughts, and crowded with eloquent passages. The propositions unfolded are: 1. That a life of active duty is alone acceptable to our Lord. 2. That benevolent effort for *the soul* is the most acceptable form of social duty. 3. That special concern for *the young* is demanded at once by the interests of society, and the commands of Christ.

CHRISTIANITY AS APPLIED TO THE MIND OF A CHILD IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. A SERMON, BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES. Pp. 44. London: Benjamin L. Green.

Those who have used Mr. Barnes's Commentaries will be glad to read a Discourse by him. The one before us manifests much of that strong practical sense which he so generally displays in his Expositions. Even those who do not quite hold the popular view of Mr. Barnes's excellence as a critic, will, we are sure, be pleased and profited by him as a preacher.

A Page for the Young.

THE TRANSPARENT SLATE.

A STORY OF TEMPTATION.

Happy, gentle, lovely, and beloved, was little Mary Edwards. Ever glad to give others pleasure, ever willing to sacrifice her own wishes and comfort to do another a kindness, modest and obedient, it is not strange that her heart was light and joyous, and that she was beloved by all. Perhaps, my little readers, you think she must have had a great many things to make her happy, and very few things to trouble and annoy her, and *therefore* was she so sweet-tempered and amiable. No—not so: on the contrary, she had fewer external sources of enjoyment than children usually have. Her father could not afford to buy her many toys and story-books, nor did he often take her to places of amusement. She very rarely had any money of her own to spend, and never more than a penny or two at a time.

Those gratifications, however, which were occasionally afforded her, I believe she enjoyed with far greater zest than if they had been frequent. A single visit to the menagerie was a thing for interest and wonder during many weeks afterward. *Every plaything in her* baby-house was of *peculiar worth, because* she had so few, and most precious was the care she took of every article. When, at one time, a lady sent her a pretty little chair for her doll, made and painted just like a real, large chair, Mary truly was happier than any princess with a hundred fine toys. As to her books, they, too, were few in number, yet Mary read them again and again, always with fresh interest and pleasure. A little volume of Æsop's Fables, in verse, and the "Child's Book on the Soul," were treasures indeed, in her estimation; and her enjoyment of these little books gave her a taste for reading, which proved a source of great pleasure and improvement as she grew older. With such a disposition as this, finding recreation and enjoyment with very small means and in little things, with a heart full of love and kindness towards every one, Mary was grateful for her blessings and contented with her lot. Not by any means, as you will presently see, was she exempt from the trials and temptations of daily life. These come to all; to children as well as to older people; to rich and poor; to high and to low; though they are of many kinds, and presented under every variety of circumstances. Little Mary had *her* portion. The same temptations from a sinful heart and from an evil world beset *her*, that now beset *you*, my little friends. She would *sometimes* give the

ughtless answer, or the sullen at other times she wanted very o just as *she* pleased, instead of r mother or teacher pleased. It ways easy for her, more than for ell the exact truth, even though rove her in fault. She occasion- rtified that *her* father was not as ne other girls' fathers were, and ecause she was deprived of some and pleasures that they enjoyed. tter feelings would quickly return rt, and the peaceful expression of nt to her face; while, with sincere for her faults, she was ever hard as any little girl I know, to them all, and to do right continu- still low voice within, which when we do wrong, and which when we do right,—that little pirit that is always faithful to us, we heed its teachings—you know I mean, dear children; the in- of this friendly voice, little Mary l, and usually obeyed. Happy, r us all, to heed this friend, to counsel, to cherish it with watch- for our guidance and comfort fe. Let me tell you how, on one when Mary was tempted to com- t sin, she was saved from the deed g to the urgent voice of her *con*- arning her of her guilt and dan-

wards was treasurer of a certain Society, which held its meetings in different towns of the county. er is a person who receives and of the money that people pay to

At one time, this Society held gs in the place where Mr. E. lived, of the gentlemen attending it ad to his house. Mary, returning el one day, found company in the who were to remain to dinner. r father came in, she observed a ttle bundle in his hand, of which to take very special care;—with on, she thought, when she found ain money; the money which, as , he had received that morning ferent members of the Society. tched him, with childish interest, tied the parcel, and emptied the to a little basket. "Oh, father," imed "a basket full of money! ıy, how many pounds there must ue tell me, father, how much there is here?" "I do not know, my daughter," said he, "I am going to count it after dinner, and then I will tell you." "Is it *yours*, father?" she asked eagerly. "No, it is not mine, it belongs to the Society; but I am to take care of it, and see that it is used for good and benevolent purposes." Mary wanted her father to tell her more about it, but he began to talk with a gentleman, and in a few minutes the dinner-bell rang, and they all went into the dining-room, except Mary, who was to wait, there not being room for her at the table.

For some time she remained standing by the little basket of money, taking up the bright pieces, one after the other, reading the dates of the different coins, and examining the faces with the deepest interest. She had never in her life before seen so much money together, and it seemed to her that here was enough to buy everything one could desire. She wished her father might have as much—she was sure he would give her some; and next she wished *she* had as much. What could she not do with such a vast sum? "But it isn't mine, and it isn't father's—not a penny of it," said she; and turning away, somewhat reluctantly, she went out into the garden. Her thoughts, however, kept turning back to the money, the basket full of money that could work so great things, and she could not resist the feeling that it would make her far happier to have plenty of money.

Just then, Ellen Morris, a little schoolmate who occupied the seat next to hers, passed the garden, and seeing Mary, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mary, I want to shew you something. See what a beautiful slate father has bought me, with all these pictures to draw; and this set of pencils. Are they not nice?" "Yes, indeed," said Mary, in a tone as animated as Ellen's; "it is a transparent slate, isn't it? Oh, what pretty, pretty pictures, and so easy to draw, too! Don't you like to draw, Ellen? *I* do, almost as well as to read;" and the little girls sat down together upon a green bank, and examined slate, pictures, and pencils, in every part, with delightful satisfaction.

"I wish I had a transparent slate," said Mary.

"Oh, I'll lend you mine sometimes," said the generous little Ellen, "I am sure you would be as careful of it as I should be."

"Thank you," returned Mary, "but I would so much rather have one of my own, to use all the time."

"Ask your father to buy you one, I'm sure he will," said Ellen, gathering up her treasures carefully. "I must hurry home, now, to dinner. Come to school early this afternoon, Mary, and we'll draw together a little while."

Mary closed the gate after her friend, and then, with a light skip and jump, hastened into the house. The company had not quite finished dinner, and were busily engaged in conversation. So Mary stayed in the parlour, and going up to the table again, began to amuse herself with the money.

"Ah," thought she, "this money would buy slates enough for all the little girls I know," and as she handled over the bright sovereigns and half-sovereigns, the pretty shillings and sixpences, she wished more than before, that a part, a *small* part of it, was her own—just enough to buy a transparent slate, like Ellen's, and she would ask no more. This new beautiful shilling," thought she, taking up one of the pieces and clasping it tightly in her hand, "oh, if *this* were only mine, have no doubt it would buy me a slate."

All the other pieces she put back again in the basket, but this she kept out, to look at, and she turned it over and over in her hand, until the desire to possess it became overpowering.

"Father will not miss it—just this one little shilling, thought she. "He doesn't know how much there is here, for he told me he hadn't counted it. am sure there doesn't seem any less in the basket if take out just this *one* piece. Nobody will know it; how can they and shall have a beautiful transparent slate of my own. Yes. I *do* think may as well take it; and with a tighter grasp she held the money in her little hand. But then, thought she, "it *isn't* mine, and ought not to keep it. It is stealing, to take what belongs to others. Oh, *cannot* steal; and she opened her hand to take one more look at the tempting treasure that she held, intending to return it directly to the basket. Yet still she gazed—unsatisfied, uncertain, hesitating.

Ah, Mary, Mary, we tremble for her! She is endangering her dearest interests to trifle thus the temptation is so strong! Oh, will she yield? Where is now the voice whose warning she has ever before been ready to hear? Is it still and silent within her?

No; it does speak. It is that same *faithful voice* which now tells her that to take that money would be stealing; and while she heeded it, she felt strong to withstand, and said, "I cannot steal." But the sight of the money again, and the desire to possess the slate, overpowered the voice of conscience, and once more she seized that shining coin with a quick, resolute motion, pushed the basket farther on the table, and said, "Why need I be so afraid? Surely no one can ever know it?"

And does she indeed commit this deed? Is little Mary Edwards *a thief?* Oh, it cannot, must not be.

Mary had put the money into her pocket, and thought she would buy the slate on her way to school. If she had been practised in arts of deception, she would have questioned how she should manage to keep her slate out of sight all the time, that no one of the family might know she had it; but Mary had never committed an act of this kind before, and had never wished to conceal anything, so she did not, now, consider the consequences of her dishonesty.

For several minutes she sat by the window, thinking intently of the pleasure of possessing the beautiful slate, upon which her heart was set yet, with all the pleasure, there was mingled a feeling of such uneasiness, such a consciousness of guilt, and such a fear of discovery that she trembled violently. Again the hidden monitor arose within her and now its tones were louder, and its words more impressive than before. "Yes, have taken this piece of money for my own, thought she, striving, though in vain, to justify herself "but in doing this, what have become? A thief? Yes, a thief. *I*, a Sabbath-school scholar, studying the Holy Bible, wherein God says, 'Thou shalt *not* steal;' *I*, who have been taught the sin of taking what belongs to others, ever since can remember. What would my father say if he knew what had done? What would my dear, kind mother say, if she could see all that is in my heart? Oh, how ashamed should be if they ever *should* find it out. Well, even if they should not, God would know it all the time. *He* sees me always—yes, even now, this very moment. Oh, cannot take it; must not steal; how very wicked I have been!"

Mary took the money quickly from her pocket, put it into the basket, and left the room. A feeling of relief came over her, which it would be impossible to describe. She seemed like one who had been tightly

me powerful hand, and forbidden
ddenly set free; free to breathe,
act for herself; while the thought
she had permitted in her heart,
r with a horror from which she
The single half-hour since Ellen
emed like a long period of time;
, so deep, so conflicting, had been
ngs in her breast.

summoned to dinner, Mrs. Ed-
erved something unusual in Mary's
e, and asked tenderly, "What ails
aughter?" "*Me*, mother?" said
ng up suddenly, then blushing and
her eyes again, for it seemed to
very one, and especially her mo-
d read her inmost soul; "nothing
only I cannot eat my dinner;
cuse me, dear mother;" and she
tears, before she could escape
room. Mrs. Edwards wondered
it had so affected her cheerful little
orbore to press her with questions

you asked your father for a slate,
was Ellen's first question to her
the afternoon.

Ellen, it is no matter about it. I
re so much about it as I did at
I will watch you while you draw,
do some of the pictures on my
slate, which will do very well."

ut I wanted so much that we
th have them alike," said Ellen.
uld be very happy, it is true, to
nsparent slate, but I can also be
hout it, Ellen," said she, in a low
d she felt at that moment such a
et assurance that she had done
had overcome temptation, that
ce of every pleasure in the world
seemed to be a very small matter. Truly there is no happiness like that which a good conscience affords.

A few days after this was the Sabbath. Mary prepared her lesson with careful diligence, and attended all the services of the day with unusual interest. Her mother observed it, and she also noticed how happy, and cheerful, and contented she appeared; how obedient and kind. Really it made her love her little girl very much to see so sweet a spirit actuating her. After tea they were in the garden together, enjoying the beauty of the scene at that still hour. Mary drew closer to her mother's side and attempted, two or three times, to speak. Finally, with a greater effort she said, "Mother, may I tell you something? It is very, very bad. You will be grieved—oh! *so* grieved, for I am sure you would never have thought it; but I feel that I *ought* to tell you."

"Certainly, my darling, tell me whatever you wish, without the slightest fear;" and Mary related every particular of the events of that day when she had been so fearfully tempted to steal. Mrs. Edwards listened with a hearty interest, and the tears fell on little Mary's hand—tears of sympathy, of gratitude, and love.

"Thank God, my child," said she, fervently, "that you were saved from doing that deed of sin. Oh, may the suffering you have experienced, and the lesson you have learned, with his blessing added, strengthen you to resist future temptation. Listen carefully to your *conscience*, Mary; do nothing which it forbids, obey what it requires, and with God's willing grace to help you, you shall not be overcome of evil." A.

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH ROO,

OF HORSFORTH.

n the shadow of the cypress—un-
nfluence of affliction—the heart is
more profited than in any other
n which we can be placed. The
the wise man are full of meaning,
is better than laughter, for by the
f the countenance the heart is
er." Our moral nature is never
ly roused to renewed consecration to God than when the heart is made by sorrow softer and more susceptible; bending over the tomb of a relative or dear friend has often been the means of producing thoughtfulness, and there resolutions have frequently been formed which, in their practical development, gave a sweeter tone to the conversation, and shed round the whole demeanour a brighter and a holier lustre.

Deploring the loss of those we loved, it

yields us a melancholy pleasure to review their history, and to trace those excellencies by which their character was adorned, and in so doing may we not hope to profit, may we not be led to imbibe their spirit, to follow them as far as they followed Christ?

The subject of this brief narrative possessed, in no ordinary degree, those christian qualities, the remembrance of which will be long cherished in the memory of those who knew him. He was born at Horsforth, April 4th, 1801. From his childhood he was industrious, economical, and steady. Being blessed with an early religious education, he was preserved from the follies to which all young people are prone. At the age of twelve years, he was called to sustain heavy loss by the death of his father, upon whose earnings he and all the other branches of the family had depended for support. Necessity obliged him, young as he was, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The business in which he was employed was that of a stonemason, an arduous calling indeed, and one which is surrounded with many dangers. But the Lord was the guide of his youth. No doubt one cause of the strength of his moral bias may be traced to his great taste for reading. After the toils of the day, his evenings were chiefly spent on the social hearth with his widowed mother, reading to her the scriptures, which, under God, eventually made him wise unto salvation." From the time of his earliest recollection, he was led by his father to the house of God. In connection with the Baptist chapel, Horsforth, where his father attended, a Sabbath school was formed in the year 1814. Our friend Joseph was one of the first scholars there. In the sixteenth year of his age he left the Sabbath school; but not to wander in the fields, and lanes, and streets, and break God's holy Sabbath, but to become a pew-holder in the chapel; and from that period to his death, he was one of the most regular and punctual in attendance there. In addition to his taste for reading, we may mention the art of music, for which he had a great fondness; his extreme modesty, however prevented him from giving publicity to this talent.

In 1826 he was united in marriage to Maria Smith of Horsforth, daughter of parents long identified with the Baptist *church* at Rawden. This union was one *of unbroken* harmony from its beginning *to its end.* Marrying into a pious family, and having mingled so much with the excellent of the earth as he did previously, our friend had now acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the theory of the plan of mercy, but as yet the gospel had produced no saving impression upon his heart. But in 1827 the Lord in his mercy passed by him. The Rev. and highly respected John Yeadon, then pastor of the Baptist church, Horsforth, preached a sermon from that striking passage in Hebrews iv. 9: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God;" and the word was clothed with almighty energy and reached his heart; it led him as a lost and helpless sinner to seek salvation through the Lord Jesus, in whom he was accepted, and through whom a meetness was wrought in him by the Holy Spirit for that rest, to inherit which he henceforth felt so desirous. After this change became manifest, he was urged, again and again, to give himself publicly to Christ. His notions of what a professor of religion ought to be were of such a cast as to keep him back for some time from yielding himself fully to the Saviour's claims. But in March, 1834, a revival broke out in several of the churches in the neighbourhood, and many under its influence decided for Christ, and amongst them was our friend, who with fourteen others was baptized by Mr. Yeadon in the river Aire. After his baptism, the grace of God was exemplary in his conduct. Combining so many worthy properties as he did, he soon gained the respect and confidence of his brethren in the church. In 1838, he was chosen to the office of deacon, which office he filled up to his death, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the church. As a friend he was faithful and generous; as a neighbour he was peaceable and kind; in short, he won the esteem of all who knew him.

We had rejoiced had it been the will of Providence to have spared his valuable life a little longer, but God had decreed his speedy removal to the world of spirits. About six months ago, he was threatened with consumption, which rioted upon his system till he sunk beneath it. His illness was tedious and painful, but he bore it all with patience, and was often heard to say, "thy will be done." Even when his debility has been almost unbearable, he would retire into his closet and wrestle in prayer for Zion's welfare. A month previous to his death his endeared wife asked whether

lmost desirous to be raised to his
tate of health, or to depart and be
ist? He replied, "With that I have
to interfere, it is not my province;
have a desire at all to recover, it is
ight live to advance the cause of
but I leave all in his hands." A
before his death his voice began
whilst in sweet conversation with

A pause ensued, when he broke
ice by repeating those touching

.

as sought me when a stranger,
'andering from the fold of God;
to rescue me from danger,
nterposed his precious blood."

s he scarcely could be understood
it what could be gathered had reference to that Saviour whose he was, and whom he served. A few moments before he expired he called his wife by name, who, taking him by the hand, said, "You will soon be with Jesus;" to which, in a low whisper, he replied, "Yes, yes;" and, closing his eyes upon the perishing things of time, he opened them to gaze upon that better country,—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

He died July 25th, 1851.

His funeral sermon was preached by his pastor, on Lord's-day, August 10th, from Revelation xiv. 13, to a large congregation of sympathizing relations and friends.

G. M.

Miscellaneous.

JECTED MINISTER.—Not long after orable year of 1662, (when every n was compelled to leave the Es- Church who refused to give his consent, and subscription" to all y thing contained in a revised edi- ie Book of Common Prayer, and one day more than two thousand dred clergymen were cast, with ilies, homeless on the mercies of world), a Mr. Grove, a man of id of honour, resided in a mansion ibush. His wife became danger- and the husband sent to the parish requesting him to visit and pray . The answer returned was, he going out with the hounds, and would come when the hunt was Ir. G. felt both grieved and angry clergyman should choose rather to is amusements than attend to the claims of one of his parishioners r afflicted. One of the servants, rheard his complaint, ventured to r, our shepherd, if you will send can pray very well; we have often m at prayer in the field." Mr. mediately sent for him, and asked ther he ever did or could pray. herd intently fixed his eyes on his , and replied, "God forbid, Sir, ould live a day without prayer." then requested to walk up stairs, ay with the sick lady. He did so, with such astonishing fluency and , and with such admirable adapted- the occasion, as to fill every one with surprise and admiration. hey rose from their knees, Mr. ldressed Mr. Ince, for that was the 's name, "Sir, your language and shew you to be a very different om what your present appearance indicates. I beg you to inform me who and what you are, and what was your situation in life before you came into my service." Mr. Ince told him that he was one of the ministers who had been lately ejected from the church, and that having no property of his own left, he was content to earn a living by submitting to the honest and peaceable employment of tending sheep. On hearing this statement, Mr. Grove replied, "Then you shall be *my shepherd*," and immediately erected a meeting-house on his own estate, in which Mr. Ince collected a congregation, which worships there "to this day."

LEANING UPON JESUS.—Where should you lean *in sorrows* but upon the bosom of your Beloved? If you lean upon his arm for support, it is equally your privilege to lean upon his heart for sympathy. Christ is as much your consolation as he is your strength. His heart is a human heart, a sinless heart, a tender heart, a heart once the home of sorrow, once stricken with grief, once an aching, bleeding, mournful heart. Thus disciplined and trained, Jesus knows how to pity, and to succour them that are sorrowful and solitary. He loves to chase grief from the spirit, to bind up the broken heart, to staunch the bleeding wound, and to dry the weeping eye, "to comfort *all* that mourn." It is his delight to visit you in the dark night-season of your sorrow, and to come to you walking upon the tempestuous billows of your grief, breathing music and diffusing calmness over your scene of sadness and gloom. When other bosoms are closed to your sorrow, or are removed beyond your reach, or their deep throbbings of love are stilled in death, —when the fiery darts of Satan fly thick around you, and the world frowns, and saints are cold, and your path is sad and desolate, and all stand aloof from your

soul,—*then* lean upon the love, lean upon the grace, lean upon the faithfulness, lean upon the tender sympathy of Jesus. That bosom will always unveil to welcome you. It will ever be an asylum to receive you, and a home to shelter you. Never will its love cool, nor its tenderness lessen, nor its sympathy be exhausted, nor its pulse of affection cease to beat. You may have grieved it a thousand times over, you may have pierced it through and through, again and again, yet, returning to its deathless love, penitent and lowly, sorrowful and humble, you may lay within it your weeping, aching, languid head, depositing every burden, reposing every sorrow, and breathing every sigh upon the heart of Jesus. Lord, to whom shall I go? Yea, to whom *would* I go, but unto thee?—*O. Winslow.*

MARVELLOUS LIGHT.—The light into which we are called is a marvellous light, on account of the wonders which it has revealed to us on our way; but what must be the wonders of the end of our journey? When the man opens his eyes upon the eternal world, who can imagine the sight which will be presented to him of the Mediator, and God in him: the Divine nature shining in approbation upon him, and his soul filled with God? What amazement and love commix,—majesty causing the one, and goodness and beauty the other! Majesty, like that of the mighty ocean, creates amazement but not love; and beauty, like that of the flower, or the smiling infant, brings love of some kind without wonder; but here the majesty and the beauty which the light makes manifest are equal, and both in their extreme; there is nothing beautiful and good but what is infinitely great; and nothing great but what is infinitely good. Happiness is not where these are not; and happiness is perfect where these are perfect. Love here will be of the highest kind, obligation and beauty will conspire to produce it. We love him because he first loved us. Oh, the view which will be now obtained of that everlasting love with which the sinner is loved before he has a being! That love from which proceeded all things also in the great redemption; the sending the Son, and laying the iniquities upon him; the calling, the sustaining, the restoring, the leading, the reproving, the making straight of things crooked, and the receiving into glory; besides the preparation of the glory itself! That religion, the possessor of which does not *marvel*, is a low and poor religion upon earth. The wretched man says he sees something, but he sees nothing wonderful in the work of salvation, or in all the development of divine perfections connected with it. There is no enjoyment in religion without seeing its wonders. "I will go unto God, my exceeding joy." Will the hypocrite delight himself in the Almighty? When the disciples saw the miracle of Jesus they were astonished and *in great fear*: Peter said, "Depart from *me, for I* am a sinful man, O Lord." But *when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed* h wonders they saw brought deli which they would not part. W loving, and praising, will be t heaven for ever. The wonders will be eternal, inexhaustible, and on the increase; and so will be t tions of heaven's inhabitants. W limits be found to the wonders nature? Love, when its object is enough to be for ever admired, fect. Wonder, without an ol enough to be for ever loved, is ble. In heaven or in God these tials of perfection and enjoymen in their highest order and degr will be the greatest and the fairs and the most intense obligations *Charles of Caermarthen.*

OBLIGATION AND INABILITY.—haps, on the matter of man's na bility, and of God's absolute and ir ordinations, as high a Calvinist quaintance you have; yet I think perceive the consistency of this most free, and urgent, and practic ness, not merely in proposing to s overtures of reconciliation, but i ing their acceptance of them. Th speculation which would forbid t to be at variance with all apostoli ple. Look to the burning earn Peter's address, when he entreate to "save themselves," to "repe converted, that their sins may out." It is not the indicative b perative mood which he makes u is not a mere dictative exposition by which we are saved, but it is call on those whom he addressed themselves to that way. And it r strikingly the harmony which th tween the doctrine of God's so on the one hand, and the duty of isters on the other to address t to the hopes and the fears and all principles of man's nature—that, sult of Peter's exhortation, "thre were added to the church of *such be saved*," meaning, no doubt, by should be saved, the "as man ordained to eternal life," and of said in another place, when the addressed to them, that they The natural inability of man to offers of the gospel no more supe duty of the offerer, than the in the withered hand superseded the of our Saviour that it should be forth. Power was given in thi along with the command, and still along with the preaching of Do, my dear Sir, continue to prea universally, urgently. It is wel feel the impotency of the preach But the inference from this is n are to chill, in obedience to any dogma, the warmth and earnestn preaching; but it is that to pre must add prayer. Throw you God for the success of all your mi while you suffer nothing to hin

vour of these ministrations, and he the efficacy of His Spirit to the of His word.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

T TO COMPLAINERS.—"Things smoothly with you," said a comdisciple to Mr. F.; "I never hear any complaints." "I have found effectual way of guarding against ." said Mr. F.; "I used to find ing it, until one day, in reading , I came across this passage,—ostles gathered themselves unto d *told him all things*, both what done and what they had taught.' ed to me, that when I had any efore I told any one, I should first tell Jesus; and I found on trial that if I told him first I seldom had occasion to tell anybody else. I often find the burden entirely removed while I am in the act of telling him about it." You may depend upon it that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world. It will do much toward making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle. It will enable you to bear your crosses without repining. It will make you in mind and temper like Him with whom you hold this most intimate communion.—*Christian Treasury.*

Intelligence.

IOUS LIBERTY ON THE CONTINENT.

osition which the Baptists have efenders of religious liberty in the ms destined to be theirs in the fu- Germany and France, they seem only body of Christians who are and from principle, in favour of religious liberty.

espondent of the *Christian Times*, from Halle, Prussia, says, "Our liberty are gone. . . . . Our n is not only gone, but has de- o a reactionary movement, the end may not be reached in our day." any, he says, the Christian party is l absolutist, or at least anti-liberal. accounts for by saying that the tion there was forwarded by their vith a mixture of political and re- iews; and that the only dim idea at a man may be a Christian with- an absolutist, has sprung up from rse with English and American is since the last war, but had so ld on the mind, that now the tide ion has carried it away. After ing among the sects of Germany, us, Calvinists, United Christians, ns, Rationalists, Super-rationalists, which, he says, are "*free from ality itself*," he adds, "*the only ee churches we have are the Bap-* Without belonging to them, I highly and love them, as the *only repre- s of religious liberty*, and as *the ociations where the spiritual gifts e are cultivated*. It is not one of bitter fruits of our ideas connected establishment, that these gifts are grossly neglected, but even kept mong laymen; in consequence of hough we have many Christians, no Christian society. This is the l point of view under which I y desire that the Baptist churches ultiply and spread in Germany. spect to practical and vital Chris- hey leave, I think, all our Christian s and associations far behind them."

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

The Peace Congress seems to have been this year unprecedentedly successful. It was held in London on the 22nd of July, and the two following days, and, owing to the great numbers both of Englishmen and Foreigners who were visiting the Great Exhibition, the attendance was very large,—Exeter-Hall, which is capable of accommodating 4,000 persons, being quite filled on each day of Congress. The chair was ably occupied by Sir David Brewster, and the meeting was addressed by many eminent speakers, among whom may be named, Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., Mr. James of Birmingham, Mr. Brock of London, Mr. Burnet, W. Ewart, Esq., M.P., Mr. H. Vincent, Mr. F. Crowe, Mr. Miall, and Mr. Elihu Burritt. We wish all our readers could have had the privilege of listening to the speeches delivered, or, at any rate, of reading the Report of them which appeared in the *Nonconformist* and other papers. The Peace Movement evidently makes progress as rapidly as even its most ardent supporters could desire; and the Congresses, which are held from year to year, much as they are ridiculed by mere politicians, are contributing very much to the enlightenment of the nations on this most momentous question. We are sure that no christian mind can do otherwise than sympathise with those who are labouring in the cause. Who would not pray in the words so aptly quoted by one of the speakers:—

"Hasten, great Father, that blest consummation,
When nation no more shall lift sword against nation;
When war shall no more be the christian's vocation,
But the sword shall be shivered, and broken the bow"?

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The annual meetings of the Wesleyan Conference have just been held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The only things which

have occurred which seem of any public interest or importance are, the contemptuous refusal of a respectful application for a hearing from the General Committee of Reformers, the degradation of the justly-esteemed Dr. Beaumont for too much independence of thought and action, the renewed degradation of Mr. Rowland for refusing to submit to the dictation of his ecclesiastical superiors, and, instead of any examination —even the slightest—of the demands of the reformers, the appointment of a Committee to *consider* the memorials which had been presented, who are to report at the next Conference. It was announced that in consequence of the recent agitation, the number of members had decreased upwards of 56,000, and the reports from almost all the districts shewed them to be in a most painful and disastrous state. Nevertheless, the spirit exhibited was anything but satisfactory—the tyrannising disposition of the leaders of the Conference manifested itself at almost every meeting, and the evident and scarcely disguised determination of "the clique" to mark and punish any minister who expressed the slightest sympathy with the reformers, or who even ventured to utter an opinion opposed to that which themselves sanctioned, was to us painful and humbling in the extreme.

We confess that, unlike some of our friends, we had little expectation of any real concessions on the part of the Conference; we did, however, hope that the serious loss of members, and the painful state of the Society, which the leaders themselves could not but acknowledge, would induce something like moderation of tone, and some small efforts to effect a reconciliation. But the proceedings to which we have referred, and the spirit manifested throughout, have destroyed even these hopes; even the appointment of a Committee was accompanied by such a decided declaration of adherence to the old principles, that we expect nothing from it but renewed and aggravated insult. What has long been with us an impression is now increased into a conviction, that the Methodist leaders are "given up to their own ways."

THE REGIUM DONUM.

Those of our readers who have not yet noticed the fact, as reported in the newspapers, will be glad to hear that Government has promised, if in office next year, not to propose among the Estimates this vote, which has so long been protested against by Dissenters. We suppose this result is to be attributed chiefly to the efforts of the Anti-State-Church Association, and furnishes proof that the Association is not labouring in vain, as well as a reason why it should be more strenuously and generally supported.

STEPNEY COLLEGE.

The next session of this institution will *commence on Monday*, the 15th of September next. The opening service takes place *on Wednesday*, the 17th. In the afternoon (at three o'clock), the annual meeting will be held; and in the evening, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel will address the students in the chapel of the institution. The session, it is expected, will commence with 29 students, in addition to three lay students (forming part of the family of the President). Four students having finished their course of ministerial training, settled during the previous session, and in every case with most promising prospects of usefulness. The examinations at the close of the session were conducted by Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., of Dover; Rev. W. Brock; Rev. W. A. Salter, of Amersham; Dr. Wm. Smith; Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., of Taunton; and E. West, Esq., of Amersham. Most of the examinations were also attended by various members of the Committee. The reports on the progress of the students, and on their ministerial efficiency, are, on the whole, highly gratifying. Since the last report, two students have taken their degree, and three have matriculated on the first division, one with classical honours. The friends and subscribers are invited to take tea at the College between the services on the day of the annual meeting.

HORTON COLLEGE.

The anniversary services in connexion with the opening of Horton College were held on Wednesday, Aug. 6th, in Westgate chapel, Bradford, when a sermon was preached to the students by the Rev. J. Webb, of Ipswich. The Report stated that the financial state of the College was most cheering, and that twelve new students were accepted. It was also announced, to the regret and sorrow of all the friends of the Institution, that the Rev. F. Clowes, the Classical Tutor, had been compelled, by ill health and medical counsel, to resign his office and remove to the south. A resolution, unanimously passed by the Committee, of esteem and respect for Mr. Clowes, and sorrow at his loss, was embodied in the Report.—*Leeds Mercury.*

SOUTHWARK.

The Rev. W. Walters, of Preston, has accepted a unanimous and cordial invitation to become pastor of the Baptist church assembling in New Park-Street chapel, Southwark, London, and entered on his labours there on the last Sunday in August.

BACUP.

Mr. John Howe, late student in Horton College, Bradford, has accepted a unanimous and cordial invitation from the Baptist church assembling in Irwell Terrace chapel, Bacup, and Orchard Hill chapel, Waterbarn, to become co-pastor with Mr. Thomas Dawson, and entered on his stated labours on Lord's-day, August 24th.

PEMBROKE-DOCK.

Mr. Evan Davies has resigned his charge over the church at Bush-Street, Pembroke-Dock. His connection with the church closed the last Sunday in July.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

OCTOBER, 1851.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH; A SKETCH OF A SERMON.

BY THE LATE REV. ANDREW FULLER.

"Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."—*Psalm* lxxxv. 9, 10, 11.

We usually style the Book of Psalms the Psalms of David, and, indeed; we may well do so, for the most of them were written by that sweet singer of Israel. They were not, however, all written by him; some of them were composed by other individuals, and at considerable intervals of time. The cii., for example, I suppose to have been written during the time of the captivity, near the time the Jews were set at liberty. The children of God were beginning to take delight in the rubbish of Zion, and this made others draw the conclusion that the time to favour her, yea, the set time was come. The lxxiv. likewise was probably written by some person during the invasion of Judah by Antiochus king of Syria after the days of Malichi. And this lxxxv. Psalm is supposed to have been written on the same occasion. The Psalmist begins by reminding the Lord of what he had already done for his people in delivering them out of the hands of their enemies, bringing them back from captivity, and restoring them to their own land. "Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Israel. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin. Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger." At the fourth verse he reminds the Lord of their present trouble, and entreats him to deliver them from all their distresses once more: "Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations? Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee? Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation." At the eighth verse he pauses, and says, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak;" as if he had said, let us look into the Scriptures, let us hear what the Lord says concerning the affairs of his church, and the promises which he has given to his servants relative to future times; and having done so, is satisfied, comforted, and takes courage, and says, he will, notwithstanding present appearances, speak peace to his people and to his saints, but let them not turn again to folly. And com-

paring the prophecies with past and present circumstances, he draws the conclusion, that the coming of the promised deliverer, the Messiah, was surely near. He is so delighted with the event, and the glorious times that should follow on the back of it, that he bursts out in transport, saying, "Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land. Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and Righteousness shall look down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps." These few remarks may serve to give the scope of the Psalm. I shall now direct your attention for a little to some of the appearances that would characterise the coming of Messiah referred to in these verses.

I. Before the coming of the Messiah there was to be a general expectation excited: "Surely his salvation is nigh," &c. The expression here used is similar to that used by Peter when he speaks of christians as looking for and hasting to the coming of the day of God. They are described as anxiously waiting for it, anxiously desiring its approach. Looking! looking for it! &c. Peter, in his first epistle, speaking of the times previous to the coming of Messiah, says, "of which salvation the prophets enquired and searched diligently," &c. The writer of this Psalm was no doubt employed in a similar manner. He had been impressed with the signs of the times, and had searched what, and what manner of time the Spirit did signify when it testified of the coming of Christ, and the glory that should follow. He probably might have in view that passage in the twenty-first chapter of Ezekiel: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is: and I will give it him." What is meant by *it* here? The Jewish diadem. It would appear from this part of the word of God, it is to be overturned three times. Well, it has begun to fall. We have seen two overturns,—first by the Chaldean army, and now by Antiochus. And we are assured that the sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come. There is only another overturn, and then he will be here; he will not be long. He, the Messiah, will come whose right it is, and God will give it him. "Surely his salvation is nigh."

In like manner *we* should be waiting, with anxious expectation, for the fulfilment of prophecy respecting the kingdom of the Saviour. We have seen many overturns, and we must surely conclude that the day is not far distant when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Only a few more days of sorrow and distress, and the Redeemer shall sway his sceptre from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. "Surely his salvation is nigh."

II. The Glory that should follow the coming of Messiah. "Glory shall dwell in our land." The expression, *glory*, taken in a political or worldly sense, would mean, that wealth, victory, and conquest were the glory of a land. But in the view of a good man, Religion constitutes the glory of a land. After that Messiah had appeared on earth, and had ascended to the right hand of the Majesty on High,—after the day of Pentecost, when the apostles boldly proclaimed repentance and remission of sins in his name, beginning at Jerusalem, glory may be said to have dwelt in the land of Judea; when (to use the language of their adversaries) they had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine. This, on their part, was evidently the language of rage and disappointment. "You have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine." It was true, they *had* done it, and glory *dwelt in* the land. But Immanuel's land was not to be confined within *the narrow limits* of Judea. When he ascended to the throne of his

glory the Father addressed him thus: "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." This promise was soon realised, Immanuel's kingdom spread through Asia, Africa, and part of Europe. The Saviour shall have his reward; according to the promise, "he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." And it should be our endeavour, having been made partakers of the benefits flowing from his mediation, to help forward the great cause. We should use our influence to extend the knowledge of the religion of the Son of God, that glory may dwell in our land, and through the whole world. For the time shall come, when there shall not merely be reckoned a spot here and there, but the world itself shall be Immanuel's land. The time shall arrive when he shall be acknowledged as Sovereign throughout Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, and glory shall dwell in Immanuel's land.

III. There is another feature that would characterise the coming of Messiah. "Mercy and Truth would meet together; Righteousness and Peace would kiss or embrace each other." It is worth while to remark, the difference of time in these two verses. It is said in the former, "Glory *shall* dwell in our land," in the future tense; but in this, it is in the present, "Mercy and Truth *are* met together." The event alluded to is the same in the latter verse as in the former. The change evidently implies the great ardour of the Psalmist's mind. He was so transported with the subject, and it so rises upon his mind that what was in reality future appeared to him as present. The language is similar to that in the prophecies of Isaiah: "Unto us a Child *is* born, unto us a Son *is* given," which exhibits the same ardour of mind in the Prophet, while he contemplated the same subject.

The attributes of God here referred to—Righteousness and Truth, Mercy and Peace—never met or were exercised together, in one single instance, except in the person of Messiah. When God exercised the one towards the children of men, the other receded, it retired. When he exercised his Righteousness and Truth, his Mercy and Peace retired; and when he exercised his Mercy and Peace, his Righteousness and Truth retired; as for example,—

1. In the instance of the Deluge, when the Lord interposed with his Righteousness and Truth, and took vengeance upon a guilty world. He had given them abundant warning by his servant Noah, the preacher of Righteousness: every stroke of the hammer of that good man conveyed an impressive warning to the ungodly inhabitants of the old world. For a hundred and twenty years they had been entreated to forsake their evil ways, and repent of their sins; but they despised his mercy, therefore he took signal vengeance on them. His Mercy and Peace retired, and his Justice blazed most awfully in the exercise of his Righteousness and Truth, and he swept away these impenitent sinners from off the face of the earth.

2. In the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, too, we find him exercising his Righteousness and Truth, and Mercy and Peace receding. His Justice here again blazed most awfully in the destruction of the inhabitants of those wicked cities, whom he set forth as an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.

3. In the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldean army, we have another instance of the Lord exercising his Righteousness and Truth, and his Mercy and Peace retiring. The children of Israel had provoked him frequently by their rebellion against his laws, and he had as frequently warned them by his servants, the Prophets, to turn from their wickedness; but they made light of his goodness, and he delivered them

into the hand of their enemies, who destroyed multitudes of them, burned their temple with fire, and laid their cities in ruin; and, moreover, a vast number of them, along with their king, were carried captive into a strange land; his Justice was strikingly manifested, and his Mercy and Peace retired.

On the other hand, where Jehovah displayed his Mercy and Peace, his Righteousness and Truth retired. As in the instance of the Israelites murmuring against Moses when tidings were brought them that the inhabitants of the land of Canaan were tall, and their wall exceedingly high, and they proposed to make them a captain, and return to the land of Egypt. After Moses had in vain endeavoured to appease their clamour, Jehovah interfered and said unto him, "How long will this people provoke me; I will destroy them utterly, and make of thee a great nation," &c. Moses interposed, and besought the Lord in their behalf, and the Lord did not execute his vengeance upon them. Thus we see in this instance his Mercy and Peace were exercised, and his Righteousness and Truth retired, or at least were suspended.

At times we find, as it were, an apparent struggle on the part of the Lord whether he would exercise his Mercy or his Justice towards his rebellious creatures, as if to shew that merely dealing with them they were incompatible together. In one instance particularly the Lord is represented as a compassionate father, with his rebellious son in the one hand and a rod in the other, and, as it were, at a loss whether he would spare or punish him.

"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?
Shall I deliver thee, Israel?
How shall I make thee as Admah?
Shall I set thee as Zeboim?
(*Mercy cries, Spare him.*)
How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?
(*Justice cries, Smite him.*)
Shall I deliver thee, Israel?
(*Mercy again cries, Spare him.*)
How shall I make thee as Admah?
(*Justice again cries, Smite him.*)
Shall I set thee as Zeboim?
Mine heart is turned within me!
My repentings are kindled together!"

It was only on Calvary that Mercy and Truth met together, Righteousness and Peace embraced each other,—at that solemn period when Jehovah cried, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts: smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered;" (but mark what follows,) "I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." It was evidently in allusion to this passage, that Jesus said to those who had come out with swords and staves to take him by force: "If you seek me, let these go their way;" as if he had said, I'll be the victim, let Justice pour its storms on me; but, oh, let these escape, let these go their way! Yes, it is in the cross of Christ alone that we see these contending attributes meet and harmonize; here Justice got all its claims, and Mercy poured forth its richest blessings.

It was with reference to this subject that God gives the challenge contained in Isaiah xlv. 21: "There is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me." This character is peculiar to the great God; and those who worshiped the workmanship of their own hands are challenged to produce from among their vanities any who could sustain a character like this.

In Zechariah ix. 9, we find the following words: "Rejoice greatly, O *daughter of Zion*; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King

cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation." Had it been only, 'Behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is *just*," there would have been no occasion for joy, but, on the contrary, everything calculated to fill them with gloomy apprehensions with respect to the consequences of his appearance: being told that their King was coming, and was just, was enough to fill their minds with despair. But, oh, what a mercy it is, not only that he is just, but *just*, and having *salvation!* "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is *just*, and having *salvation*."

It was, likewise, to the glorious union of these jarring attributes, that Paul refers in that well-known passage in Romans iii. 24—26: "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God: to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be *just*, and the *justifier* of him which believeth in Jesus."

IV. The next feature that would characterise the appearance of Messiah, is contained in the following verse: "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and Righteousness shall look down from heaven." The meaning is just this: Heaven and Earth are of a mind, they are agreed, they are united. The language is analogous to that used in describing the Flood. It is said the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. There is only this difference, the one was a deluge of wrath, the other of mercy. In consideration of the death of Christ, the Lord is represented as anxious to bless the inhabitants of the world. He is willing to pour out a blessing upon them till there is not room enough to receive it, if they will but submit to the authority of his Son.

In improving this subject, we may learn,—

1. An answer to that important question: "What shall I do to be saved?" The most important question that can engage the attention of man. The question was once answered by an apostle, when put to him, thus: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and no other answer can be given. It is only in the cross of Christ that God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Sinner, sinner, dost thou stand in need of salvation? Look there! It is in the Saviour alone that thou canst find peace to thy guilty conscience. Were I to direct thee to pray seven times a day it would be all of no avail; the promise of salvation is only to him that believeth the gospel of Jesus. My dear hearers, if you wish to be happy, if you wish to obtain the friendship of your offended Sovereign, this is only to be obtained by trusting in the name of Jesus: for there is no name given under heaven, nor among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus only.

2. From this subject we may draw comfort in dark dispensations, either as it respects the church of God, or our own minds.

(1.) Are we dejected on account of the things of the church, or the small progress of the cause of God? Let us reflect on former days. When this Psalm was written, the cause of God was in a low state indeed. They were sore distressed by this Syrian invader. He had intruded himself into the holy place, and had thrown down the carved work of the temple. But they did not despond. They comforted themselves by taking the telescope of prophecy, and drew distant objects near. Though things with them at that time wore but a gloomy aspect, the prospect of better days bore up their minds. Well, it should be the same with us, and we

should do what they did; we should take the telescope of prophecy, we should draw distant objects near, we should put the glass as it were to our eye, and by faith draw future glorious times near to us. Present appearances should never make us despond. We should rather anticipate, by the eye of faith, that happy period when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

(2.) As it respects our own minds. I think I have known persons of a religious character, who may be said to have been all their lifetime subject to bondage, by their wishing to derive comfort, by endeavouring as it were to spell the letters of their names out of the book of life. But they take the wrong method to arrive at happiness. If we wish to attain personal comfort, we should not be so much taken up about our own feelings and state, as about a public object. There is a striking difference between christians in primitive times, and many professors in the present day. They appear to have enjoyed a heaven upon earth. And wherein consists the difference between them and us as it respects privileges? Have we not their bible? The same. Have we not their Saviour? The same. Have we not their hopes? The same. Have we not their promises? The same. Have we not their prospects? The same. Then why not the same joys? The reason is this. They had their minds fixed on a public object. Their minds were so occupied about the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, that it appears to be the chief object that engaged their attention. Personal enjoyment was but a secondary object with them; but they possessed it, and possessed it in an eminent degree. They were persons who, through the whole period of their lives after their conversion, had fought the good fight of faith; and it was not difficult for them to add, when they had finished their course, and in the near prospect of dissolution: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me at that day, and not to me only, but also to all those that love his appearing." Personal comfort seemed to be a matter of course; and it would be the same with us if we possessed the same anxiety about the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. If we had our minds more fixed upon this object, we should derive happiness from it without thinking about ourselves. It was thus with Solomon, when the Lord appeared to him and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." Had this been proposed to most kings, they would have sought riches, and honour, and the lives of their enemies. But Solomon had his mind fixed on the public good. He sought wisdom to go out and in among that great people over whom the Lord had made him ruler. He wished to be a public blessing. The welfare of the public lay near his heart. The Lord was pleased with his request, and he gave him what he sought; and, moreover, as an overplus, gave him what he did not seek. This is the way God uniformly deals with his people. If they seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things will be added unto them. If they steadily pursue the interest of the Redeemer, and the advancement of his cause and kingdom in the world, personal comfort will follow of course, we shall possess it without thinking anything about it.

3. We may learn from this subject the importance of personal religion. It is said here, "Surely his salvation is nigh." Ah, but it was nigh only to them that feared him! What signifies salvation being brought near if mankind will not accept of it? What did it signify to the Jews that Mercy and Truth had met together, Righteousness and Peace had embraced each other, in their days. Instead of proving a blessing to them, *it would* only prove an aggravation of their damnation. There was a *Capernaum* in the days of our Saviour, a city exalted to heaven in privi-

leges, salvation was brought near to it. The Saviour himself proclaimed in it, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." But this, instead of proving a blessing to it, was the means of thrusting it down to hell! And such must be the inevitable doom of all those that obey not the record which God has given of his Son, notwithstanding their being favoured with the light of divine truth. Although they have enjoyed the greatest advantages that can possibly be bestowed, instead of being of any advantage to them, they will only tend to aggravate their condemnation. What did the plenty with which Samaria was supplied, signify to the unbelieving lord upon whose hand the king of Israel leaned? instead of gratifying his appetite with food he perished in the midst of plenty. The king assigned to him the charge of the gate into which the provisions were brought; and while he was surrounded with plenty, and amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, he was trodden under foot. And those who have despised the gospel of the grace of God shall be treated in like manner. Amidst the shouts of men and angels, the unbelieving world shall be trodden under foot. Yes; while the righteous are extolling the wonders of redeeming grace, the ungodly shall be trodden under foot amidst the joyful tumult.

Oh, my dear hearers, it is truly awful to trifle with eternal things, to despise the riches of divine grace, and the offers of mercy contained in the gospel; instead of these blessings being of any avail to you they will only increase your guilt, if you continue to neglect them. You may enjoy the greatest advantages, and die at last! Yea, you may live in the time of the millenium, and yet perish, and perish for ever!

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."—*Isaiah* xli. 6.

If the object had been good, the conduct would have been excellent. As it is, it reads us a lesson, and presents us with an example. Let us endeavour to learn the one, and copy the other. Here is a sinking cause, but a courageous people. They were not to be cowed. They would not easily give it up. They would not resign without a struggle, and a desperate struggle too. All went to work, and kept at work. They united their efforts, and concentrated their energies. They watched over each other to assist and encourage. None were overtaxed, because all were ready to help. None were allowed to give up, because each encouraged the other. Thus idolatry spread, and thus idolatry was sustained. Idolators are generally linked together; and their determined efforts to support a bad cause, is a pointed and powerful reproof to us. Let christians but do as they did, and our little churches would increase, our sinking churches would rise, and the gospel would spread and be successful. God prospers the industrious. He blesses the loving, united, well-directed efforts of his people. He ever honours those who thus honour him.

Here is a church in a low condition,—its members are few, its resources small, its hopes feeble, and its friends are discouraged. What is to be done? Give up? Never! Are there differences? Settle them. Are there strifes? End them. Are there jealousies? Bury them. Is there any bad feeling? Let each one act upon Matt. v. 23, 24. Let brother *go to brother*, and seek instantaneous reconciliation. Let no one fear he shall stoop too low. Let no one refuse to bend. Let every one endeavour

to carry out the Saviour's own command, "Love one another, *as I have loved you.*" The love of Jesus was a strong affection,—it was free from prejudice. It was a love that pitied the weak and erring,—that could bear with the ignorant and uncultivated,—that could forgive the unkind and guilty,—and that breathed pure benevolence toward all. He loved the most imperfect of his people, and loved them back from all their erring ways. Let us strive to imitate this love. It is our duty, for Jesus commands us. It is our happiness, for the very essence of holiness is in it. It is our honour, for hereby we resemble our Lord, and prove ourselves his disciples. Is all peaceful? Let all be really united. Daily meet around the cross. Often meet together for prayer and praise. Let each one set his heart upon raising the cause. Pursue this object as a prize. Keep it constantly before the eye. Let every one work, and every one help his neighbour.

Give *time* to the business. Do not say, I have no time to spare. Your time is the Lord's. It is to be consecrated to him. It is to be used for eternity. Time, judiciously given to God's cause, and spent in God's work, can never be lost. Nor will any one on a sick bed, on a dying pillow, or before the judgment-seat of Christ, regret that he has spent so much in God's service. If a neighbour's house was on fire, we should find time to help to extinguish it. If a friend's child had fallen into the river, we should find time to endeavour to rescue it from a watery grave. If we saw a herd of cattle destroying a relative's corn, we should find time to drive them out and close the gate. And shall we say, when souls are perishing for lack of knowledge, when the cause of God is declining for want of energetic action and hearty co-operation among its members, "You must excuse me, for I have no time"? Oh, no! let us be honest, let us speak the truth, and say, "*I have no heart.*" For if the heart was right, if the heart was in the work, the time would be found. Give *property* to the cause, and give in the proportion that is required. God claims your property. He says, "The silver and gold are mine." He has made you stewards. You are to give of the Lord's money, to the Lord's cause, just in proportion to what you are entrusted with, and what is required. The Lord does not require you to hoard for him. Some have saved in life, to endow the Lord's cause at death; but the Lord has very seldom let his blessing rest upon such endowments. They are more frequently a curse than a blessing, a hindrance than a help. You are to spend for God, what you receive from God. Lay your property beside your coffin, and ask, When I lie in that narrow house, what part of my property will tell upon my best interests, that which I have spent for the furtherance of God's cause, or that which I have hoarded for myself and family? Never let God's cause want, or God's poor starve, while you have any of God's property in your hands. Too many professors say, "It is not in my power to give," when they should say, "*I have not the heart to give.*" They say, "*I cannot;*" but if they were thoughtful and honest, they would say, "*I will not.*" Give your *influence* to the work. Influence, rightly employed, is more than time, it is more than money; but he who gives his influence to further the interests of the church, will never withhold either time or money. By influence we may bring persons under the gospel, and so fill the house of prayer. By influence we may bring children to the Sunday school, and so find employment for all who are willing to teach. If every one helped his neighbour with his influence, we should have few empty pews, and no small classes. People may be induced to come and hear the word, if we only rightly use the means; and children will go to the school, if the *members of* the church try to induce them. Perhaps there are members

in some of our churches who never brought a person under the word, and some who never induced a child to go to the Sunday school. If so, is it any wonder that our chapels are thinly attended, or that some of our Sunday schools are small? Let no one say, "I have no influence," for every one has; and not only so, but every one is constantly exerting it for good or evil, to help or to hinder God's cause. Reader, which are you doing? Which? The Lord knows, notes, and will remember which. Oh, that all our church members had *the heart* to use their influence for God and the advancement of his cause. Give yourself to *prayer* for the prosperity of Zion. Time, property, and influence will be inefficient without prayer; but to pray and not give our time, property, and influence, proves a want of sincerity. If those who only do the former are legal, those who only do the latter are hypocritical. Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights; but it comes down in answer to prayer, and is received in the way of obedience, or when engaged in the work of the Lord. The man who can give no time to God, must not expect to receive the sanction of God. The man who withholds his property from God, must not expect to be enriched with the blessing of God. The man who will not use his influence for the good of others, must not expect the Holy Spirit to exert his influence in him. Such persons are selfish. They live for self, they labour for self, they lay up for self, they only seek to gratify or aggrandise self, and the Lord cannot sanction selfishness. They profess to live for God's glory, but they make it evident that self is their object and end. Many of them would go miles for a job of work, who would not go as many yards to endeavour to bring a soul to Christ. They can rise early to be in time for market, but they cannot rise to plead with God to pour out his blessing on his church. They can make time to gratify the senses, but they have no time instrumentally to save souls. The fact is, the spread of the gospel, the salvation of sinners, and the glory of God, is not their grand object, for if it was, the generality of professors could never act as they do. Has prayer power with God? Sincere, hearty, believing prayer always has. Let us then *give ourselves unto prayer*, and determine to give the Lord no rest until he pour out his blessing on his churches.

Beloved, the cause of God generally is low; some few honoured individuals are striving to sustain it, to raise it, and they need your sympathy and assistance. The ancient heathen have set you an example. Shall it be lost upon you? "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." Did they act thus in the cause of Satan, and shall we be indifferent in the cause of God? Shall it be said that heathenism furnishes stronger motives to activity and self-consecration than christianity? Is fear more powerful than love? Are heathen wiser than the disciples of Jesus? Shall the heathen rise up in the judgment and witness against us, because they employed and united all their energies in support of gloomy superstitions, while we allowed ourselves to be indifferent, and neglected to co-operate to spread the truth and extend the kingdom of Christ? Brethren, you have heard of what the heathens give to support their idol worship,—you have heard the tortures they inflict upon themselves to please their cruel deities,—you have heard of the journeys they take, and the influence they exert, to obtain pardon and a prospect of rest beyond the grave,—allow me to ask you, affectionately and faithfully, have you ever given, or suffered, or done anything like this for the cause of Christ? If ye say it is not required, have you shewn anything like the same zeal to do what is unquestionably required of you? Surely, the blinded papist, and the de-

graded heathen, will rise up in judgment against many, and will condemn them; for they, misled by error, and influenced only by superstition, have done more to support and extend their miserable systems, than these have, with the bible in their hands, and the gospel sounding in their ears, to support and extend the cause of truth, holiness, and God. Brethren, awake! arise! and come forth to the help of the Lord. What enchants you? By the honour of Jesus, by the sighs of the saints, by the dejection of God's ministers, by the thousands that are sinking to hell, by the hopeless groans of the lost, I beseech you to awake, arise, and "let every man help his neighbour," for there is work for all; and "let every one say to his brother, Be of good courage," for many are discouraged and fearful. If you have any faith in Christ,—if you have any zeal for God,—if you have any love for souls,—if you have any sympathy with God's ministers,—if you have any attachment to the truth,—if you have any wish that Jesus may be honoured, and that God may be glorified, in our world, and in our day, awake, arise, and "help every one his neighbour;" for it is by individual effort, and loving co-operation, that the church of Christ must rise.

Shrewsbury.

"FOLLOW ME."

These beautifully simple and touching words were often repeated by our Lord in the course of his ministry on earth, and cannot be too often remembered by his disciples.

They are applicable to the most trying circumstances. If difficulties and dangers beset our path, so that our weak faith is ready to give way, this gracious invitation inspires us with fresh courage, and animates us with renewed hope. Should temptations assail us, and Satan whisper that there is no profit in serving God, this tender appeal from our loving Redeemer recals our wandering hearts, and, without hesitation, enables us to respond, "Lord, we will follow thee." Are we persecuted, and is our good evil spoken of? "Follow me" is the command, through evil as through good report. Are we poor and needy? Still must we follow Him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, and had not even where to lay his head. It is enough that the disciple be *as* his Master, and the servant *as* his Lord.

But there is a class, unhappily a large one, who do not attend to these words. The characters who compose it are varied, and the reasons of their neglect many. Some *never* mean to follow Christ; they "care not for these things." Others intend to do so, but not *now;* like those to whom the Lord addressed these words, they wish to do something else *first*, and after that is accomplished, they would devote themselves to Him. These forget, that He who said, "Follow me," said, also, "Now is the accepted time."

Others, again, entertain mistaken notions of duty, and think they may follow the Lord in secret, without openly professing his name. They urge want of time to attend to the public duties they deem incumbent on professors. Our young men especially, plead that business occupies them fully; while some go so far as to say, that in these days of competition, a man cannot earn a living unless all his time and energies are devoted to that object. Our Lord foreknew this, for immediately after uttering the command, he asks, "What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself?" While on another occasion, as if to remove from the *minds of his* disciples any latent fears that might exist as to their tem-

circumstances suffering through attention to spiritual concerns, he 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." It is because man reverses God's and puts the temporal before the spiritual, that the former require ch time, and cause so much anxiety. God will bless in his own appd way, but only in his own way; and without God's blessing, it is n for man to rise early, or to sit up late, in order to procure daily

y way of man is ever in opposition to that of God. We see a ig instance of this in the Book of Haggai the Prophet: "Go up to ountain, and bring wood and build the house," was God's command people then; but what said they? "The time is not come that the house should be built;" and what was the consequence? That whose word they despised, called for a drought upon the land,—upon rn, the vine, the oil, and all that the ground brought forth; yea, r, a blight rested upon the men themselves, and upon their cattle, and *ll* the labour of their hands; the result of which was, "They sowed but brought in little; they eat, but had not enough; they drank, ere not filled; they were clothed, but not warm; and he that earned , earned them only to be put in a bag with holes." On the con- no sooner had they performed the required service, than God deto them, "From this day will I bless you."

not deceived, dear friends, the time refused to God cannot be profit- man. Rather than make excuses for disobedience, let your lanbe, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And when Jesus says, ow me," let it be your care to imitate those who "*straightway* forheir nets and followed him."

perhaps some may say, "The case was altogether different with st disciples; they were but fishermen, and poor ones too." True; ey forsook *all*, and had they possessed the wealth of the Indies ould not have done more; in the sight of God the sacrifice would een no greater. It required as much self-denial, and as much faith d, to enable Simeon and Andrew, James and John, to cast away umble means of procuring subsistence, and depend on Jesus alone, young man needed who turned away, preferring his great possesere to treasure in heaven. All must take up the cross; none can re; and whatever we think of ourselves, how content soever any e with thinking they are secret disciples, the Lord himself declares, whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be sciple" (Luke xiv. 27).

! remember that God is not a man that he should lie; you cannot e his word and be guiltless. Listen, then, to his voice *now*, and ourselves no rest till you can say with Peter, "Lord, we have left d have followed thee."

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Reflected in the lake, I love
To mark the Star of Evening glow;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless on the wave below.

Thus, heavenly Hope is all serene,
But earthly Hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Tales and Sketches.

JUANA MENDIA—THE CREOLE GIRL.

BY THE REV. F. CROWE.

Juana Mendia was a girl of only twelve years of age, but of full stature and womanly development. She was of almost unmixed Indian descent, and her countenance—notwithstanding her dark copper-coloured complexion—was singularly pleasing. Her profuse black curly locks were usually intertressed with bright ribbons, after the manner of her class, whose whole costume is generally becoming and graceful, and in her case appeared to peculiar advantage. There was a wild decision mingled with a cheerful animation in the glance of her eye, which indicated superiority of natural parts, in addition to more than ordinary personal attractions But Juana had been trained up in ignorance and vice. Her mother and sisters were loose characters. Her stepfather was a drunkard and murderer; and, even at that early age, report indicated that Juana was soon likely to outstrip them all in wickedness.

One night, after reading to my wife rather longer than ordinary had closed the book, and noticed that the hour was unusually late. Our door had long been carefully shut, for we had more than once seen the footprints of the prowling panther and its cubs very near the threshold. Our house, being the last in the colony, was upon the very borders of the clearance. About retiring to rest, we were startled by a loud rapping at the door. It was the well-known voice of the Senor Alcalde, who answered to my enquiry; and the bolts being speedily drawn, he entered, leading in, or almost dragging by her arm, Juana Mendia. They were followed by a crowd of well-known pale and sable faces, all made equally lustrous in the glare of the pitch-pine torchlight. One of the ministros (assistants) of the magistrate held in his arms a heavy log of wood, with chain and shackle appended, which recognised as a clog such had seen criminals, who were suffered to be at large, dragging at their ankles. The reason of this untimely visit soon explained. A brawl had taken place, and on account of Juana, knives had been unsheathed, and foul work was likely to result. The Senor *Alcalde had interfered*, and as the girl was under age, in virtue of his official prerogative, he felt it his duty to place her depositada (in deposit) with any citizen householder who would be answerable for her good conduct. If no one willing should be found, the other alternative was, that the clog should be chained to her leg, and she employed to sweep the streets—if, indeed, the rugged road between the thatched cottages inhabited by the colonists might be dignified by that name. In a short conference with my wife, carried on in language which the bystanders could not understand, found that she was unwilling to receive her. briefly urged, that by consenting for the time mischief might be prevented, an opportunity would be afforded for angry passions to subside; and might not the hand of the Lord be in it for the good of this poor young creature? To this reasoning, which she afterwards recalled, she yielded. Juana, in paroxysm of violence, and stamping with her foot, exclaimed, Ponganme la cadena. No me quedo aqui." (Put the chain on me. will not remain here. The Alcalde and his attendants, however, withdrew. Her passion was shortly succeeded by tears; and, being somewhat calmed, a mosquito-net was hung up in the hall for her use, and each agitated bosom was soon soothed in sleep.

The following morning, on reflecting, we felt that we had undertaken a delicate charge, and a task of some difficulty, and sought the Lord's direction in prayer respecting it. By the law of the land we would be entitled to Juana's services without remuneration but, as we were in want of a servant, she was kindly and firmly told, that if she would alter her conduct, and cheerfully perform the duties assigned her, she should have full wages but that the very first return to her former life would be followed by her instant dismissal, let the consequences be what they might.

At the hour when rang the school bell, her younger brother and sister, together with three or four German, Ladino, and Indian children, came as usual to be taught. At the reading lesson, Juana was called, and stood up with the rest in the little class. She could read fluently, having been taught at home when much younger; but she had

never read in the scriptures before, nor had she ever had her lessons explained to her. A New Testament was given to her, and the same number of verses to be repeated by heart on the next day, were required,—a little reward book being offered to her as to the rest, should she learn more than the assigned task. That day Juana performed her household work so as to please her mistress, and a word of advice and encouragement to continue to do well was becomingly received. For days her steady industry was sustained and even increased; and though Juana frequently wept over her work, at other times she was cheerful; her New Testament was often open by her side in the kitchen, or when sewing at the feet of her mistress, and her memory being good, she could soon repeat several chapters.

Some weeks rolled on, and Juana was still assiduous at her task, whether in the house or in the little school. When she went daily for water to the purest neighbouring stream, she filled her tinaja (a large earthen jar), poised it upon her head, and came directly home, or if she turned aside, it was to salute her relatives, and quickly return. The neighbours began to wonder, and spoke to each other on her altered mien and behaviour, and her mother came to thank us, and to express her delight and astonishment at the marvellous improvement which she observed.

In the class, her attention and replies were no less pleasing to her teacher. She longed, she said, to be one of the lambs borne on the shoulders of the great Shepherd into the heavenly fold, and expressed her willingness to be led to him. One day that my own bodily sufferings had brought the subject of death vividly before my mind, I made it the theme of the lesson. "Which of us who are here," enquired I, "is likely to be the first victim?" Juana at once pointed out her brother, who was a spare and delicate boy. Though impressed with the idea that it was likely to be myself, I reminded her that her robust health was no pledge of life, and that it was as likely to be her. The event proved that this warning was prophetic.

Antonio de la Cruz, a youth of scarce nineteen, was the eldest son of a respectable Ladino widow. He was employed in the care of cattle, and was already a good hand at flinging the lazo. Willing to improve himself, with a few others, he attended an adult evening class, to learn to write, and to read in the bible. Since Juana had been with us, Antonio had seldom missed his evening lesson. One afternoon her mistress directed Juana to proceed into the borders of the forest, to gather wild pot herbs. She soon returned in a state of excitement. Antonio had followed, and would have detained her, but she had fled from him. Disappointed and enraged, the wicked youth spread a foul report in the village, which soon reached Juana's ears, and caused her the most poignant grief. Assured of the young man's guilt, a complaint was immediately laid with the Alcalde, and to avoid the penalty of his malicious slander, Antonio absented himself from his home. Notwithstanding every effort to soothe her, that night Juana wept herself to sleep, and was agitated in her slumbers. The next morning she awoke with a burning fever, the second day she was delirious, the third she was a corpse.

A few hours previous to her departure the delirium left her, and a precious opportunity was afforded for conversation. "Juana," said I, "you will soon die, are you ready to meet God?" "I am a very wicked sinner," she replied with evident emotion. "Do you think God can pardon you?" "I fear I am too wicked," was her reply. I then spoke of the Saviour, of whom I had often spoken to her before, and drew from her some expressions of hope and resignation. She could forgive Antonio more easily than she could believe her own offences blotted out; but she did assent to the declaration of the Saviour's love and substitution for her, and when her shortening breath precluded a reply, a smile of placid joy played upon her countenance, and was arrested there by death's cold seal. Her teacher, when he perceived that he could do no more, retired from the side of her couch, giving place to her relatives and some superstitious friends, who muttered their *christian* incantations in her closed ears, and then removed her stiffened corpse to be waked with frantic noises and gestures.

On reflecting upon this affecting event, I concluded that Juana had been removed from the evil to come. The change in her behaviour had been complete. The cause of her death proved the susceptibility of her mind to a charge, to which but a little before she would have been quite callous. The expressions of her lips, and of her last

looks, though feeble in themselves, appeared enough to warrant the conclusion, that Juana Mendia was the first fruits unto God of my feeble labours, on behalf of the natives of Central America.

During that night, the deluded people assembled in a wretched hovel, and consumed a large quantity of native rum. Under its influence they shouted, wept, laughed, and prayed alternately. One of the old women who had been most active in repeating the death charms, now severely burnt her naked feet by leaping upon a pile of blazing fuel, which others were content to leap over, for which purpose it had apparently been kindled on the clay floor of the house: and thus they continued till the dawn of the unconscious morning.

There being no priest at hand, I was requested by the parents of the deceased to officiate at the funeral, and I consented to address them at the grave. With unassuming decorum, a numerous train accompanied the rude coffin into the forest shade. The Campo Santo (holy field), to which the natives were pleased to apply the name usually given to their cemeteries, though it had no claim to the distinction of consecrated ground, had been cleared two years before, when the colony was first formed; but it was now grown over with bushy underwood, and even shaded with young trees, that excluded the sun's rays far above our heads. Here, where the foot of man had but lately trodden—a soil from which the jaguar and couguar were not excluded, a few of England's exiles—convicts of penury and vice—lay mouldering beneath the soil. Here, around the open grave of Juana, the attendants scattered and half-concealed from each other by the teeming vegetation, was I permitted to preach the gospel of the Son of God to a larger Spanish congregation than I had yet addressed; some of whom had never heard the gospel before, and may possibly never hear it again, though they should be spared to old age. Not a stone marks the spot in the now forsaken district where the remains of Juana Mendia were deposited. The cross of wood which her parents erected is decayed ere this. The vestiges of a former clearance will soon be undiscernible. Already the ground is trodden by the fierce tapir, and traversed by the large droves of waree. The coarse shrill shriek of the gaudy macaw, or the deep melancholy tones of the ringdove's note, are uninterrupted by the sound of the woodman's axe, or the thunder of the falling tree. But the circumstances of Juana's death are as indestructible as memory, and it is fondly hoped that the last day will reveal that her conversion was as real as the truth of the gospel itself, which, to all appearance, was the instrument employed to produce it.*

THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I have a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, "and I think I shall sell it."

"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.

"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country, where land is cheap and fertile, and realise a much larger return for the same amount of labour."

"If we go into a new country, there will be no schools for our children."

"Our children are not old enough to go to school; by the time they are old enough, it is most likely schools will be established wherever we may go."

"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending church."

"We can take our Bibles with us, and can read them on the Sabbath, if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of meeting."

"It will be far better for us to remain here where we can educate our children, and bring them under the sound of the gospel."

"I must do what I think is required by the interests of my family."

"Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children."

A few days after this conversation, the bargain was concluded, and the farm became the property of Mr. Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the spring.

Mr. Earl was descended from one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors, for many generations, had been devout members of the church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable, but not a pious woman, and some thought that it was owing to her that

* From "The Gospel in Central America," &c.

he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and in order to secure a large portion of its goods, he was willing to leave the home of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers, and to take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time-worn meeting-house, with its high square pews, and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house. Her chief desire, with respect to them, was that they might become rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring, she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness in the western part of New York. The gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was even the log school-house erected. For a time Mr. E. observed the Sabbath, so far as resting from labour was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the Bible, but he did not pray. In consequence that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labours incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after a lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the school-house and the church, truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied in part with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was now nine years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained to assist him in his labours.

It was six years before Julia returned to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal, the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with difficulty that she could eat. When the hour for retiring came, she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return, with hope that she would restore, in part at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, "Julia, you do not seem to feel so much at home as I could wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."

"Do not feel safe!" said he, in astonishment.

"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a Sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth, that it was owing to the act of removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that in all probability would prove his ruin.

In a few days he asked Julia to read the Scriptures and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks, on a Sabbath morning, the father himself took the Bible, and having read a portion, kneeled down, and with tears besought God to teach stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety, took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.

THE PREACHING OF THE GRAVE.

Our earth is full of silent preachers. The brook, with its ever-moving waters, speaks of change; of the lights and shadows of individual existence. The river tells the same great lesson as applied to states and nations. The ocean, now sleeping in its waveless repose, now rolling madly beneath the winds of heaven, tells

flies, in its peacefulness, in its anger, our ever-changing world.

Thus, the falling leaf speaks silently, but impressively, of death; the flowers around us open their fair petals with mute teachings of our heavenly Father's goodness; the lofty mountains breathe forth sublime lessons of His power; and not a drop of water sparkles in a bucket, but it silently proclaims His wisdom. Thus with every thing — surely not less with the grave! The grave! What preacher more solemn in its teachings? What instructor more truthful in its lessons? It needs no outward tinselry to enforce its preaching; the humble resting-place of the poor speaks as solemnly and impressively as the costly mausoleum of the honoured or the rich. It ever appears before us in its own simple solemnity—the powerful preacher of death and eternity.

Yet its teachings are not always the same; in the graves of the past, the present, and the future, we hear far different voices, each speaking forth its separate lesson.

The graves of the past! Who can number them? They dot every valley, and lie scattered on every hill-side — they speak forth in every clime, in all tongues, to all nations, the self-same words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Yet, mingled with this one grand thought, they individually preach to us other and not less important sermons.

Let us hearken to the past's great grave, its universal sepulchre, as it preaches to us in the awfully sublime picture of a deluged world. Gaze in imagination upon that scene! look calmly upon the wide-rolling, all-embracing waters! hear their solemn tones! look beneath their dark waves! listen to the winds, as sweeping over the vast expanse, they sigh over a buried world! Behold this monument of man's depravity and God's judgment, and tell me if there is no preaching here?

Are they frightful, terrible words, which swell forth from this vast grave? Behold that Ark of Gopher-wood, freighted with all of earth's living wealth! watch it ride safely over the troubled waters! see it float peacefully through every danger—the storm harms it not; the winds molest it not; the grave below is no grave for this; for God's mercy is there.

Hearest thou now sweeter words? These are the two voices from the past's great *grave? the past's* grave of the world!

But the past has another tomb, whose preaching shall be heard through all time—the lingering sounds of whose words shall reach even into eternity. Beneath the sky of Judea lies this sepulchre. Cities are buried there. How impressively do those sluggish waters preach to us! What solemn lessons do they silently tell, as they roll their bitter waves over the buried monuments of man's wickedness and folly! What an everlasting memorial of the depravity of the human heart!

But the past has other graves — great graves! where scores of hearts are sleeping, the victims of ambition,—of despotism,—of war,—and they preach to us! From their cold darkness many a sermon comes of the ills which sin has brought upon our race. They tell us of the misery which tyrants cause. Sad evidences are they of the power of the monster—war.

And yet there are other graves, individual graves, which perhaps speak to us no less solemnly than those we have mentioned. There are humble graves, whose preaching, soft and low, comes to but a few listening ears: there are heroes' graves, which send forth their teachings to all of earth's struggling millions: there are christians' graves, where the good love to linger, and hearken to the angel whisperings which speak sweetly there.

Thus the graves of the past preach to us. From each vast sepulchre,—from each proud mausoleum,—from each undecorated burial-place,—each humble narrow house,—swell forth the teachings which, if practically heeded, would fill our hearts with wisdom, and gild our days with happiness.

"But the present has its graves, new-made graves,
Where the tears of the afflicted still moisten the sod,
And the sighs of bereaved ones are ascending to God."

To-day's sun will set on thousands of these new-made graves. What preaching is here? Yet how little do we heed the grave's silent words? Do you ever visit the grave-yard, reader?

The graves of the present preach, perhaps, more impressively than the graves of the past; but how solemn should be the warning when the graves of the future appear before us. There, reader, is *your grave!* Do not turn from it, do not neglect it, there it lies—*your own grave!* It preaches to you. Heed its words, and when you come to it, you will find it a pleasant, welcome grave, where you may peacefully

lie down and slumber, secure from the weariness of earth; then, after the world's last grave of fire, you shall rise sanctified, glorified, to sleep in the grave no longer, to fear death no more, to live in heaven with God and his angels and saints for ever.—*American Episcopal Recorder.*

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

I observed an amiable wife come to the Lord's table. It was the first time she had ever been there, but her equally amiable husband sat under the gallery alone, with a look of solicitude and anxiety. He had always come in and sat with her in the house of God at other times, but in this instance he left her to go alone in the way of duty.

She had lingered long for him, and tried each fond endearment to win him to the house of God and to Christ. She had succeeded in the former; he accompanied her to the house of prayer, but not to Christ. He loved her as his nobler life; but his love to her could not overcome his aversion to repentance, faith, and duty. With her he had enjoyed great and equal privileges; with her he had stood amid the same afflicting providences, and listened to the same expostulations from an affectionate and faithful pastor; yet he lingered behind, and left *her*, his weak and timid partner, to go alone to Christ. Was it discourtesy or coolness to her? No! but it was such, and more than this, to Jesus.

I saw parents at that table also, whose children were left behind; children whose parents and friends, whose companions, were left behind. I saw many of those who were very closely united by the ties of blood and affection, persons who had always been intimate elsewhere, separate on this occasion. It was a sad sight to look upon; and as I mused, I imagined I saw re-enacted the ingratitude of the nine lepers. I could hear the Saviour renew the enquiry, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Did I not give to that husband all the privileges I gave to his wife? The wife is here to give me glory, but where is her husband? Did I not surround all the other parties with the same blessings? but while the parents are here, where are the children? While the children are here, where are the parents? While the friend is here, where is his companion? The pastor looked sad as he cast his eye upon the delinquents. Ministering spirits seemed to me to bend over them in tender solicitude, and Jesus also to cast upon them a kind, upbraiding glance; but still they relent not.

Let us pass to another scene. Ages have rolled away; the heavens have waxed old and disappeared, and God's abode, with its judgment-throne, and mighty arches and bowing principalities, becomes visible. The long-neglected Jesus himself descends. The dead in Christ arise; and here, among the happy immortals, is the pious wife, but where is her husband? Here is the parent, but where is the child? The child is here, but where is the parent? The friend is here, but where is his companion? Those that are not found in the walks of piety on earth, are not found among the blessed on this joyous morning, that dawns at last on the long night of death. "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

Correspondence.

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

[We do not like to refuse woman liberty to *write* in her own cause in *our* "Church;" but if no one else takes up the subject, we shall shew next month that she certainly ought not to *speak* in *the* church.]—EDS.

Woman being first in the transgression, and more deeply degraded by the fall than man, owes more than he for personal redemption. Having had much forgiven, her obligation is to love much; and for this she is fitted by her Maker, who has endowed her with stronger affections than the other sex.

Contrasting the condition of christian women with that of females degraded by the superstitions of Paganism and of Popery, the love due from the former to Christ, their deliverer, is great indeed. How precious to such as feel the strength of their obligations, is the promise in Acts ii. 17, 18. And how strange that any precept of the law taught by the apostle Paul should be

understood in a sense opposed to that promise, when it is evident from Gal. iii. 20, that he never placed the law in opposition to the promises. The apostle's design in enjoining silence upon woman in the church, could not be to throw obstacles in the way of believing females, to prevent their looking for large measures of grace, and of the spirit of prayer; nor to discourage those who possessed the spirit of prayer and the gift of utterance, from exercising those gifts in the social meetings of the church; for if so, neither the prayers of Hannah, nor the praises of Mary and Elizabeth, would have been recorded for examples to the church. Neither could the apostle intend to prevent the daughters of Zion, who are taught in the word, from freely communicating the knowledge they have received; for if so, no portion of God's word could have been communicated through the ministry of females. God has frequently honoured the instrumentality of women who have spoken his word, by making it effectual in the conversion of sinners, and to the edification of his people, which he would not have done, if they had not been *chosen messengers* of that word. The conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers, is the work of the Holy Spirit, who works only through divinely appointed means. The speaking of females, which Paul forbids in the churches of Christ, must then be something opposed to supreme love to Christ, and universal love to man; for it is evident from 1 Cor. xiv. 34, that what he forbids, was forbidden by the law; and he testifies (Gal. v. 23), that against such as are led by the Spirit "there is no law." And in 1 Tim. viii. 9, "We know that the law is good if a man use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law was not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly, and for sinners."

Anna was not blamed by the Holy Ghost for giving thanks in the temple, nor for speaking of Christ to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. Neither did Jesus find fault with the woman of Samaria for saying to the men of the city, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" But Miriam was stricken with leprosy, for speaking against Moses the servant of God; and the church of Thyatira was censured for suffering "that woman, Jezebel, which calleth *herself a prophetess*, to teach and to seduce the servants of Christ to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols." In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. Each talent possessed by the members of His body is a part of the purchased inheritance to be appropriated to the benefit of His church; each, therefore, ought to be appreciated, improved, and rendered subservient to this end: "Ye are not your own." Each minor, whether male or female, in the family of God, should be willing to learn of those who, by their superior knowledge in the things of God, are able to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly; and each, when thus instructed, should be willing to impart what they have learned for the benefit of others: "For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. vi. 20.)

Happy will the church be, when all its eloquent men, mighty in the scriptures, are as humble as was Apollos,—when, as in his case, it is discovered that their knowledge is imperfect; and happy will it be when those of its members as are able to teach them the way of God more perfectly, are encouraged to act like Aquilla and Priscilla. Still better will it be when the spirit of the Apostle's injunction against *feminine* speeches in the church is so well understood and enforced, as to put to silence all wrong teaching, foolish talking, vain wrangling, unprofitable and injurious conversation, in the assemblies of the saints.

ELIZABETH.

TEMPERANCE—PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.

But few, probably, who profess the religion of Christ, would be willing, at this day, to acknowledge that they were opposed to the temperance cause; and yet it is a lamentable fact, that considerable numbers in the household of faith are, in one form or another, exerting an influence against it. Some love still to indulge now and then in a social glass; others are making money in the traffic; a number are renting buildings in which to carry on the business; and not a few, perhaps, stand with folded arms, and ask if they are their brother's keeper. God commands, Christ entreats, and suffering humanity pleads; and still the response is, Am I my brother's keeper?

The christian is one who is willing to make sacrifices for the good of others,—one

ws the example of his Master in
lf-denial and kindness, and, with
le, says, that if meat make my
) offend, I will eat no more meat
world stands. Self-denial is in-
1 his banner, and written in cha-
t easily effaced on all he has; and
ks upon its ample folds, and be-
letters of light, he remembers
:tion, Take up thy cross; and he
1 the opportunity which permits
ıanifest his love for his Master.
:his state of heart, he may profess
:y; but with it he may be a chris-

ı spirit does not actuate all of Israel.
ɔ some who, in regard to the sub-
nperance, appear to be influenced
·ent motive. The question with
ot, What, Lord, wilt thou have
? but, Am I called upon to deny
e gratification of taking a glass of
sionally, or to forego the profits of
, that I may be in a better situa-
xert an influence in saving the
's soul, or averting from his family
which awaits them? True, my
'ent about doing good, not only
sins forgiven, but in various ways
ɜ the bodily sufferings of the peo-
I like to be independent, and to
sell if I please. True, no drun-
enter heaven; but if he perish, he
am I my brother's keeper? Mul-
rry out in their lives these senti-
ıo would recoil from giving them
with their lips.

are several tests by which duty
ıade very plain to him who desires
it. It would be safe to act as it
ıpposed the Saviour would under
rcumstances. If he would refrain
ıg anything calculated to promote
:, then it would be not only safe,
to follow such example. A chris-
ıld engage in no business upon
cannot ask God to set the seal of
bation. This proposition will be
to by all; and yet, tested by this
re will multitudes stand? Could
ssing distiller, the wholesale or
ler, ask the Lord to bless them in
ıective callings? Can the whole-
er, as he rolls out the barrel of
to be sold to the retailer, kneel
r the poison, and ask God's bless-
e sale? Or can the retailer, as he
hands the bottle to the father of some suffering family, lift his eyes to heaven, and ask the God of peace to bless the act? Can the professor, who rents his building to one that pollutes it with the traffic, as he counts over his money, and puts it carefully away in the drawer, fall down and ask the Father of mercies to bless him and his wealth, sprinkled all over as it is with the blood of souls? How could the Israelite, as he let his unruly ox loose upon the community, ask the God of Jacob to bless him in the act? What christian could offer such prayers? Ask God to bless them in making drunkards, widows, orphans, paupers, fiends! Ask God to bless them in furnishing the means to madden the brain, to impel to acts of violence and death! Ask God to bless them in acts which bid defiance to his commands!

The fact is undeniable, that one of the principal hindrances to the progress of the temperance cause is the conduct of professors of religion. So long as they continue to treat as moral and right the use of intoxicating drinks, so long multitudes will believe they are not doing wrong by indulging in their use. Such individuals are influenced by the evidence which meets them at every corner of the streets, rather than by a law which is seldom consulted. The character and demands of the law are estimated by its supposed exemplification in its avowed supporters; and when they give their neighbours strong drink, it is difficult to convince them that God's law does denounce the act. The word of God may thunder in their ears, the minister may preach the claims of that law, and the real friends of Christ may exhibit it in their lives; yet if any considerable number of those who wear the livery of heaven, by precept and example, teach the contrary, its influence leads multitudes into sin.

It is a solemn thing to profess the religion of Christ. Its obligations and duties are not trifles. Influence and example, when viewed in their relations to eternity and the souls of men, assume increased importance. The simple look or word may be the means of turning a soul into the path that leads to death. The example of to-day, however trivial it may appear now, travels on before us to the judgment, and will be felt while the throne of God exists.

F. V.

Notices of Books.

THE LIBRARY FOR THE TIMES. THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGNS OF JAMES I. AND CHARLES I. Pp. 126. London: Albert Cockshaw.

This little volume constitutes the third portion of a History of the Church of England, issued under the auspices of the Publication Committee of the Anti-State-Church Association. We welcome the appearance of these well-compiled and interesting manuals, and shall be glad to hear of their extensive circulation, especially amongst our young men. We venture to suggest that the appendage of the author's name, as no doubt they are by a writer of competent ability, would be a guarantee of the care used in their compilation, and would perhaps tend to increase their sale.

THE PROVINCIAL LETTERS OF BLAISE PASCAL. Pp. 288. London: Wm. Collins.

The "Provincial Letters" are too well known and too highly valued to need any recommendation of ours. They contain perhaps the most powerful exposure that has ever been written of the errors and tricks of the Jesuits; and they are written in a style at once so earnest and humourous, as to justify the opinion of a great Frenchman, that they "combine the wit of Moliere with the sublimity of Bossuet." The present edition is one of Mr. Collins's admirable cheap series, and is introduced by a well compiled and interesting life of the author.

THE SUSTENTATION OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS. BY JOHN CRAPS. Pp. 16. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

In a letter to a friend Mr. Craps here defends the propriety of ministers engaging in secular pursuits. He examines the passages of scripture usually quoted in favour of the view which confines ministers to exclusively ministerial engagements, and then considers: 1. How the apostle Paul was supported. 2. The reasons why the apostle laboured with his own hands for a subsistence. 3. Paul's direction to ministers of the gospel on the subject. 4. What the scriptures teach on the subject respecting other ministers of the gospel. 5. That the scriptures do not contain one well-defined instance, after the giving of the great commission, of a minister of the gospel being entirely separated from secular employment, and wholly dependant on the gifts of the church for his support.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS, NOS. 1 AND 2.

LETTERS TO A ROMANIST, NOS. 1 TO 7. BY A QUIET LOOKER-ON. Scarborough: A. Russell.

With the exception of the first of these tracts, which is a very spirited appeal to Lord Londesborough on his encouragement of horse racing, with its usual demoralising accompaniments, at Scarborough, they are all on the subject of the day—Popery. "On the Tendency of Romanism," "The Doctrines of Popery as Taught by the Church of Rome," "The Supremacy of the Pope," "Auricular Confession," "The Worship of the Virgin Mary," "Saints, Images, and Relics," "The Doctrines of Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead." The "Quiet Looker-on" is evidently, we think, a Baptist minister at Scarborough, well known to our readers. We can at least commend the series, as popular yet conclusive in style and reasoning, and well calculated for general distribution. We observe, with regret, that there is no London publisher, but hope the writer will be induced to publish the whole series in a volume, and to give it the advantage of being obtainable through a London house.

A Page for the Young.

THE DYING CHILD.

Emma Ray was twelve years old when she died. Dear child, how sweetly she fell asleep! So calmly, so pleasantly did she *sink to repose*, like a summer's sunset! *Folded her thin* and wasted hands over the young heart, so early stricken, opened her eyes, that beamed with celestial hope, and looked round upon her friends with *so* sweet a smile, faintly murmured, "*Jesus*," and then—slept.

It was just at evening, one day about the

ıne, when a little boy, perhaps
ıld, came to the door and said,
shes you, please, to come to our
Who is your mother?" I asked.
" was the reply. "What does
: want?" I enquired. "Sister
sick," was his answer; "is
ıd wishes you would come and
nd the tears forced themselves
heek, in spite of his evident
.eep them back.

)ned the street where they lived,
"Well, I'll come round there
g, and see your mother and
The boy turned slowly away, a
then stopped, looked up in my
id, while his lip quivered, and
rted afresh, "I wish you could
"I will go now," I replied. In
I was ready, and, taking the
's hand, hastened along with

soon at the door, and en-
kitchen. There was no one
he little boy handed me a chair,
vent into the next room. I
ınd; it was evidently the abode
and, no doubt, of sorrow. The
house, the old, worn, and shat-
ure, seemed to wear a forced
painful appearance of neatness,
that hides heart-eating grief.
xt room there was Emma, the
and there, too, I supposed, was
watching over her, and I heard
ice of a man. It might be her
might be her physician, or per-
friend come in to see her.
)ment after all doubt was dissi-
e voice rose louder and harsher,
, too; so get up, now. What's
aying there all day, when she's
ı to be up?" The sound of the
ice could be heard in expostula-
I wondered if Mr. Ray was a

, this minute," growled out the
ıer, "and I'll see if you won't
stepped to the door and opened
other held a bowl of medicine for
ild in one hand; with the other
ted to restrain the father from
violence to his child.

John," she said; "you know
sick, and isn't able to get up.
so." He pushed her roughly
ling the drink from her bowl,
)ut perceiving me, caught the
child's hand to enforce his brutal authority.

Stepping forward, I laid my hand rather suddenly upon his shoulder. He turned, gazed at me with a half stupid stare, and muttered, "He'd see if his children couldn't be made to mind—have 'em lying abed all day"—and in a few minutes the intoxicated man left the room.

Little Emma hid her face in the pillow, and sobbed with shame and grief.

I sat down by her side, took her hand, and spoke kindly to her; the mother wiped a few tears from her own cheek, seated herself, and drew her little boy to her lap. We talked of sickness and of the Saviour, of living and of dying, of the weary pilgrimage of earth, and the blessed rest of heaven.

Emma was a christian. From her mother's instructions, and the kind and faithful labours of her Sabbath-school teacher, she had learned of the Saviour, and been able to believe in him and to love him. Poor child!—happy child, rather. She was soon to go home; soon to see Him, whom, not having seen, she had loved. With a frail constitution, she had never enjoyed the health and buoyancy that give joy to childhood. Could she have been tenderly cared for, nursed, and favoured, she might have lived, blessed and a blessing. But want and exposure had nourished disease, and aggravated every premonition of her early decline. Oh, how like a canker it had eaten into her mother's heart, as, day by day, and month by month, she had watched her tender lamb, chilled and shivering, beneath the storms of life, from which she had no power to shelter or protect her, and knew that she was wasting away, and sinking into the grave. And the father—what shall we say of the father? God forgive him.

No matter; it was all right. Emma said it was. She would be with the angels soon; and she knew it wouldn't be long before her poor mother would come too. And her father—oh, if she could only think that he would come also! That was the only thorn in her dying pillow. She scarcely thought of death. Of earth she thought, and did not grieve that she was to leave the sorrows that she had tasted so bitterly. Of heaven she thought, where the rivers of life gently flow, and the good Shepherd leads his flock; that was her home, and she hasted to it.

Three evenings after I called again. It was just at sunset. Emma was about to take her departure. Her mother had raised her up in the bed a little. She smiled as if some good news had been told her, or as one might, who, in the glee of childhood, was going out with playmates for a run in the green fields, or to gather flowers in the wood.

How she talked of heaven, and the angels, and of the Saviour, *her* Saviour; wondered if they would know her when she got there, and if she should see her little brother that died last spring, and that she had mourned for so much; how sweet the music of the golden harps would be, and how beautiful the green fields, and the bright flowers, and the crystal waters!

"And oh, mother, you must come soon. You will, won't you? I shall want to have you with me, so much;" said the child, in the transport of her joy. Her mother covered her face, and answered only with tears. "And father," she added, as a cloud passed for a moment over the sunlight of her vision;—"think poor father will come too? I want him to come. And little Willie, you must be a good boy, and you will come some day; and we'll all be there." Her strength failed.

Presently, her father, who had been absent all day, opened the outside door and stumbled into the kitchen. Emma heard him, and wished him to come in. Mrs. Ray stepped to the door and called in her husband. He came with an unsteady step, and a dreamy, vacant look, that told of the excesses of the day.

"Father," said Emma, "come, and sit down here by me; I wanted to talk a little with you before I go." He took the hand she held out to him; he saw the change, and the truth flashed upon his mind. His child was dying. It entered his soul like a sword. In a moment he was a sober man, and it seemed as if some fearful storm of agony overwhelmed him.

"Father," she said, "I always loved you, and I've tried to be a good girl and mind you. Have n't I minded you, father?" "Yes, you have," he fairly sobbed. "And when I have n't been a good girl, I am sorry for it, and want you to forgive me. And now I am going to be with the Saviour. I shall see Henry; he is there; and mother is coming before long; and little Willie, he will come, some time; and, *father*, won't you come too? Won't you? *I want you too, father.*"

He laid his head on her pillow, and wept like a child. "But you must leave off drinking, father, and swearing, or else you never can come; and you must be kind to mother, and go to meeting and hear the gospel preached. Won't you, father? Won't you do all this, and get ready to come too? Say, father; promise me;—I won't ask you anything else;—say, quick."

Her strength failed. "Yes, Emma; yes, I will promise you. If God will help me, I will try to come too."

"Thank you; thank God;" she answered. "Now let me kiss you, father,—and mother,—and Willie; there, good bye! Father *will* come, and we'll all be there," she faintly murmured, as she turned away her head, tired, exhausted, folded her hands upon her bosom, shut her eyes, and went gently to sleep. It was some minutes before they would disturb her, but let her rest. Then her mother went softly to her, and whispered, "Emma." She answered not. Emma was *sleeping* so sweetly—"Blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep."

Mr. Ray kept the promise made to God and to his dying child. And should you stroll along the south-east declivity of P—— cemetery, where the spring sunshine falls so pleasantly, and the early violets bloom so lovely, and mark a plain memorial inscribed, "*To Emma Ray, aged 12 years. In heaven,*"—believe that for once, at least, tomb-stones may tell the truth; for Emma Ray is in heaven.

WILLIAM HUNTER, THE MARTYR BOY.

In the year 1554, soon after the accession of the Bloody Mary to the throne of England, there lived in London a lad about nineteen years of age, an apprentice to a silk weaver. His soul had been illumined by divine grace during the controversies of the preceding reign, and he had learned to abhor the falsities of the Papal church.

When the edict, requiring the people to attend mass, was published in the name of the bigoted Queen, William's master ordered him to comply, and to go with him to the church. But the boy replied that he dare not, for he believed that it would be a sin against God for him to countenance such idolatries. And the master drove him from his house.

William walked to the home of his father, at Bruntwood, and was kindly received, for

s loved the boy, feared God, and Popery.

ne day at the door of his father's oring over a well-worn copy of Bible, which his father had la- ig to purchase; and his soul was :h joyous relish upon its precious .en a priest passed by the door. bsorbed, did not observe him iftly approached, looked over his nd saw the hated volume. The d and closed the book. But it te. The priest uttered never a cowled portentously, and walked

ght William Hunter was thrust ngeon. The next day he was ore Master Justice Brown, who him closely concerning his faith. ould not lie, nor would he con- he believed. He confessed that heart and soul a Protestant, and re not in conscience attend the was sent back to his dungeon. father and mother visited him, raged him to persevere in his ession, even to death. "I am on," said his mother, "that God me such a child, who can find heart to lose his life for Christ's

r," he replied, "for the little pain ffer, which is but a short braid, promised me a crown of joy, ot be glad of that, mother?" ey all kneeled together upon the of the cell, and prayed that his ight not fail; that his faith might us.

nts, as far as they were permitted, is wants, and ministered to his A few of the faithful came to see ncouraged him to hold out faith- nd, and prayed to God with and Others of his acquaintance came, him to recant his opinions, to pretend submission to the priests, o provoke them to deal more ith him. But William, in his rted them to come out from the on of Popish superstition and The priests, too, expostulated , and promised and threatened, o purpose; he would not abandon n Jesus as a sufficient and only

w days he was tried, and con- be burned *to death* as a heretic. They took him back to his dungeon, and, after long communion with God in prayer, he lay down and slept. He dreamed that the stake was set, and the fagots piled around it, at a place that had been familiar to his boyhood, at the Archery Butts, in the suburbs of the town, and that he stood beside it prepared to die. And there came to him, in his dream, a robed priest, and offered him life if he would recant and become a faithful son of the Papal church. But he thought that he was impelled to bid him away as a false prophet, and to exhort the people to beware of being seduced by such false doctrines.

He awoke from his dream encouraged and strengthened, believing that grace would aid him to do in reality as he had done in vision.

With the morning dawn, the sheriff came and bade him prepare for the burning. And when his father had gone, the sheriff's son approached him, and threw his arms around his neck, and wept. "William," said he, "do not be afraid of these men with their bows and bills, who have come to take you to the stake."

"I thank God," said William, "I am not afraid, for I have cast my count what it will cost me already."

As he passed cheerfully out of the prison, he met his father. The tears were streaming down his face, and all the old man could utter, amid his choking sobs, was, "God be with thee, William, my son; God be with thee, my son."

And William responded, "God be with thee, dear father; be of good comfort, for I hope we shall soon meet again where we shall be happy."

So they led him to the place where the stake was prepared, and he kneeled upon a fagot and read aloud from the bible the 51st Psalm. As he read the words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit: a contrite and a broken heart thou wilt not despise,"—William Tyrell, of the Bratches, interrupted him, and said, "Thou liest, thou readest false; the words are, an humble spirit." "Nay, but the translation saith, a contrite spirit." "The translation is false," quoth Mr. Tyrell; "ye translate books as ye list yourselves, ye heretics." "Well, there is no great difference in the words," said William, and continued his reading.

Then came the sheriff and said to him, "Here is a letter from the Queen, offering

thee life if thou wilt yet recant." "No!" said William, "God help me, I cannot recant."

The executioner passed a chain round his body, and fastened him to the stake. "Good people, pray for me," said William. "Pray for thee!" said a priest, "I had as soon pray for a dog." "Well, you have that which you have sought for; I pray God it be not laid to your charge at the last day; I forgive you." "Ah!" said the priest, "I ask no forgiveness from you." "Well, if God forgive you not, my blood will be required at your hands."

And then the lad raised his eyes to heaven and prayed, "Son of God, shine upon me." And as he spake, the sun, over which a dark cloud had floated, suddenly burst forth as from a veil, and beautifully illumined his countenance.

Then came the priest, whom he had seen in his dream, with a book in his hand, to urge him to recant. But the boy, whose soul was nerved to the endurance of martyrdom, waved him away, saying, "Away, thou false prophet. Beware of these men, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest ye be partakers of their plagues."

"Then," said the priest, "as thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." But William answered, "Nay, thou false prophet, I shall reign with Jesus in heaven."

And while a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "God have mercy on his soul," and many voices responded, "Amen, amen," they kindled the fire, and the brave christian boy prayed, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit," his head fell into the smothering smoke, and his soul fled to the loving embrace of the Redeemer, who had purchased it with his own blood.

Young disciples of Jesus! Has not the Saviour done as much for your salvation, as for that of this youthful martyr? Ought you not to love him as much? Do you think you could die rather than deny the faith of Christ? Are you striving to live so as to honour him, and to evince the fervency of your love for him? Is not apostacy of life even more guilty and ungrateful than apostacy from dread of death?

Obituary.

MRS. COLEMAN,

RINGSTEAD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Mrs. Coleman, of Ringstead, Northamptonshire, was daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, of Denford, in the same neighbourhood, who were members of the Baptist church, at Ringstead, for more than half a century. Mr. Lawrence was a deacon of the same church upwards of twenty years. He was a christian of deep piety, undeviating integrity, childlike simplicity, and rich experience. For the sphere in which he moved, and the opportunities he enjoyed, he was a great reader, a deep thinker, and had obtained a most clear and comprehensive view of the scheme of gospel truth. He died Nov. 7th, 1850, aged 81 years: and of him all his christian friends say, "The memory of the just is blessed." Mrs. Lawrence had fallen asleep in Jesus in March, 1849.

Mrs. Coleman died on the morning of the 4th of July, 1851, aged 45 years. She had been an exemplary member of the *church* at Ringstead twenty-five years. She *was afflicted* with spinal disease during the whole of the last eight years of her life. For the last four years she was entirely unable to attend the house of God; and for the last two years she was quite confined to her bed. Her disease completely paralyzed her lower limbs, distorted her whole frame, deranged and obstructed all the functions of life, and continually developed itself in every direction until death —to her a messenger of mercy—liberated her ransomed spirit from its shattered tabernacle. Her deportment under this long and distressing affliction was such as displays the reality and power of vital christianity in a very striking manner. Her "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," were evidenced by their legitimate fruits during the whole of her christian course. Her love to the distinguishing doctrines of the cross, to the ordinances of gospel worship, and to the cause and people of God, was sincere, ardent, and unwavering. But her long affliction was the occasion for the development of several traits of christian character, which are worthy of a distinct notice.

lear sister manifested a very re-
e degree of *resigned submission* to
of God, as displayed in his provi-
dealings with her. The closest
, it is believed, never witnessed in
exhibition of an impatient spirit,
a murmuring word from her lips.
uently said, "There is a 'needs-be'
hese things, and if we cannot see
on for them now we shall know all
hereafter. It is the Lord, let him
seemeth him good." Indeed, the
ever witnessed a brighter exempli-
of the apostolic principle: "Let
have its perfect work."

lf-renunciation was striking. She
truded the tale of her afflictions
r visitors, never enlarged upon her
s, much less magnified them. She
to shrink from everything calcu-
fix attention upon herself as a suf-
ut she embraced every proper oc-
r magnifying the grace of God, by
ie was comforted and sustained.

ve to the word of God was very ap-
The bible ever lay within her
Seldom did the writer visit her
being questioned concerning the
or application of some passage or
of scripture which she had noted
litary reading. She read the word
ally as well as intelligently. She
only illuminated, but also warmed
red by its influence. Its doctrines
confirmed her faith, its promises brightened her hopes, and she received its precepts in the spirit of obedient love.

Her experience was not characterized by transports. Her prevailing frame of mind was a calm, unwavering reliance upon the finished work of Jesus. From this she was never moved. Her *cheerfulness* was surprising: it continued to the last. She recognized the gradual approach of death without the least perturbation. The adversary was not allowed to harass her when death was in view.

On the morning of her departure her husband, who had tenderly watched over her during the whole of her affliction, witnessing the indications of the final change, hurriedly went for a beloved female friend. On her entering the room the dying saint accosted her with the usual smile. In a few minutes she requested assistance in changing her posture; but immediately sinking down she said, "I must go; fare thee well." And so she died: or, rather, began to live.

To live a life that knows no ending,
No toil, no grief, no pain attending;
A life whose powers are ever growing;
Its streams of bliss for ever flowing;
Its heavenly riches still increasing;
Its songs of triumph never ceasing!
This is the life she lives above,
In spotless purity and perfect love.

W. K.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIAN SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY. e in the West Indies, who had oricome from Africa, having been under the influence of religious on, became singularly valuable to er, on account of his integrity and good conduct. After some time, er raised him to a situation of some ence in the management of his and on one occasion, wishing to twenty additional slaves, employto make the selection, giving him on to choose those who were strong, ly to make good workmen. The nt to the slave-market, and comhis scrutiny. He had not long sure multitude offered for sale, before his eye upon an old decrepit slave, his master that he must be one. or fellow begged that he might be l, when the dealer remarked, that were about to buy twenty, he would m that man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master; but upon none did the selecter shew half the attention and care, that he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoanut tree. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, "You could not take so much interest in the old man, but for some special reason; he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?" "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader." "He is, then, an elder brother?" "No, massa, he no my broder." "Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?" "No, massa, he no be my kindred at all, not even

my friend!" "Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

GRAY HAIRS.—Spiritual decay is the idea suggested by the expressive figure of the passage: "Gray hairs are here and there upon him." These "gray hairs" are decided evidences of backsliding. And what is one of them? What one of the more marked symptoms of spiritual decay in the soul? *A lessened appreciation of Jesus* is a clear and affecting evidence of spiritual relapse. Once he was in your estimation "the chief among ten thousand." He was the sovereign of your hearts. "His name was as ointment poured forth." He was to you as "the apple tree of the wood." You "sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to your taste." His cross attracted you, his love constrained you, his voice charmed you, his person was all your admiration, and his work all your boast. Oh, how precious was Jesus to you then! You never thought his yoke irksome, nor his burden heavy, nor his cross painful. No time spent with him was deemed lost; no sacrifice made for him was counted costly; no labour for him was wearisome; no shame, no ignominy, or suffering for his sake, was worthy of a thought. The secret of all was—you loved the Saviour with a deep and intense affection. But the "gray hair" has appeared! Jesus is less precious to you now. Reverse the picture just drawn of your former self, and you have the faithful portrait of your soul's present state! Your love has waxed cold, the ardour of your affection has waned, your heart is divided, other objects have displaced the Saviour; and if you follow him at all, it is like Peter, "a great way off." Is not this *real* decay? "Gray hairs are here and there upon him."—*O. Winslow.*

HERE MY MOTHER KNELT WITH ME.—The Rev. Mr. Knill, well known to the religious world in connection with Russia, was the child of a pious mother. Among his letters he gives the following interesting reminiscence:—"After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both of my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, '*Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.*' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell on my knees, just where my mother kneeled, and I thanked God that I had a praying mother. And, oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as for them."

AFFLICTION.—When sorrow, when the cross comes upon thee, seek not with the world to distract it. Drive it not away with fresh sources of sorrow, but bid it welcome. Cherish it as a heavenly visitant, as a messenger sent from God with healing to thy soul; and thou shalt find that thou "entertainest angels unawares." Thou shalt find the bow in the cloud: his light arising out of darkness; his form upon the troubled waters. And if he hush them not, he shall say to thy soul, "fear not, for I am with thee." He shall make it gladlier to thee to lie down in trouble and anguish, while he is with thee, than ever any of the joys of this world were, while he was less present with thee, or wherein thou forgottest him. The blessed lot is not to live joyously in the world, undisturbed by sorrow or suffering, having our good things in this life, and left to our own ways. It is to lie low (well is it for us if it be of our own accord, yet any how to lie low) under his cross. Though for a time it lie heavy upon us, it is not so heavy as sin. Though it wound us, the wounds are "the wounds of a friend." Though its nails pierce us, they are but to let forth the disease which would consume us. Though it bow us to the earth, it places us not so deep as we deserve to be; it casts us down only, that, when we have learnt to lie there in silence and humiliation, He may raise us up.

Intelligence.

SWEDEN.

Mr. Nilsson, having stayed some little time in Sweden, after receiving notice that his sentence of banishment had been finally *confirmed*, was led to think it on the whole *best to go with* Mrs. Nilsson to Copenhagen, *where they* were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Förster. Leaving Mrs. Nilsson there, brethren Förster and Nilsson went to the triennial meeting of delegates of the Baptist churches of Germany and Denmark, held at Hamburgh. And after the close of these meetings, brother Nilsson, by the kindness of a friend, was enabled to visit England;

not a member, we believe, of
al Alliance, was permitted to
eetings, held in London from
ıg. to the 30th of Sept. After
t time in England, to give in-
ıpecting his beloved country,
the prayers and co-operation
ristians in behalf of religious
e progress of the gospel there,
Copenhagen, with the inten-
ring, when he is able, to Nor-
ascertained that there *really*
degree of liberty, which pro-
e exercise of missionary la-
languages are not very diffe-
he American Seaman's Friend
h has hitherto supported him,
ed, continue to do so when he
ived in Norway, he hopes to
ngdom, under the same sove-
with laws differing from those
the unsearchable riches of

meetings of the Evangelical
per by Mr. Nilsson, on "The
ieligious Liberty in Sweden,"
r. Hinton. It stated that every
ın (the Jews excepted) who
ı the established Episcopal
ıurch, is subject to loss of
banishment for life; that pa-
liged by law to have their
ed; that the youth are obliged
ıed, and every one to receive
ıpper at least once in twelve
fault of which he is incapable
ny office, great or small, of
ıce as a witness, of marrying,
g on any business; that the
.ged by law to see these sta-
l, and are empowered to act as
ıat purpose. He who conducts
ıg religious meeting, and he
s house for it, are subject, for
nce, to a fine of about £5;
ı meets there, to a fine of about
econd offence to a double fine,
t of payment, to be imprisoned
ıread and water; and for the
to banishment. The case of
ists who wished to be married,
ısed the marriage service, had
: before the bishop and con-
ıra, and the answer which had
ı received was, that however
ıorals might be, their dissent
:ablished Church was a suffi-
for refusing the marriage ser-
ınsequence of these laws, a
he gospel had recently been
life, though he and his friends,
out of the country, had done
l in a legal manner to prevent

ın was presented to the meet-
ıuncil, which Dr. Steane said
mitted by two clergymen of the
it, which he regarded as a
ı and almost unparalleled cir-
It was as follows:—"That
ınference condemns the many
ıstice to which multitudes in
any, Spain, and other Papal countries, are now exposed on the grounds of religion, they would express their equal condemnation, mingled with still deeper feelings of shame and sorrow, for all acts of persecution which have been committed by Protestants themselves. They especially offer their deep and affectionate sympathy to their brother, the Rev. F. O. Nilsson, who is under sentence of banishment from Sweden, his native land, for his conscientious dissent from its National Church; and to all others in the north of Europe who may be suffering for conscience' sake. They would earnestly invoke all the children of God in those churches or states which may have been guilty of such wrong, by their love to Christ and obedience to his commands, as well as by their instincts of justice and humanity, to use their best efforts for the removal of such evils, so dishonourable to the Protestant cause, and so productive of scandal before the world, that they be not partakers of other men's sins. And they desire the Council to convey these expressions of their feelings to their foreign brethren in those churches or states, and, if they deem it wise, to the rulers also, in whatever way they shall judge best adapted to the furtherance of justice, truth, love, and unity among the true followers of the Lamb."

Mr. Nilsson expressed his gratitude for the sympathy which British christians had shewn, and his hope that it would continue. It was more than eleven years since he began to spread the knowledge of his beloved Saviour. He had traveled many hundred English miles through most parts of the south of Sweden, where traveling was not as it is in England, and you would often rather walk than ride over the rugged roads. But God had enabled him to lift up his feeble testimony in Sweden, and though delivered in the face of many obstacles, it had been blessed to the salvation of souls. He was now going to Norway, where a door was open for the preaching of the gospel; and he hoped that he should be followed by the prayers of the brethren.

The Rev. G. Scott, formerly a missionary in Sweden, said that there was a growing spirit of religious liberty there, and read a petition about to be presented by Swedes to their sovereign, praying "that all laws and statutes which limit and prohibit the free exercise of religion, may be, in the manner the constitution prescribes, abrogated," and suggesting "that the Norwegian law of the 16th of July, 1845, regarding religious liberty, as being, without doubt, in all respects, applicable to Sweden, may form the ground work for arranging the relations and duties of Dissenters and separatists from the State-church, not only to the existing State-church, but to the State itself, and in regard to marriage and the education of the young."

"SIDNEY SMITH AND THE BISHOPS."

The bishops having been favoured with an unusually large share of public attention of late, the Anti-State-Church Association

has very seasonably issued a *brochure* bearing the above title, and which contains a sketch of the dignitaries and subordinates of the Church of England, extracted from the writings of the Reverend, but most witty, Sydney Smith, accompanied by illustrative notes. Stung by the successful assaults of the episcopate on cathedral sinecurism, the irate canon gave his betters no quarter; but avenged his order by making, in his letters to the imaginary Archdeacon Singleton, a humiliating exposure of some of the weak points of the Church. We extract two or three of the more important, though not the most racy, passages:—

A BISHOP'S TEMPTATIONS.—A good and honest bishop (I thank God there are many who deserve that character!) ought to suspect himself, and carefully to watch his own heart. He is all of a sudden elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil, to be a spiritual lord; he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title, flattered by chaplains, and surrounded by little people looking up for the things which he has to give away; and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the Frogs of Aristophanes, and the Targum of Onkelos. How is it possible that such a man should not lose his head! that he should not swell! that he should not be guilty of a thousand follies, and worry and teaze to death (before he recovers his common sense) a hundred men as good, and as wise, and as able as himself!

EPISCOPAL NEPOTISM.—Can anything be more flagrantly unjust than that the patronage of cathedrals should be taken away and conferred on the bishops? I do not want to go into a long and tiresome history of episcopal nepotism; but *it is notorious to all that the bishops confer their patronage upon their sons and sons-in-law, and all their relations;* and it is really quite monstrous, in the face of the world, who see this every day and every hour, to turn round upon deans and chapters, and say to them, "We are credibly informed, that there are instances in your chapters where preferment has not been given to the most learned men you can find, but to the sons and brothers of some of the prebendaries. These things must not be—we must take these benefices into our own keeping;" and this is the language of men swarming themselves with sons and daughters, and who, in enumerating the advantages of their stations, have always spoken of the opportunities of providing for their families as the greatest and most important. It is, I admit, the duty of every man, and of every body, to present the best man that can be found to any living of which he is the patron; but if this duty has been neglected, it has been neglected by bishops quite as much as by chapters; and no man can open the *Clerical Guide*, and read two pages of it, without seeing that the bench of bishops are the last persons from whom any remedy for *this evil is to be* expected.

THE BISHOPS AND THE INFERIOR CLERGY.—If a clergyman lives in a situation which is destroying his constitution, he cannot exchange with a brother clergyman without the consent of the bishop; in whose hands, in such circumstances, his life and death are actually placed. If he wishes to cultivate a little land for his amusement or better support, he cannot do it without the license of the bishop. If he wishes to spend the last three or four months, with a declining wife or child, at some spot where better medical assistance can be procured, he cannot do so without permission of the bishop. If he is struck with palsy, or racked with stone, the bishop can confine him in the most remote village in England. In short, *the power which the bishops at present possess over the clergy is so enormous, that none but a fool or a madman would think of compromising his future happiness, by giving the most remote cause of offence to his diocesan.* . . . .

There are many bishops too generous, too humane, and too christian, to oppress a poor clergyman; but I have seen, I am sorry to say, many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression. I have seen clergymen treated by bishops with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and *if there is a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor clergyman in the country with a large family.* If there is an object of compassion, he is one. If there is any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the christian character ought to be displayed. I would instance the unlimited power which a bishop possesses over a curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess.

RYEFORD, HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Samuel Walker has resigned his pastorate in connection with Bethesda chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts, and has accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, at Ryeford, near Ross, Herefordshire, and commenced his labours there the first Lord's-day in August.

TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

In consequence of the Rev. Saml. Walker, of Bethesda chapel, leaving Trowbridge for Ryeford, Herefordshire, a farewell tea-meeting was held in the school-room, on Tuesday, July 15th. The tables were liberally supplied by the members of the church and congregation, and a large party of friends sat down. After tea, the Rev. Thomas Griffin took the chair; and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Newall of Bradford, Preece of Westbury, Mann and Barnes of Trowbridge. Each of the speakers bore testimony to the high esteem in which Mr. Walker is held by all classes in Trowbridge and its neighbourhood. Mr. Walker concluded in a short address.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

A WORD FOR MINISTERS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"I do try,"—exclaimed a discouraged minister of Jesus Christ, as he was walking abroad one Monday morning to cool his burning brow and calm his throbbing temples, after an anxious and earnest Sabbath,—"I do try to bring sinners to Jesus, and to make the Lord's people a zealous, active, and holy people. God knows, who reads my heart, that the strongest and warmest desire of my soul, is to be made useful in the conversion of immortal souls. I try to warn them most solemnly, to exhort them most earnestly, and to invite them most affectionately; but, alas, I seem to labour almost in vain. Who hath believed my report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? Others have large congregations, but mine is small. Others reap much fruit; I have only now and then a convert. How is it? What can be the cause? Lord, search me, try me, and shew me what it is that makes me unfruitful. Is it in the tongue, the temper, the conduct, or the state of the heart? Whatever it is, Lord, correct it, and make me a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use." What does this painful and gloomy experience of God's minister teach us?

The true condition of human nature. Man is alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in him. He is without God in the world. He is dead in trespasses and sins. He is altogether indifferent to his eternal concerns, and blind to his best interests. He goes on in darkness. He is like the deaf adder who stoppeth his ears, refusing to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. He has eyes, but he sees not; ears, but he hears not; an immortal soul exposed to never-ending woe, but he heeds not. He silences the voice of conscience, hardens his heart against fear, and casts God's word behind him. He is all life to the things of time, but is as dead as a corpse to the things that are eternal. Ministers may teach, warn, threaten, exhort, and invite; but he is still careless and indifferent, and goes on choosing death rather than life; so that every sinner that is saved is a miracle of mercy. It teaches us also,

The weakness and inefficiency of human agency. We may choose the fittest instruments, qualify them to the best of our power, use them in the wisest and most prudent manner, and yet sinners remain as they were. We may convince the judgment, but the heart needs to be changed. We may alarm the conscience, but the will must be renewed. We may impart light, but the dead need divine life. We try, and try, and try again;

but the dry bones still lie in the open valley; the sinner still hugs his darling lusts; Satan still leads captive the multitude at his will. We may please them, but we cannot convert them. We may be unto them as the voice of a very lovely song, as one that can play well upon an instrument; but they still love the world, and their hearts go after their covetousness. We are like the prophet's servant who ran with his master's staff, laid it on the child's face, and expected it to revive; but had to return and say, "Master, the child is not awaked." We learn, too,

The absolute necessity of divine power. Except God work, all is vain. They will hear no voice but his. They will acknowledge no authority but his. It is not the gospel. It is not the minister. It is not the manner. We may preach the truth; we may be solemn, earnest, and affectionate; but without the direct putting forth of the power of God, all will be in vain. It is not by the power of argument, or eloquence, or earnestness, but only by the power of God, that sinners are turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Except the Holy Spirit be present, and, being present, work through the truth, no soul will be converted, no sinner will believe on Christ. We are absolutely and always dependent on the Holy Spirit for success, and without his influence and operations we shall labour in vain. But it is to be feared that we do not sufficiently realize this. Indeed, if our prayers, and the prayers of our people, are to judge us, it is as clear as daylight that we do not. It says to us, also,

Aim to please the Lord, and seek his glory, as the first and last end of the ministry. This is, in reality, our one business. If the Lord is pleased with our persons as united to his beloved Son, and if he accepts of our poor services for the dear Redeemer's sake, this ought to satisfy us. God can glorify himself in us when few souls are brought to Christ by us; therefore while we ought earnestly to seek, and constantly to strive for, the conversion of souls, we ought not to be too much discouraged because we see not the results we desire. If we keep God's glory in view, and aim to please him in our ministry, we shall no doubt be in a good degree successful; and he will commend our diligence, and reward our faithfulness, when we are not. The greatest thing we can do is to please God; and this we may easily do if our eye is single, our heart honest, and our life consecrated to his service and praise. He is pleased with us whenever we try to please him. Let us therefore fix the eye on his glory, be willing to do just that work which he makes out for us, and leave all the results with him. He is not unfaithful to forget our work and labour of love. Loving labours he always approves of, and loving labourers are his especial favourites. Oh, for more love! Love to God as our just and holy Sovereign, to Jesus as our divine Lord and Master, to all the saints as the sons of God and friends of Jesus, and to all poor sinners that we may try by all means to win them back to God and glory.

Still ministers are often discouraged, and they will be so long as they look so much at their people, at the result of their labours, and at their immediate success; instead of looking simply to the Lord, and seeking his approbation. We must endeavour to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and in everything strive to please Him who hath chosen us to be his soldiers. There will always be enough to try us, to exercise our grace, to keep us humble; but there is always enough to stimulate us, to cheer us, and embolden us in the good cause. No man knows the extent of his own usefulness now; God is often working by us when we conclude that nothing is doing, and very likely we *shall see* by and bye, that what we thought were among the most barren *periods of* our ministry, have been in reality among the most productive

Of old it was said, for the encouragement of depressed but diligent labourers, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, *shall doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And long since then it was added, for the benefit of similar characters, "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Success is not put in our own power, the Lord keeps that in his own hands; we may be faithful, we ought to be hopeful, we must be industrious; and the rest we may very well leave with the Lord. Only let us so act that it may be said of us, as of the good woman of old, "*She hath done what she could;*" and then all will be well, and well for ever. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, *forasmuch as ye know* that your labour is *not* in vain in the Lord." Then shall it be said unto you by the Master when he cometh, to your everlasting joy, and the everlasting confusion of all your foes, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"This is the heaven I long to know,
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down."

Shrewsbury.

TO DEAF CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

In most of our churches we meet with some of the children of God, who are either partially or wholly deprived of the sense of hearing. One avenue to the mind is thus closed both against good and evil. Many such, doubtless, read the pages of "The Church;" and, deprived as they are of spiritual instruction by the living voice, it may afford them some solace to find that they are not forgotten by their christian friends, and that, sympathizing with them under their privations, we are desirous of using this periodical as a speaking-trumpet, through which to convey some words of comfort and direction, which, accompanied with the Divine blessing, may induce their patient acquiescence in the will of their heavenly Father, and inspire their cheerful confidence in the faithfulness of Him who "doeth all things well."

We say, therefore, to our deaf friends, watch and pray, especially against a *repining spirit.* There are times when probably you are the subjects of great mental depression; you feel your solitude, and cannot refrain from mourning that you are so excluded from the pleasure and profit of oral instruction, and the free interchange of thoughts and experience in the ordinary channel of christian fellowship.

Nervous sensibility may be partly both the cause and effect of your deafness, and this may predispose you to look on the dark side of the picture, to gather the weeds rather than the flowers of the garden, and to observe the clouds more intensely than the sunshine, which is always behind, and often beaming through, them. We are desirous, therefore, of suggesting some considerations which may help you to say with David, "I know that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me."

In looking around you, then, among other reasons why you should sing of goodness and mercy, be thankful that you were not *born* deaf; in which

case, as you would never have heard of the name of Jesus, you never could have pronounced it; having never heard the speech of others, you must have remained through life both deaf and dumb.

Think, again, what occasion you have for thankfulness, that *ever* you heard "the joyful sound" of the everlasting gospel; that before you lost your hearing, the good word which you heard with your outward ears sank deep into your hearts, so that you can now remember and speak of many a precious sermon which was as bread from heaven to your soul.

You can now recur to the former days when you heard with delight the voice of prayer and praise in the sanctuary, and your hearts burned within you as you took sweet counsel with your fellow-pilgrims by the way. But now you say, "Those days, those blessed days are past and gone, and we are as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." Be it so, dear friends; nevertheless, you may have more occasion for joy than for sorrow; there may be more of mercy than of judgment in your privation. Reflect, therefore, as another antidote against a murmuring disposition, *how much pain and sorrow your deafness may spare you.* Your soul cannot be vexed, as righteous Lot's was, "with the filthy conversation of the wicked;" vile words, vain words, impure words, cannot distil their poison into your ear. We have sometimes wished Eve had been deaf, when "the serpent, who was more subtle than any beast of the field, said unto the woman, 'yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?'" In allusion to this it might be that Bunyan, the prince of allegorists, in his "Holy War," describing the artifices by which Satan sought access to the city of "Mansoul," says, "When he first came up against the town he made his approach to *Ear-gate*, and there held a parley." We beseech you, therefore, to consider whether it may not be in covenant love that you have this wide gate to your soul shut and barred against the troops of enemies that are wont to enter there. In heaven all will be explained; the saints who have sown in tears here will reap in joy there, and you may have to adore the Infinite Wisdom for the deafness which "preserved your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling."

You will also find occasion for submission and gratitude, that although you have lost your outward hearing, you have through grace *an inward and a better ear*, wherewith you can hear the "still small voice of the Spirit," whispering to your heart the great and precious promises of eternal truth. That you can hear the words of Him "who spake as never man spake," and whose loving voice may well constrain you to exclaim with the ancient church, "His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely; this is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." Rejoice, therefore, that you possessed your hearing so long as you did, that by the instruction you then received, you were enabled to hoard up a treasure for this time of need, as Joseph laid up corn in the years of plenty, against the coming years of dearth; and that even now, however shut out from verbal intercourse with man, you can still turn to your best and dearest friend, and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then, what an occasion for thankfulness it is that *your sight is continued.* There are not a few of the people of God who are deprived of the faculty of vision. The writer has no less than three persons in the church of which he is pastor who are totally blind. To them the day and the night are both alike, and yet it is profitable to converse with these blind christians, to observe their meek resignation, and even their cheerful piety. But to *you*, Eye-gate is still open, and God is pleased to let in *those helps* by the windows, which can no longer find entrance by the *door.* You can *read*, though you cannot hear, the word of God. Make

much of this privilege, seek to be "mighty in the scriptures," and as other sources of instruction are withheld from you, seek daily "with joy to draw water out of these wells of salvation." Then, next to the Bible, what a rich and ample store is accessible to you in the writings of good men of past and present times; so that if denied instruction from the pulpit, you may obtain it from the press, and here you have the choicest and best digested thoughts of exalted and sanctified intellect. The very cream of divinity,—the manna of the gospel,—the good old wine of the kingdom,—the "finest of the wheat," is here prepared for your mental and spiritual repast. Thus, if you cannot hear the voice of living men, you can hold converse with the mighty dead, for there "were giants in those days;" and it may be something more than a compensation for the ministry of the present age that you are shut up to the holy and lofty thoughts and aspirations of an Edwards, a Howe, a Bates, a Taylor, a Baxter, a Leighton, a Charnock, a Flavel, and a host of illustrious writers, who, "being dead yet speak," and that, too, in a voice which even you can hear. Surely, then, when you think how much of preventive mercy there may be on the closing your ears against innumerable vexations and evils which are sure to enter by that portal, and how much blessedness is still vouchsafed to you in the faculty of sight, you will take down your harps from the willows, and sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

But now, beloved, hear a word of exhortation as to *your attendance on the public worship of God.* We can easily conceive how plausibly the enemy may assail you at this point, but we beseech you, notwithstanding your incapacity for hearing, not to "forsake the assembling of yourselves together." We have known christians so deaf as not to distinguish a single word, or even to hear the loudest thunder, who have, notwithstanding, been uniformly seen among the first in the sanctuary, and have declared they have often found it to be unto them, "the house of God and the very gate of heaven." We urge this consideration upon you, that you may set *a good example.* Your presence in the congregations of the saints cannot fail to awaken the reflection in others, "if this deaf christian is so constant in the house of God, surely we ought to be." Thus, your conduct will preach to others their duty; and not only so, for as sure as "God will honour those that honour him," so surely will you find it good to be there. Think of the promise, "Wherever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," and go, expecting its fulfilment, believing that he will, then and there, manifest himself unto you, as he does not unto the world. Go up, then, with the multitude, to keep holy day. Some friend by your side will shew you the *hymn* that is being sung, and that hymn may be a blessed means of grace to your soul; if the voices of others are discordant, they will not annoy *you;* if the tune is ill chosen and unsuitable, it will not discompose *your* mind, or mar your devotion; nothing can hinder your making "melody of heart unto the Lord." In the same manner let some one find you the *chapter* that is being read, and, undisturbed by any noise without, you may have sweet meditation on the word of God. So, also, let the *text* be shewn you, and a better Teacher than the one in the pulpit, may open to you those wondrous things out of his law, which shall "make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and, during the season of devotion, you too can pour out your hearts to Him, whose "eyes are upon the righteous, and whose ears are open unto their cry."

It may be well also for you to consider, that the infirmity under which you labour, like all others which the child of God may have to endure in the present state, is but a *transient* one. Soon your Lord will say, "Come

up hither;" and, obedient to the welcome summons, your ransomed spirit will quit its house of clay—its poor deaf tabernacle—and find itself being chimed away by the minstrelsy of angels to the realms of glory, and, in that "sweet hour of full discharge," you will realize the sentiments of the departing saint, as expressed in the well-known ode,—

"The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes! MY EARS
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

And, oh, how blessed to you, in the morning of the resurrection, will be the "sound of the archangel and the trump of God!" Low as your resting-place may be in the silent earth, or even in the deeper caverns of the mighty ocean, it shall hear the awakening and life-giving voice of Him who is "the resurrection and the life;" for "the hour is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." Every infirmity will then be left in the grave, and *perfection* will characterise the resurrection body of the saints; for thus it is written, "He shall change our vile body, that it may be likened unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." Think of that! The infirmities, decrepitude, disease, and death, to which our mortal fabrics are now incident, will then be known and feared no more. The body now bowed down with sickness or age will stand erect in that day, and be invested with the bloom and vigour of immortal youth,—the leper will be cleansed,—the lame will leap as a hart,—the tongue of the dumb will sing,—the eyes of the blind will see,—and the ears of the deaf will be unstopped. Every faculty of body and mind will be restored to the Divine image, which was lost by the fall. The transformation is begun on earth, and the first glance of the Saviour's face in the resurrection morn will complete and perpetuate it; while angels, perceiving the resemblance, and seeing the Saviour's glorious person reflected in millions of his perfected and redeemed people, will lead the shining way to the portals of the New Jerusalem, and as they reach the love-built mansions, will cry, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation may enter in." Then what seraphic songs will burst upon your listening ear, where

"Myriads of spirits round the throne,
In humble posture stand:
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.
Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise;
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise."

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE FADING LEAF.

BY THE REV. B. ARTHUR.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—*Isaiah* lxiv. 6.

"See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound."

How solemn the sight! How instructive the lesson! By the falling leaf God is speaking to each, and to us all. He that hath eyes, let him *see: he* that hath ears, let him hear. How beautiful, and yet how frail

is the human frame! What care in its preservation and adornment, and yet how brief its existence! But take the leaf, and learn a lesson.

Is the leaf the production of Divine power? So is the body. The Power that spoke creation into existence produced the leaf, and created this body. Man made not himself. Though he had his origin in the dust, yet "God made us, and not we ourselves." He formed our bodies, and fashioned our souls. We are the sheep of his pasture, and the work of his hand.

Is the leaf gradual in its formation and growth? So is the body. See the leaf forming and expanding. Look at the body, in its various stages of infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. The leaf does not shoot forth in perfection all at once: neither does the body. Progression is stamped on all the works of God, in nature and grace.

Is the leaf beautiful in its structure? Look at its texture, how fine, how perfect! What a combination of power and wisdom! But how fearfully and wonderfully are *we* made! Inspect any one member. Take the hand; examine it. And, oh, man, know thyself. Who but a God of infinite wisdom could create *thee?*

Is the leaf brief in its duration? What is our life? "Man that is born of woman is of few days." "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." How striking the figures which set forth its brevity! The withering grass, the fading flower, the eagle's flight, the watch of the night, the weaver's shuttle, the dream, the vapour, all say, in solemn sound, there is but a step between us and death. Reader, think of it. Alas,

> "All men think all men mortal
> But themselves."

But to you, oh, man, do I speak. "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."

Is the leaf certain in its fall? "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?" "It is appointed unto man once to die." "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" All things tend to their centre, and man goeth the way of all flesh. "I won't die," said a general in Napoleon's army, when he received a mortal wound, and called upon the emperor to save him. But *he died!* "Millions of money," said Queen Elizabeth, on her death-bed, "for an inch of time." But her money, and a kingdom on which the sun never set, could not procure it; and *she died!* Methuselah lived nine hundred sixty and nine years; and *he died!* Where are the mighty heroes and conquerors? "All flesh is grass; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." As some of the leaves fall ere they arrive at full growth, and others become dry and withered; so some die in infancy or childhood, others in youth, or cut off in the prime of life, and a few (alas, how few comparatively!) arrive at a good old age before disease or the scythe mows them down.

Do all leaves decay? We must *all* needs die; the rich as well as the poor, the learned as well as the ignorant, the prince as well as the peasant. All nations, kindred, tongues, and people must die. There is no escape in this warfare.

But what after death? The leaf falls, and soon it decays; no more does it twitter among the branches, no more does the wind play its melancholy music upon it. But if a man die, shall *he* live again? Yes, says Divine revelation. At death the body returns to its dust, but the spirit to God who gave it. Death is not annihilation! The soul does not die. It is not lost in darkness, nor kept in purgatorial suspense, but

the moment it quits the body, it is in the presence of its Judge. Reader, is thy soul prepared for this meeting—for this solemn interview? This night thy soul may be required of *thee*.

"Eternal happiness or woe
Must then thy portion be."

While you pause to ask, What am I? whence come I? whither am I going? remember that thou art a sinner; and "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Fly to Christ. Repent, believe, and thou shalt be saved. And, then, though like the leaf thy body shall fall and decay, yet, in the spring of the resurrection, it shall shake itself from its dust of corruption, and be clothed with immortal verdure. *Reader, believest thou this?*

Bideford.

CHRISTIAN, PRAY!

Christian, pray, for life is fleeting,
Friends for thee will soon be weeping,
'Neath the sod thou wilt be sleeping,
Christian, pray.
Pray, when sorrow hovers near thee,
Pray, when life seems dark and dreary,
And thy heart is sad and weary,
Christian, pray.

Christian, pray, when loved ones leave thee,
Pray, when trials sad bereave thee,
When life's darksome billows heave thee,
Christian, pray.
Pray, on *His* kind bosom leaning,
Who thy heart from earth is weaning;
Dark the seed, but bright the gleaning,
Christian, pray.

Christian, pray, when life is brightsome,
When thy heart is glad and lightsome,
Pray, for it may soon be nightsome,
Christian, pray.
Pray, for sadness soon will follow,
Dark and drear may be the morrow,
Joy is ever near to sorrow,
Christian, pray.

Christian, pray, in joy or sadness,
When life's wave is lashed to madness,
Tears will soon be turned to gladness,
Christian, pray.
Pray, for life on earth is fleeting,
Thou wilt soon, the angels greeting,
Rest, where storms no more are beating,
Christian, pray.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of Shadows sadly play
Around the very sunniest way—
Enough of sorrows darkly lie,
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears—
By thy griefs of after years—
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely-covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent—
By the thoughts to folly lent—
By the wrong thou didst not shun—
By the good thou hast not done,—
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man.

Biblical.

ON THE WORD FOR "BAPTIZE" IN THE SYRIAC VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

"If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
Hebrew or Syriac shall be forced to bend;
If languages and copies all cry, No,
Somebody proved it centuries ago.
Like trout pursued the critic in despair,
Darts to the *mud*, and finds his shelter there."
Progress of Error.

Thus wrote our christian poet Cowper, more than half a century ago; and it certainly appears as if he had been inspired to foretel the last desponding refuge of Anti-immersion criticism. Utterly driven from the clear waters of well known Greek, no scholar being now willing to risk his credit by rejecting the Baptist interpretation of the word *baptize*, escape has been sought in the obscurity resting on the *etymology* of the word by which the Greek *baptizo* is translated in the venerable Syriac version of the New Testament. This translation is indeed a most valuable one, characterized by remarkable fidelity to the original, older, probably, than any manuscripts now in existence, and, therefore, highly and justly prized by all who are acquainted with the language. Now, the combination of Hebrew with Syriac (the two languages are *very* closely allied) is made to yield the notable conclusion, that the author of the Syriac version did not use a word expressive of immersion, or, as some will have it, of the *mode* of performing the ceremony at all. We have ample reason to know that many of our readers like a paper of the kind now before them, or we would not attempt to give a sketch, *in mere English*, of an article† which can be fully appreciated only by one acquainted with alphabets and languages which few understand. We will do our best, however, to give the kernel of the subject to our intelligent readers.

Syriac and Hebrew are, as we have observed, very closely connected; the roots of by far the greater part of the words in both are as closely connected, for instance, as the German *Mann* and *Hund* with our *man* and *hound*. Now, in Hebrew, the word *ámad* signifies to *stand*. In the Syriac New Testament the word *ámad* is used of *being baptized*. Moreover, the word *ámoodo*, a pillar (an object standing erect), is evidently from the Hebrew *ámood*, which, also, means a pillar. Quite clear it would seem, then, that the Syriac translator used a word for baptizing which means, in the neuter form, *to stand*, and in the causative declension (which these languages have), to *make to stand*. Well, but how came he or the Syrians to call baptism standing? Some tolerably rational account must be given, or impartial critics will not accept it. Some, therefore, suggested, 1st, to stand, *i.e.*, to stand in the river, and to be immersed in it; the standing being that from which the ordinance was named; this was the suggestion of critics who were really perplexed, and tried to account for it as they best could; it is obvious to every one, that it is inconceivable that the ordinance could have been named from a circumstance which, according to their own shewing, is merely accessory. 2ndly. Dr. Henderson, in this country, adopted an idea better adapted to sprinkling adults, but very unlucky for a baptizer of infants; his was, that the term meant to *stand at*, or *in the water*, in order to be sprinkled or *poured upon!* Great trouble this to take for such an application of water; but how did the Doctor's *infants* stand? 3rdly. According to Moses Stuart, in his treatise on the word *baptize*, in which, having given up Greek, he takes refuge in Syriac, *standing* meant to *establish* or *confirm*; and the allusion is to the rite of *confirmation*, which followed baptism; but proof wholly fails that confirmation was closely connected with baptism at the early time the word in question was first used, and then the difficulty of squaring this explanation with the grammatical forms of the Syriac word is so great as to render it all but impossible. Our readers could not comprehend it without Syriac characters; suffice it, therefore, to remark, that Dr. Murdock, on whose paper, in a previous number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Dr.

* An Investigation in Syriac Philology. By the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Davies, Montreal, from the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, July, 1851.

† Our readers who are acquainted with the ancient languages, beside the articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, would be much interested in a valuable small work entitled, "A Critical Examination of the Rendering of Baptizo, in the Ancient and many Modern Versions of the New Testament." By F. W. Goteh, A.M. (now Classical Tutor at Bristol College). London, 1841.

Davies is commenting, himself refutes this suggestion, and proposes another, 4thly, namely, that it meant to *stand*, because christians associated with it the idea of "*coming to a stand, or of taking a public and decisive stand* on the side of christianity:" as Dr. Davies remarks, this original suggestion is set forth in a very pleasing manner, and is, theologically, very acceptable; but yet it is, philologically, beset with difficulties in common with the foregoing theories. Nor is it easy to see how it could apply to *infant baptism*. Could tender babes and little children be supposed to take a decisive stand on the side of christianity?

We must now try to give the simple truth as briefly and clearly as possible. The well-known scholar, Michaelis, long ago stated in his Syriac dictionary, that the word *âmad* was nowhere to be found in Syriac, in the sense *to stand;* and that to him it appeared far more probable that, though similar in spelling to the Hebrew word *to stand*, it had in reality no connexion with it; but arose, by a slight change, from another root found in Arabic, a language closely connected with both Hebrew and Syriac, which root had the signification of *submerging*. His honest and natural conjecture must now be recognized as the truth; for, 1st, while the word *âmad* is never used in Syriac in the sense of *standing*, it is found more than ten times in the Syriac Bible in the sense of *immersing, when the ordinance of baptism is not referred to*, and when, therefore, it must be used in its *ordinary* and non-ecclesiastical sense. 2ndly. The testimony of the *native* Syriac lexicographers. Dr. Davies has examined their most celebrated dictionaries (those of Bar-Ali and Bar-Bahlul), which lie in manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and their evidence is clear and unambiguous. Neither to the word *âmad*, nor to its derivatives, do they give the translation to *stand* at all; *baptism, immersion, diving*, are the *only* meanings given, unless we regard as any exception the noun which means "a pillar," and which, no doubt, follows the Hebrew word for *pillar* mentioned above. The evidence from the old Syriac liturgies is also very strong; into further details, however, it is impossible to enter in "The Church." Suffice it to add, that we think it is clear by *all* the instances which we have of the *use* of the word, and by the testimony of *native* lexicographers, that the word meant *immersion* in Syriac, and nothing else; nor can we hardly imagine that this will be again called in question.

No; we do honestly think that our brethren who advocate sprinkling will find in Hebrew and Syriac no better friends than in Greek. The "mud" stirred over this poor word has at last subsided, and all can see to the bottom. They have, it appears to us, but two friends; one, the practice of the *last* five or six centuries,—another, "their *christian* (?) liberty to alter the form of ceremonies, provided they do but retain the spirit."* If they are satisfied with such guides in attending to the ceremonies instituted by Christ, we cannot be. We are bound to believe them sincere; but we do not feel ourselves at liberty thus to play fast and loose with the supreme authority of our Master. We think the *letter* of his ordinances no infringement on our christian liberty; nor can we accept the general practice of a few hundred years, or of the present time, as a sufficient plea for consigning to oblivion the rite which He deemed most appropriate to express the views with which we should enter upon our service to Him.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

We have just met with the following extracts from an address delivered at the opening of the New College last month, by the Rev. Dr. Harris. We think them quite interesting enough to warrant our presenting them to our readers:—

"In answer to the question, 'What is inspiration?' Dr. Harris submitted the following particulars, each of which he illustrated and enforced with his characteristic lucidity and beauty:—1. Inspiration is something distinct from, and additional to, revelation. 2. Inspiration is different in kind from all the phenomena of mere natural excitement and of genius. 3. Inspiration is not to be confounded with the clear perceptions of Divine truth resulting from superior piety. 4. Apostolic inspiration, like apostolic authority, of which it was an element, and for which it was a qualification, appears to have been continuous and abiding. 5. The inspiration of the sacred writers relates pre-eminently to their thoughts. 6. The sacred writers appear to

* Dr. Hailey and Moses Stuart.

have spoken and written under the distinct consciousness of their inspiration.

"What then," continued the lecturer, "is the amount of deference due to an authority which thus comes before us with a revelation, an inspiration, and evidence, the miraculous character of which proves both to be from heaven? It must be plain that we have no alternative. 'Necessity is laid on us.' For us, the Bible is not only true, but supremely authoritative. It may, indeed, be the fashion of the day to disparage the miraculous and historical evidence of revelation, as if it had lost, or were losing, its applicability and force. And it is true that this particular branch of evidence may have had more than the due proportion of regard claimed for it by some parties. But what wise man would, on that account, either deny its permanence or question its authority? Robbed of its supernatural seals, the Bible must not only consent to take its place among the human theories of the day, it must be branded with this mark of degradation, that it has forged the signature of Heaven, while owing only an earthly origin. But, entrenched within its munition of miracles, it stands alone and impregnable, challenging the homage of a message sent from God; and surrounding itself, in that very homage, with the loftier evidence still, that 'the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' If, indeed, this characteristic of the day only implied a preference for the moral and internal evidence of the gospel over the miraculous and external, it might plead the warrant of that gospel itself. 'Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed (said our Lord to the doubting disciple); blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' The faith which is independent of external evidence is here assigned a higher place than that which waits for such visible proofs; implying that the faith which springs up from a meeting between the consciousness of religious want and the perception of Christian truth—from the mind's spontaneous recognition of its Saviour—is peculiarly blessed. It is the heroic faith which summons the miracle compared with that which the miracle has to summon. And in proportion as the range of Christian truth enlarges in a community, and its transferring power and moral authority become recognised, the necessity for its direct authentication by miraculous evidence diminishes. At first, the miracle lends its sanction to the truth; afterwards, the truth comes to throw a halo around the miracle. If, again, the spirit in question only went the length of affirming that the mind can receive only such, and so much, truth, however authenticated, as it is *prepared* to receive, the proposition would be undeniable. This is a scriptural doctrine, and leaves the mind itself responsible to the God of truth, for not being in a higher state of moral preparation. But the objection seeks to discharge the mind from this responsibility, and to summon the objective to the bar of the subjective—to substitute our spiritual tastes and impressions for the doctrines of the word of God. Or if the objection only implied that man has certain spiritual intuitions, or instincts, and that nothing which contravenes these can be accepted as coming from the author of those instincts, it must be held as self-evidently true. The objection, however, as we understand it, besides providing no criteria for determining those instincts, erects the human mind, despite its changeful phenomena, into a test and standard of Divine truth.

"But for us, I repeat, the Bible is not only true, but of Divine authority. It comes, not merely to be admired, but believed. On all subjects within the range of its decisions it has the right of dictation. Here, it admits of no compromise, and shares its throne with no rival. It is not merely a guide to truth, but a discoverer. Its value lies, not merely in its corroboration of truths already known, nor in its mission merely to strengthen our ordinary principles of morality; but to publish truths which it had not entered into the mind of man to conceive. Even its mysteries have been disclosed in the benevolent act of exploding the absurdities of human religions, and in enlightening our ignorance on subjects on which ignorance would have been fatal. Every other teacher of religion is correct only as he approaches this standard. Having found, by comparison and investigation, that it is the temple, not of a false god, but of the very spirit of truth, what remains but for reason devoutly to enter and consult the oracle? Henceforth the sublimest office of reason is to receive the Divine testimony as the highest demonstration. In honour of the Christian revelation these halls have been reared, and to the training of suitable men for its exposition and diffusion, they are from this day to be dedicated. Literature, and wh-

ence, and philosophy, are to be valued here only as the handmaids of that theology which is 'the haven and rest of all man's contemplations,' and whose aim is to exhibit biblical truth, as the mind of God, in its grand organic unity, and the mind of the church in advancing reconciliation and harmony with it. It is the distinction of Christianity that it is the only form of religion which has what can properly be called a theology or system of doctrines. And it is the honour of Christian theology to attempt to comprehend in one sublime whole all its diversified truths; to receive verse after verse from the hands of a wise and pains-taking criticism—and fact after fact from a slowly-formed creed—and doctrine after doctrine from ages of prolonged discussion, and to rear the whole into a temple more accordant with the Divine mind than even that whose model was shewed to Moses on the Mount. High is the aim of the philosopher in essaying to generalize all the phenomena of nature into a principle, a grand fact, which shall proclaim the unity of the whole, and so reveal a personal and enthroned God. But sublimer still is the aim of the theologian in adding to this melody of nature the more magnificent harmony of revelation; in realizing for the mind the noblest visions of Patmos, in which truth shall be seen in hierarchal order—thrones, principalities, and powers—and 'the Lamb in the midst of the throne,' receiving the myriad-voiced homage of the whole. The bare conception lifts the soul. The actual attempt, disdaining to accept the mere service of a leisure hour, of an occasional effort, or of a single power, demands the consecration of the man. God hath spoken; what less can man do, than summon 'all that is within him' to meet the greatness of the occasion? Even this theology looks above and beyond itself to 'the perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry, the edifying of the body of Christ.' In vain will the gospel itself be the text of all our teaching and theologizing here, if it be not so taught as to be the means of sending forth a succession of 'men of God,' 'mighty in the Scriptures.' And comparatively in vain will even that be, if they are not suited to preach, not to the past, but to the men of the present day. Is the age drawn by a strong attraction to a material centre? they must bring forth the only counter magnet; '*and I, if I* be lifted up from the earth (said Christ), will draw all men unto me.' Are our places of worship filled chiefly with nominal Christians, persons to whom religion is almost entirely objective, and its operations mere charms and magic? they must preach conversion, aiming directly at their conversion, warning them that there is no alternative between it and their destruction. Are there loud calls around us for a new advent of truth, and a higher form of excellence, and a more ennobling method of attaining it? and are there those who undertake to give utterance to these cravings, and to interpret and encourage this dissatisfaction? pandering to an appetite they cannot appease, stronger to demolish than to construct? For as many of such cravings as are genuine, the gospel is exquisitely, divinely, adapted. It seeks to kindle high aspirations. It is comparatively unknown for the want of them. Did they exist, half of heaven might be foreknown on earth. Let our young ministers so preach the gospel as to shew men that, if enlarged views can delight them, or models of high excellence win their admiration, or lofty motives inspire them to action, we need not as yet call for a new dispensation. Are our young religious enquirers met with the assurance that their own intuitions are inspiration, that their noblest guide is within? and is their natural impatience of authority gratified by the assurance that nothing objective must control them? We must preach as the ministers of Him who hath said, 'Preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.' 'The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.' And is it true that, for a healthy personal piety, they are in danger of substituting a vague emotional mysticism—a weak solution of religious feeling and poetic sentiment? The men of God we desire to see issue from these walls (let your prayers, dear brethren, co-operate with our aims that their number may not be small) are such as shall be prepared to shew them, from deep self-experience, that there is a world without no less real than the world within—a revelation of mercy addressing them—a personal God, at whose bar they are standing, as sinners needing atonement, forgiveness, and a new heart. 'Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.'"

Tales and Sketches.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR-GIRL.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

It was upon one of those frosty, yet sunny days of February, when the favourite of fortune and the lover of ease is most likely to be found luxuriating before the warmth of his own cheerful fireside, that our story opens. As such a one reclines upon his velvet-cushioned couch, with an air of quiet satisfaction, with his table laden with luxuries, he seems too often to feel that all that is required of him is to make himself happy and comfortable!

Mr. D—— was one of those favoured few of whom we have spoken. He dwelt in the heart of New York. His family consisted of a wife and one child—a little boy two years of age, at the time to which we allude. This gentleman was sitting before a brilliant coal-fire, with his feet resting lazily upon an ottoman; he held a splendidly-bound volume in his hand, and was now awaiting the summons to dinner. He would occasionally look up from his book and cast a glance at the window. The jingling bells accompanying the merry sleighing parties as they went skipping past, and the bright snow glittering in the sunlight, seemed to give an air of gaiety to everything without; and Mr. D—— saw no reason why every one should not be as happy as he was himself.

As he sat thus alone in his private library, a little beggar-girl approached the door of his house and asked for bread. The servant gave her a few dry bits, and, noticing that she was very thinly clad and shivering with the cold, bade her come in to the fire and warm herself.

It was probably the first time in her life that the poor girl had been asked to a stranger's fire, and it seemed, if one could judge from the expression of her face, that it awakened in her mind a gleam of hope.

She thanked the servant for her kindness, said she could not stop to warm herself, but desired to see the gentleman of the house.

"Oh, that is out of the question," said the servant, "he would not allow me to shew a beggar to his room. I would risk my situation if I should do such a thing."

But the little girl was desperate, and was not to be put off. She begged the girl to shew her to that part of the house he was in, and she would even run the risk of intruding without leave.

In another moment the distressed child stood before the great Mr. D——, in his private sitting room.

She stopped and curtsied low; and, with a look of mingled hope and fear, waited for a word of encouragement from the gentleman.

Mr. D—— raised his eyes from his book, and with a stern look enquired: "What do you want?"

She immediately summoned courage, for she felt that that was her last chance, and replied:—

"Good Sir, will you be so kind as to—to—*lend* me a few shillings, to get some wood to keep my poor mother from freezing to-night? She is very sick, and if she gets well, she will do some work to pay you; if she does not, I will try to repay it in some way myself."

Mr. D—— arose slowly, and pointing to the door, said to her: "Go out, you little vagrant! This is the third time to-day that I have been annoyed by you, and with this same story. How long have you been learning that story? You repeat it well—truly! You are not satisfied with disturbing me in my office, and accosting me in the street, but you have the impudence to enter my house without leave. Let this be the last time you intrude yourself in my presence, or, remember, I shall set the dog after you. Cæsar, *here!*"

At this instant, a huge dog sprang from under the table, and stood waiting his master's orders. The little beggar fled for her life, and returned with a heavy heart to the miserable abode where lay her suffering mother, her only earthly friend, who she felt must soon be relieved of her misery! But, for herself, the cheerless prospect was to struggle on alone with the coldheartedness of this world, an example of which she had that day been made acquainted with.

She now seemed to be impressed with the thought that that night was to decide their fate. She exerted her utmost energies to obtain something in the shape of fuel for *that night*, but without success. She gathered all the little clothing they had, to cover them with, and strove to

courage her mother to try to bear up one night longer, and hope for better luck on the morrow.

We leave them in their misery to return to Mr. D——. The contrast between the two dwellings is great, although the distance is but a few rods.

Mr. D—— thought no more of the beggar-girl; he supposed she might be an impostor, or might not; at any rate, he did not care to be annoyed by her, and he felt that he had put a final stop to her solicitations, so far as he was concerned.

We have said that Mr. D—— had a little boy. He was the idol of his parents, and a general pet among the servants; and they were frequently in the habit of taking him with them when they went out upon errands in the streets. The man-servant was going out towards night, and he said to the little fellow, jestingly,

"Josey, do you want to go with me?"

"Oh, yes," said the favourite, and ran for his hat.

"But stop," said John, "I did not say I would take you along with me. It is late, and too cold. The next time I go, I will take you."

It was with some difficulty, however, that he pacified him; he started, leaving, as he thought, Josey at home; but he was no sooner gone than the little fellow ran out, unnoticed by the family, and followed him. He was not quick enough to overtake the servant, and on entering the street, he took a wrong direction. In a few moments he was wandering away from home, not knowing whither he went, and with nothing to shield him from the severe cold but his little hat, which he had thrown hastily upon his head.

It was late in the evening when the servant returned, and the family were feeling very anxious about little Josey, as he was never allowed to be out in the evening; but, supposing he was safe with their trusty servant, they waited patiently for his return. We can judge of the surprise and increased anxiety of the parents, when the servant returned without him.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mr. D——, "what have you done with Josey?"

"Indeed, Sir, I left him at home, and have not seen him since," said the affrighted servant.

"What in Heaven's name has befallen my child? He is lost. Haste, quick, to *the crier's*, and search the city for him: it is dark and cold, and if he is exposed, he will certainly freeze. He cannot talk sufficiently to tell where he belongs. I am afraid some dreadful accident has already befallen him!"

Each member of the family and their friends, far and near, were immediately despatched in search of the unfortunate runaway; but no traces of him could be found, and such a night of terrible suspense the parents of the child never before suffered.

Morning came, however, and with it the bright sunshine which made everything look cheerful, save the countenances of the troubled parents of little Josey. They had lost not a moment in search of the missing child, but as yet no tidings of him had been heard. About the middle of the forenoon, the friends all returned, and almost gave up the search as hopeless. In an agony of despair, the naturally hard-hearted Mr. D—— threw himself upon his couch and wept aloud; while his wife was in a state bordering on distraction.

Presently there was a report in circulation that a poor woman and little girl had been found frozen to death in a miserable dwelling not far distant from Mr. D——'s residence. When the news reached the wretched man's ears, he started to his feet as if struck with some terrible shock. Such things were not uncommon, yet Mr. D—— was not in the habit of taking notice of such reports.

But now it seemed as if some unearthly impulse urged him forward! He seized his hat, rushed from the house, and hastened to the spot, where there was a crowd collected round the door. It was but a few moments' walk from his dwelling, but the street where it was located bore a very different aspect.

It was a narrow, filthy lane, and the old, dilapidated buildings, with their broken windows and doors, shewed that there must be suffering there, if in such a place human beings could even exist at all. He was shewn through a narrow passage-way to a low back room, which was made for a cellar, but which at present was the only tenement of a miserable family.

There was a fire-place in one corner, which contained nothing but a little ashes, and a heap of worn-out straw in another corner, on which lay the bodies of the unfortunate victims.

There were various articles of ragged

clothing thrown over them, on removing which, there proved to be *another child*, smaller than the little girl!

The woman lay with her arms clasped around both the children, and it was evident, from their position, that she had drawn them closely to her bosom, in the endeavour to keep them warm from the heat of her own body; but it was more than she was able to do, with the severity of the weather; and she had met with them her untimely end. The three were frozen dead.

As soon as their faces were exposed, Mr. D—— was the first to recognise the bodies. The first was the poor little beggar-girl; and, with a glance at the other child, he gave a shriek which would have pierced the heart of a stone, stood aghast a moment, and then fell heavily on the floor! One glance shewed that it was his *own child!*

No one was left to tell the story, but to the father's mind the sad truth was apparent.

The little frozen hand of his cherished boy still held a crust of bread—the only article of food there was to be seen in the room! It were vain to attempt to depict the multitude of agonizing thoughts which crowded the distracted father's brain, in that terrible moment: words fail to describe them! He contrasted the character of the little beggar's heart with his own. He thought of her whom he had turned penniless from his door, who, pitying his little son, had evidently taken him in from the street, and shared with him her last morsel, and then striven to shield him from the cold by nestling him in her own bosom! *He* had refused her the means of saving the life of his darling son, and *he* was the murderer!

It was too much for human nature. Mr. D—— was borne home senseless, and for many days he merely shewed signs of life, but not of reason. The body of little Josey was taken home by the friends, and buried, but the parents never saw it.

The mother, from the effect of the shock, fell into a fever, from which she never recovered. Mr. D—— at length recovered his bodily health and strength, but he never was a man again. He would frequently have seasons of raving, and would call for his child in the most piteous manner, saying that they had hidden little Josey from him; that he was not dead, but they were keeping him in suspense, only to torture him! At other times he would be calm, and walk the streets day after day, enquiring for his little boy of every one he met!

He was never known to turn away a beggar again from his door, but he would frequently buy bread and carry it with him to distribute among the poor, as he met them about the streets.

Sometimes he would hire people to go about the streets with him in search of his little "runaway," as he called him. In this way he spent many years, and his friends indulged him as long as he was quiet; but at length he became so mad that they were obliged to confine him, and he ended his miserable existence in an insane asylum.

Thus ends the sad history of one who, by a single act of unkindness, sacrificed his own life, with that of his beloved wife and idolized child! "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" and happy is the man who hath such a debtor. No one is safe from accidents; and he who lends to the poor, knows not how soon he may have the favour returned fourfold; for none is so rich but that some day he *may* be grateful for the services of even *a little beggar*.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

"She did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Listening to their fairy chime;
Her slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
She did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on her way,
To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did she feel,
No grating on her vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the water with the land,
Where she was seen no more—
Oh, stern word, nevermore."

How few whose names are written *wife*, *mother*, have any idea or understanding of the solemn responsibilities resting upon them in these relations! A few years of butterfly existence—the finish given at a fashionable boarding-school, a short wooing, a gay bridal, a gayer honeymoon, and the young creature seats herself at last by her own hearthstone, and wonders if life is all a holiday.

Such a one comes up to my recollection; the life of the social circle in which she moved, always carrying sunshine wherever

she went, merry-hearted as a bird, thoughtless of the morrow; light, air, motion, all sources of the keenest enjoyment, roving like the bee from flower to flower, extracting only honey; sensitive, ardent, impulsive, warm-hearted, but "remembering not her Creator," lacking the "one thing needful." I loved her, as did all who knew her, for the world had not yet spoiled her frank and generous nature; but with all that wealth of feeling, and without the guiding-star of religion, I could only say, "May God keep her!"

Her husband was, like herself, fond of the gay world, but fully able to appreciate the strong, deep love she bore him.

A babe was given her. With a flood of joyful tears she welcomed it. At once she became the self-sacrificing, patient, enduring mother. You could not have charmed her away from that babe's cradle, "charmed you never so wisely." Concerts, parties, balls, were alike forgotten; her chief joy was to watch those tiny features—to caress that fragile form. The gay, ringing laugh was heard less frequently—a sweet, calm seriousness marked her whole demeanour. She would sit for hours gazing on its cherub face with moistened eyes. Years passed on. The child grew up a delicate, fragile thing, with large, thoughtful, earnest eyes, through which the soul seemed ever speaking; moved to tears by a strain of sweet melody, or the gorgeous beauty of the sunset cloud—caring naught for the sports of childhood, but, like the child Saviour, "hearing and answering questions."

The love and devotion of Alice for her mother almost amounted to idolatry. At night her fairy hand was outstretched from the little bed, to rest in that of her mother. By day she was ever at her mother's side, with her book, or with those large brown eyes fixed on her mother's face, intensely interested in her conversation. When there were visitors, she would take a seat in some quiet corner, never losing a word, pondering all she heard. If any one advanced an opinion different from the views expressed by her mother, Alice would timidly venture forth and say, "I don't think it *can* be so; *my* mother doesn't think so;" or, "I'm sure you are right, for I've heard *my mother* say so." On these occasions an expression of seriousness, almost amounting to distress, would settle upon the mother's face, and her eyes would often fill with tears.

I watched that mother and child with the *most intense* interest. I looked for the time when all this weight of responsibility should lead her to the foot of the cross. I saw (with spiritual eyes) this child angel invisibly drawing her thither. Nor did I look long, nor in vain. One morning she came to me with a burst of tears, and said, "Oh, teach me how to go with that child to heaven!" I told her simply, earnestly, her duty; she listened with eager interest; nay, more—for, God be thanked, my prayer was heard—she tried hard to perform it.

And now, little Alice's mission on earth being accomplished, the mother's new-born faith and trust in God were to be put to the trial. The Good Shepherd called her lamb gently to his fold. The little feet faltered—the large eyes grew dim. With a flood of bitter tears the mother cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me?" But grace prevailed, and as she closed the child's eyes in death, I heard her pallid lips say, "Not *my* will, but *Thine* be done."

Since then the grave has closed over the husband of her youth; poverty, suffering, and trial have marked her pathway, and now she can look back and see the kindness of her heavenly Father in thus early sheltering the little shrinking lamb from the storm and the tempest.

"Full short their journey was; no dust
Of earth unto her sandals clave;
The weary weight the aged must,
She bore not to the grave.
She seemed a cherub who had lost her way
And wandered hither; so her stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That she should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse her feet,
To stand before her God."

THE ACTRESS.

One day an actress belonging to a theatre in ——— was going through one of the streets in that place, when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices in a poor cottage before her. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom, at the moment of her observation, was giving out the following hymn, which the others joined in singing:—

"Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

"I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls."

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter, by the woman of the house, who had observed her standing at the door. She complied, and remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company; and, uncouth as the expressions sounded, perhaps, to her ears, they carried with them a conviction of sincerity, on the part of the person who used them.

She left the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her. She could not banish them from her mind; and at last she resolved to procure the book which contained it. She did so, and the more she read it, the more decided her serious impressions became. She attended the ministry of the gospel, read her hitherto neglected and despised Bible, and bowed herself in humility and contrition of heart, before Him whose mercy she now felt she needed, whose sacrifices are those of a broken and contrite spirit, and who has declared, that with such sacrifices he is well pleased.

Her profession she determined at once and for ever to renounce; and, for some little time, excused herself from appearing on the stage, without, however, disclosing her change of sentiments, or making known her resolution finally to leave it.

The Manager of the theatre called upon her one morning, and requested her to sustain the principal character in a play which was to be performed the next week for his benefit. She had frequently performed this character to general admiration; but she now, however, told him her resolution never to appear as an actress again, at the same time giving her reasons. At first he attempted to overcome her scruples by ridicule, but this was unavailing; he then represented the loss he should incur by her refusal, and concluded his arguments by promising, that if, to oblige him, she would act on this occasion, it should be the last request of the kind he would ever make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear, and on the appointed evening went to the theatre. The character she assumed required her, on her first entrance, to sing a song; and when the curtain drew up, the orchestra immediately began the accompaniment. But she stood as if lost in thought, and as one forgetting all around her, and her own situation. The music ceased, but she did not sing; and, supposing her to be overcome by embarrassment, the band again commenced. A second time they paused for her to begin, but she did not open her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands, and eyes suffused with tears, she sang, not the words of the song, but,

"Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

It was almost needless to add, that the performance was suddenly ended. While many ridiculed, some were led, from that memorable night, to "consider their ways," and to reflect on the wonderful power of that religion which could so influence the heart, and change the life, of one hitherto so vain and so evidently pursuing the road that leadeth to destruction.

It will be satisfactory to the reader to know, that the change in Miss ——— was as permanent as it was singular; she walked consistently with her profession of religion for many years, and at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A CONTRAST.

A court-room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. The room is as silent as death. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury-box. And, as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude, too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest?* Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid? Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he *cannot* be too earnest; the life of a fellow being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same bystander in the house of God.

Around you are a large company of travelers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant. Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope," and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness, and the undying worm. Even *to-morrow* some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong cryings and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or of fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounces this man "mad;" and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself," from the ardour of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well-nigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from another world? How must they appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe?

Correspondence.

ON WOMAN SPEAKING IN THE CHURCH.*

Our correspondent, Elizabeth, in the October number of "The Church," has endeavoured to establish the right of woman to "speak in the church." She seems aware that she is apparently flatly contradicting the apostle Paul, but endeavours to shew that he could not mean what nearly all readers of the Scriptures understand him to mean. The Society of Friends, with their fundamental notion that all speaking in the church is to be by special motion of the Holy Spirit, are hardly in opposition to the apostle, or even christians generally, since all would allow that if the Holy Spirit commanded to speak, the authority was ample for doing so. The general injunction of the Spirit through Paul, would be held to be superseded by a particular monition for a special case. The prayers and praises of the pious women she mentions have certainly no correspondence with women "speaking in the church;" partly, they were all, apparently, special promptings of the Divine Spirit, and, with the exception of Anna's, they do not appear to have been uttered in the assembly of the people. Anna, however, is expressly termed a prophetess, and appears to have been recognized as such by the people generally. The woman of Samaria certainly did not "speak in the church," and, at best, merely called the attention of the people to a miracle which she alone had witnessed. The usefulness of pious women in the conversion of sinners, has been generally, we apprehend, in that retired and modest way which so befits the sex; but even if her speaking in public has been thus blessed in some instances, it would not, by any means, prove that God sanctioned such agency. How often has an outrageous infidel remark, or some expression of an ungodly man, been the means of awakening a new life in the hearts of others.

But Elizabeth appears to think that her strong point is, the impossibility of Paul's pressing a commandment of the law against the distinct promise of Joel, adverted to in Acts ii. 17, 18, that "daughters and handmaids" should prophesy. Paul, therefore,

* We have received several pieces on this subject, which we should have been glad if we could have used, but as they arrived late, after the following article was written, and as they all express substantially the same views, the writers will agree with us that it would be unnecessary to protong the discussion by inserting them.

she thinks, could only intend to prohibit false or slanderous teaching on the part of women, like that of "the woman Jezebel" in the Revelation. But it is obvious to remark that had the apostle wished merely to repress *such* teaching he would have condemned the doctrines themselves, and have censured them as much if uttered by men as by women. As to the promise of Joel, Paul certainly did not contravene it. Prophecy can never safely be taken as a *rule* of practice; it is an announcement simply of what will be. We may not assume that *we* are the agents. Peter justified himself and his companions, although Galileans, merely (v. 7, and John vii. 52) by referring to prophecy which foretold the miraculous effusion of the Spirit, not merely on regular prophets, but on persons of much humbler pretensions, who, hitherto, had not been thus honoured. The wonderful gifts of Pentecost were thus bestowed, and their wonderful nature was the evidence that the prophecy was rightly interpreted. Peter was as far as Paul from thinking that either the law of Moses, or the law of female modesty, was repealed as the general rule, either by the prophesy, or by its fulfilment.

As to Priscilla *with her husband* instructing Apollos *at their home*, in what he could not know without their information, we think it a very safe model for all who are sure of their being equal to Priscilla, and as much superior in knowledge to some zealous preacher as she *necessarily* was to Apollos. We especially commend to Elizabeth's attention that Priscilla did it *with* her husband, and by "taking him unto them."

Without dwelling longer, however, on subordinate details, we will state what we conceive to have been the apostle's real argument and views on the subject. We do not conceive him to have rested on any mere arbitrary ceremonial command of the *law*, but on the created and natural relations between the man and the woman. We think that he held these to be incompatible with woman's "speaking in the church," at least in any such manner as implied superiority over the man, or even equal rank with him. From the apostle's censuring, in the eleventh chapter of Corinthians, only the praying or prophesying with uncovered head, in violation of Greek ideas of modest clothing, it has been very wrongly inferred that Paul allowed their speaking, provided their heads were covered: wrongly inferred, we say, because it quite overlooks Paul's usual mode of rebuking an error, even as exemplified several times in this very epistle. He always first rebukes it in its more extravagant forms, and proceeds, perhaps through several chapters, and after apparent digressions, to his final judgment. Thus (to pass over some instances less obvious to the superficial reader) in chapter vi. he first condemns their going to law before the *ungodly*, next shews that, as the saints are to judge the world and angels, the very humblest in the church were more worthy to be their judges than wicked men,—then, that they ought to find some *wise* man *in the church* to settle their disputes, and at last comes out with the true christian principle: "you are wholly wrong in having such litigations at all; *you* ought rather to suffer wrong, rather to be defrauded" (Matt. v. 38—41). Thus, again, in the case of eating meat offered to idols, he argues first on the lower grounds, in chapter viii., "you ought not, because of your *knowledge* that idols and their sacrifices are nothing, to grieve the consciences of your weaker brethren by eating. You are not commended to God by eating. You may embolden your still unenlightened brethren to act with a doubting conscience; you ought, as I do (chap. ix.), to sacrifice the right to eat all things for another's good;" till (chap. x.) he advances to an utter condemnation of the whole thing, as utterly inconsistent with their fellowship with Christ, and the expression of that fellowship in the Lord's Supper; and, in the strongest terms, concludes that they can in no wise consistently eat what was recognised by another as having been offered to idols.

And so in the present case. In commencing the 11th chapter, the apostle introduces the subject by establishing the *subordination* of the woman to the man; that as God (in the economy of redemption) is the Head of Christ, and Christ of the man, so is man of the woman; and hence concludes that praying or prophesying, in any dress implying an equality with the man, was utterly unbecoming and contrary to nature. From this indecorum he appears to be led to notice their inconsistency, also, in their conduct at the Lord's Supper; from that again to the general subject of their church teachings and worship, giving them the true views of the subject, asserting strongly the superiority

of love to the most admired gifts, and, therefore (chap. xiv.), the superiority of the gift most useful, both to the converted and unconverted, namely, that of prophecy —nearly or in part identical with teaching. Summing up, therefore, the whole, and finally concluding "that all things should be done decently and in order," he directs how the prophets may prophecy in order; and, reverting to the women, entirely prohibits their speaking "in the assemblies." They are to "be *in subjection;*" as *also* the law says, what they wish to learn (which may not have been spoken upon in the assembly), they are not, as would appear to have been usual then with the men, to ask about *in the assembly*, but "to ask *their husbands* at home." The reason why single women are not adverted to, is, probably, that their speaking in the church was too gross a violation of all ideas of propriety to have been attempted even at Corinth. Such speaking, therefore, as in any way implied superiority to the man (and certainly all teaching, advising, and *leading* worship, appears to do so) is utterly forbidden to women by the apostle. The casual observation, that the law also sanctioned his view, is, probably, after his remarks in chap. xi., to be understood of the statement, Gen. iii. 16, ii. 21—24, also, iii. 6 (all the Pentateuch was then termed the law). The view of the apostle's meaning now given agrees exactly, also, with his language in 1 Tim. ii. 11—14.

And does not cultivated and unsophisticated christian taste quite accord with the dictates of inspiration? Is it any mere *formal* injunction? has it not its root in the most deeply-seated and becoming feelings of our nature? Most readily do we acknowledge that cases have occurred, and we can conceive of many more, in which a "woman's speaking in the assembly" might be a matter of religious necessity, and might be felt by all to be not disobeying the rule, but yielding to the force of providential circumstances: such exceptions, however, are always held to confirm the rule. To shout in the streets, or appear undressed in them, would be revolting to all common sense of propriety; yet, in danger of fire, or murder, it would not be thought of as unbecoming. So we think strong circumstances might justify a departure from the rule which forbids female speaking in *churches, without* bringing any scandal on the name of woman, or the church of which she was a member. Ample at the present time is the scope for modest female zeal;—the young, the sick, the very ignorant, are abundantly open to the gentle, soothing, and winning efforts of woman. There is only too much of *society* work for her to do, if she likes. Never, as a general rule, was the necessity less for woman to take the desk or the platform, or even the "table pew." If, however, any differ from us, we can only say, that we could not wish our mothers, wives, sisters, or even female friends, to be distinguished as speakers in the church. In America, we are aware that the Woman's Rights Question is discussed in a style which would little suit the tastes, we hope, of English females. English women think their chief Right to be the *love* of father, brother, husband; love sufficient to insure their legal and social rights being accorded them. In America, too, we find ladies evincing a strong wish to approximate, in part, to our attire. Let American ladies claim their rights and honours in their own way. We think that both in the church and in society woman's influence is greater in proportion to her retiring modesty; and that even superior-minded women lose half their power if they desert, even in appearance, the natural position and demeanour of their sex. Woman was not made to display her wisdom in public council, but, in the domestic circle, to *win* a way for wise advice in the moments when the heart of man is most yielding. Oh, how mighty *that* influence. Would it were ever used aright!

F. C.

THE JAMAICA MISSION.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Devizes, Wilts, Oct. 8th, 1851.

Dear Brethren,

Permit me to return you my sincerest thanks for your observations on "The Jamaica Mission," in the last number of "The Church." And, if it be not trespassing too much on your columns, allow me also to add something on a topic of so much importance. This I the more readily request, from the deep and extensive interest in Jamaica which I have found to prevail amongst British christians, beyond all I had supposed when toiling with faithful brethren as unnoticed and unaided, under

lming discouragements, as if there sympathies at home which could that important field. What have personal trials of our brethren, it the difficulties which on every e beset them, as pastors of churches from one of the most degraded of the human family, and bearing elves all the pecuniary responsibi- those churches, and the schools d with them, it is not possible for ur columns to explain. But when, rogress of about ten years, *one*- the estates and plantations in the ve been thrown out of cultivation, *thirds* of its capital have been with- om circulation, it will be readily that the difficulties your brethren ne have been of unparalleled mag- nd severity. These difficulties, rith the inroads of disease and ve removed *more than half* of our band from the scene of holy enter- hilst, in most cases, their places are and in others are supplied by na- its of very partial efficiency. It is thrilling expressions of sympathy n extended to Jamaica in conse- f the cholera; and money, for the *bject* of relieving those who have by its ravages, has been generously ed. It is also true that a few l christians at home have helped the brethren in their calamities; to the members of the Society of we are, especially for our schools, er deep and lasting obligations. e uncertain acts of generosity have porarily retarded the manifesta- constantly growing evil; whilst, t been for these, far more general ve been the ruin of that mission t long since was the boast of phi- y, and the glory of the christian

And now, although we have l, and still do cherish, native as far as we can, it is not to that we can look for any great amount diate consolation. Long must be se of preparation before we can ied with a sufficient number of men, able to teach others also," the pastoral care of such churches collected in Jamaica may be with mmitted. The system of modern ry operations has, at least in Ja- rganised and cultivated churches cale so far superior to the people of whom they are composed, that nothing but ruin could result from casting them with too great precipitation upon themselves, for pastoral teaching and superintendence.

It is evident, therefore, that the time has arrived when it devolves on British christians to say whether the mission in Jamaica shall be forsaken and perish; or whether, by a measure of fostering care, such as shall supply important vacancies with English labourers, and arrest the further removal of pastors and teachers by reason of poverty, the evil shall now be stayed. Already our churches have diminished in numbers to the extent of *eleven thousands* or upwards. Brethren still maintaining their ground, are doing so in spite of much weakness or perpetually increasing difficulties. Many who are incapable of returning have recently left the field; and others are on the point of doing so. Upon the few then remaining increasing difficulties will press; and unless something be immediately done, all the future stores of good which would result from the labours, and lives, and treasures, which have been expended on Jamaica, will be "vilely cast away."

I regret to find, from the article already referred to, that you are under the impression that "the churches declined the pecuniary assistance of the society." Allow me to correct this error. The resolution to which you refer was one of the Association of Missionaries, passed at the meeting in Kingston, in February, 1842, without the knowledge of the churches. It related simply to the salaries of the brethren, and expressed *their* determination not to apply to the committee for their own support, except under very peculiar circumstances. It was in the following words:—

"That from the 1st of August next ensuing the members of this association will not draw upon the society's funds for their support, except under very peculiar circumstances; and, in the event of such drafts becoming necessary, none shall be made without the sanction of three of the brethren."

The construction of this resolution is so far from severing the connexion with the society which had ever subsisted, that it actually asserts and maintains it. And for two years afterwards drafts were made upon the society, in accordance with the restrictions laid down, which were duly honoured in London. Let it not, then, be said that the churches or missionaries in Jamaica have drawn destruction upon them-

selves by a suicidal act. An effort, of which, for my brethren's sake, I may boast, was made to relieve the funds of the society, which has unhappily resulted in so much suffering, and in the removal of so many missionaries, that the glory of God is jeopardised, and it devolves on those who are jealous for His honour to see that such measures are immediately adopted as will preserve from further destruction the churches and schools of the Jamaica mission.

An appeal to the Committee alone is not what will meet the urgent necessities of the case. With an overwhelming debt of nearly £6,000, what can the committee do? Who would ask that, under such circumstances, without a special supply of funds, Jamaica should be re-assumed? Let the means for helping Jamaica be forthcoming, in addition to the regular funds of the society, and the hand which is writing "Ichabod" on her temple walls will be withdrawn, and God will yet be seen, "as we *have* seen him in the sanctuary."

I remain, dear brethren,

Your's faithfully,

P. H. Cornford.

Notices of Books.

History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German, by J. E. Ryland. 2 vols. London: Bohn.

The christian public is much indebted to Mr. Bohn for placing this work in his Standard Library. It is, indeed, richly worthy of a place in that truly cheap, because handsomely got up and valuable series of works. It has long been known to many as part of Clarke's Foreign Theological Library; but it is now, by its price, accessible to all. It is well known that even Neander, like the rest of Foreign Theologians, differs from most English Denominations on some points; we do not read him, however, or any other Doctor, as an *inspired* writer; and his lovely christian spirit, vast knowledge of antiquity, and critical sagacity as an historian, render him unquestionably one of the first christian writers of the day,—in his department of Church History, unquestionably the first. This work is the natural and appropriate introduction to his Church History, as, indeed, his Life of Christ (also published in the Standard Library) is to the present volumes. It is replete with information and suggestions for the thoughtful and intelligently enquiring christian. All readers of translations from the German are aware that even in a translation it is not so easy to read a German author as a native one. He must, however, be a shallow student of *such matters*, who would be at all discouraged by so slight a hindrance, one too which in a short time almost entirely vanishes. Mr. Ryland, however, a warm admirer of Neander, has used every effort to make his ideas as easy of apprehension as possible in an English garb; and we can assure our readers that he has made them quite as facile to an Englishman, as Neander himself has to his own countrymen. Not only have we felt his German to be difficult ourselves, but natives have told us that they felt it so too. The translator must not, therefore, be censured for not conveying the thoughts of a profound thinker in a much easier style than his author has done. We are confident, indeed, that very many Englishmen familiar with German will be thankful to Mr. Ryland. To the translation of the Third Edition, as published by Clarke, are now added 122 pages of "additions and corrections from Neander's Fourth Edition." How much better had they been incorporated with the text! This, however, is not Mr. Ryland's fault. The latter 360 pages of the second volume contain one of Neander's most valuable smaller works, a Dissertation on the Writings of Tertullian, the christian father of the second century, who, amongst the Latins, is by far most worthy of attentive study. It is a very instructive essay. In a careful analysis of this *Baptist* father, Neander gives a fund of information on the spirit and opinions of that time, and such an introduction to Tertullian himself, as will be truly valuable to all who would study that writer in his own very difficult Latin, and will give to those who would not or could not incur that toil, all the

ıtion they could wish for. We trust ımes will have the circulation they merit, and we tender both the transıd publisher our cordial thanks for

EST OF EXPERIENCE; OR, THE VOARY PRINCIPLE IN THE UNITED ES OF AMERICA. By JOHN HOWHINTON, A.M. Pp. 124. London: ish Anti-State-Church Association.

ook upon this work as one of great ınce—perhaps one of the most imthat have issued from the press of ti-State-Church Association. "It s," Mr. Hinton says in the preface, mall compass, and at a cheap rate, ıtion gleaned from many and more ve volumes;" but it is by no a *mere* gleaning; Mr. Hinton's and discriminating mind manifests ıroughout; and it would be scarcely ı for any candid enquirer to read ume attentively without being con- of the immense advantage of the ary over the Compulsory principle ion. We do not of course regard ı of argument as the *most* weighty question; but to many minds it is *onvincing* than any other; and we look for considerable results if we aduce our readers and others to put the hands, and recommend it to , of those who have hitherto conously differed from us.

GE AND THE MINISTRY. A SERMON ERED TO THE STUDENTS OF HORTON COLLEGE, ON THEIR REASSEMBLING, AUG. 6TH, 1851. By JAMES WEBB, IPSWICH. PRINTED BY THE REQUEST OF THE STUDENTS. Pp. 27. Leeds: John Heaton; London: Benjamin L. Green.

We heard this sermon delivered with much pleasure, and were exceedingly gratified on learning that it was to be printed. Earnest, practical, and enlightened, its counsels are admirably adapted to improve the character, and extend the usefulness, of the ministry of the age. Our best wishes for the gentlemen to whom the sermon was delivered, and, indeed, for all the rising ministry, is, that they may attain the high standard which Mr. Webb has here put before them, and thus become, as they could not then fail to be, "good ministers of Jesus Christ."

Recent Publications.

Confirmation neither Reasonable nor Scriptural; a Letter of Expostulation to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, Vicar of Lowestoft, by a Confirmed Dissenter. (*Pp.* 12. *London: Jarrold and Sons.*)

A Monument of Divine Grace, as exemplified in the Remarkable Conversion and Happy Death of Hugh Owen, the Shoemaker, the well-known Radnorshire Champion. By the Rev. D. L. Pughe. (*Pp.* 16. *London: H. Hughes.*)

The Worship of Saints and Images: a Lecture delivered in connexion with Monthly United Religious Services. By the Rev. W. Green, Nottingham. (*Pp.* 28. *Nottingham: J. Dunn.*)

A Page for the Young.

MY FIRST LIE.

The way of the transgressor is hard."

way, the *way*, not the consequences , but the *way* is hard. While the the good shines brighter and bright- ; of the bad is darker and darker. I ry much impressed with this truth, ent conversation I held with an acınce of mine. She said she thought ing Europe, but the dread of storms Atlantic withheld her. "I might be d," said she, "and I have no reli-

Again, something was said of the India Islands, when she remarked, uld not like to live there, because of the dreadful earthquakes that country is subject to, and I might be swallowed up in one of them." And so I found that whatever might be the subject up, it had but one idea for her, "Was there any danger of death?" She said to me, "I never lie down at night, but my mind is troubled with the dreadful fear that I may die before morning." And what to me was even more astonishing and distressing, she told me that "all her life long she had felt so." I saw that her way was "hard," not only because of the grievous fear, doubt, uneasiness, restlessness, unsatisfied desire, and tormenting self-accusings, she was con-

stantly made unhappy by, but still more, was it "hard," because she was shut out from the light and peace, the confidence of faith, the satisfaction of hope, that always results from a sincere and abiding communion with "our Father who is in heaven."

And who that has any experience in the "transgressor's way," but will acknowledge it "is hard"? I shall never forget my first lie (if you will excuse the reference to myself), although it happened when I was a very little girl. My younger sister had a cent, with which she wished to buy a fig,—and being too sick to go down to the store herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked *so* very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end, and then I could explain the affair at home. I had scarcely despatched that bit before I wanted it all, and without much more thought I eat up the whole fig! Then when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable,—my own faithlessness,—my sister's disappointment,—I stood disgraced before myself. I had done *very wrong*. I thought of running away off somewhere, I did not know exactly where, but where I should never come back again. It was long before I reached home, and I went as quickly as I could, and told my sister that I had "lost the cent." I remember she cried sadly, but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else, but in vain, my own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched enough.

Although it wanted only a few minutes to our dinner hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event should intervene between me and the lie I had told. I imagined it would relieve me. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner hour came, I was seated in my high chair at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying and looking very much grieved. My father immediately enquired, what the matter was? Then, my mother stated the story, the conclusion of *which was, that* I had "lost the cent." I *can never forget* the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, "where *about* did you lose the cent? perhaps we can find it again." Not for one single instant could I brave that tone and that look, but, bursting into tears, I screamed out, "Oh, I did not lose the cent, I ate up the fig." A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness, and desolation, and dreariness came over me, the impression of which, I presume, will go with me for ever. I left the table; and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But as time wore away, and my father and mother, brothers and sisters, received me back to their love and favour, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

I know the brow of sin sometimes wears the stolen mask of pleasure. But it is only the seeming, not the substance. Can any one commit a greater mistake than to imagine happiness attendant on vice? When avarice blunts every generous sentiment of the soul, envy creeps like a serpent over the heart, withering and deadening all true affection. Ambition tramples beneath its feet the holiest and highest principles. There is no balm for the disquieted heart, but to tear out the viper in the bosom. "The triumph of the wicked is short. The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment." The good man's burden at first seems too heavy, but a few years enduring integrity, and the yoke is easy, the burden light. The habit of any vice cannot long be concealed. Human nature was not made for hypocrisy. Every vice has its own peculiar foot-prints. Society knows evil to be the great enemy of its peace. How hard it is for the bad man to turn back! Yet he can do it. Only his will enchains him. God cannot ask what man cannot do. Let us not take sanction under the saying, "The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard its spots." Our gospel is built on the return of the prodigal. What we heartily desire we obtain. The feeling seems to prevail, that it is not safe to break off from sin at once. The path of such half-way endeavours is

short. The partial reformer has
lled watchfulness to sleep. We are
ver by the angels. Let the search-
of God keep the chambers of our
lean. The only pleasure that dies
the using, is when temptation has
ercome, when passion has been sub-
hese colour our earth with the holy
heaven. Let us live the life of the
us, so that we may die the death of
teous, and so, in the beautiful lan-
of David, we shall be satisfied when
ke in His likeness.

'HE IDLE ARE ALWAYS UNHAPPY.

, dear me!" sighed little Robert
as he leaned his head against the
indow, and looked out, "I don't
acation is very good fun, after all;
ed of playing, and tired of reading,
n't think of anything else to do."
at if you should try *working* a
said his sister Mary, who sat at the
indow, busily sewing. "I dare say
would like to have you help them
the hay, and—"

I ain't going to *work* in vacation,
e. Father told me that if I didn't
, I needn't do a single thing except
myself; and I don't mean to."

; but at the same time he told you
u would find yourself very much
n, if you thought you could be happy
tirely idle; and he said he should
much surprised if you did not come
for something to do, before the va-
vas over."

ll, I don't care; I *know* that it is
ter to play than to work, whatever
y say to the contrary."

it is for a little while; but you see
, how soon you are tired of it."

ll, I shall get rested pretty soon."

, a little hay-making would rest you

ll you I *won't* work in vacation, so
dn't say any more about it," and
his straw hat, Robert ran out of the

First he took his ball and threw it
the wall a few times, but pretty
ball went over the shed, and Robert
o tired," as he said to himself, to go
it. So he sat down in the swing,
ad no one to swing him, and it was
h work to swing himself, so he took
, and, as there was a fine wind, it
soon rose to the full length of the string. But Robert found it made his arms ache to hold on to the stick, so he wound it up and sat down on the step to consider what he should do next.

It was a beautiful summer day, and as Robert looked around he saw the little brook before his father's house glittering in the sun, and looking so merry and pleasant, that he jumped up and ran down towards it, to see if he could not find something there with which to amuse himself. He sat down for a little while under the great willow on the bank of the stream, and watched the little waves so busily dancing along; and he wondered where they all went to, and why they were always in such a hurry. But the wavelets could not speak to tell him, and so, after looking at the swift current a little longer, Robert picked up some little twigs, and, standing on the little bridge, amused himself by throwing them into the brook, and seeing how quickly they would come through on the other side. But he was soon tired of this sport, and resting with both arms upon the rail and crossing his feet, he leaned listlessly over, and gazed at the shining brook.

He was aroused from his dream by the sound of merry voices coming toward him, and, looking up, he saw Susan Brown, the daughter of a neighbour, coming towards the brook, with a great pitcher upon her head, while her little sister Lizzy ran after, chattering and laughing as if she felt very happy.

"Why, what a great pitcher, Susy!" said Robert: "is it not very heavy?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind it when the weather is pleasant." So saying, she dipped the pitcher into the brook, and when it was filled she again raised it towards her head; but Robert said:

"You had much better let me carry it."

"Well, if you like," said Susy, laughing.

"And I will bring another one up for you afterward, if you wish," said Robert.

"Thank you; I should like it very much, for I have got to fill the barrel for mother, and I will give you a pail, and you can help me, if you like."

"Yes, I should admire it," said Robert, with sudden animation; and for half an hour he worked steadily, carrying the pails and emptying them into the barrel. At the end of that time he felt quite warm and

tired, but the barrel was full, and both Susy and her mother thanked him very much, and Mrs. Brown gave him an apple turnover, which she had just baked, and which tasted nicer to Robert than anything he had eaten since vacation commenced. After eating this, he went home, and the same afternoon he told his father that he meant to help him part of every day until school commenced again; for, said he,

"I find there is no work so hard as trying to amuse myself."

Miscellaneous.

THE TESTIMONY OF BAPTISTS AS A DENOMINATION.—Great is the responsibility now resting on those who have been baptized upon the personal profession of faith and repentance. Separated by widely divided classes, by mutual ignorance, and repelling prejudices, humanly speaking, it is little that we can do for our countrymen and for the world. But we have a clear testimony to deliver to all with whom we may speak; the first, and most expressive, is that of a holy life: we must be living epistles, and so be read—*that* is the only testimony which many will receive. The person who has been the chief instrument of reviving and promulgating the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and who has passed from the Established Church into that of Rome, professed that he could not be against a communion so fruitful in saints. Others, who have accepted the idea of Church authority, but who have doubts as to the claims of the English Church on their obedience, justify themselves in yet remaining in the Established Church, because there have been, and are, holy men in that communion. Both Anglican and Romanist declare that the sacraments administered by priests, who are "in the place of God," are the only means of spiritual life and holiness. Be it ours, then, to shew, that while utterly rejecting priests as in the place of God, and sacraments as efficacious to regenerate and sanctify, we yet shew forth the life of faith and of holy obedience, bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit; thus demonstrating that the truth believed *is* efficacious, while sacraments fail of efficacy. Be it ours to cultivate greater love and reverence to the Word of God, to acquire a more intimate knowledge of it, and, by its rich indwelling, find light, power, wisdom. Five hundred years before the Reformation, believers, baptized upon a profession of their faith, were witnesses for God, when darkness covered the so-called Church, and gross darkness the people; their blood was the first shed in this land for the truth. The fifty thousand slaughtered saints of the valley of Piedmont, who kept the faith, "when all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones," and who yet cry against "the Church" from beneath the altar, were baptized believers, upon whose general slaughter night rested upon Europe. At the Reformation, and after the *Reformation*, baptized believers had to lay *down their lives*, and to seal their testimony to the sole authority of Scripture, and the individual responsibility of man to God. And now, when death has passed upon the national Churches of the Reformation, our brethren have to testify and to suffer. The pastors of Lutheran Denmark are little else than police functionaries, and the Church an organisation without spiritual life. There, at this time, the baptized believer has to endure wrong and persecution. In Prussia—land of boasted toleration and enlightenment, where Jew and Catholic, Old Lutherans and New Lutherans, are paid and patronised as State Churches—even there, bonds and imprisonment, and civil death, is at this time the portion of the believer who in faith is baptized; while baptism of infants has been enforced by the civil power, and is declared to be essential, even to civil life. *We* are not thus called upon to suffer while asserting the sole authority of our Lord and of his Word, and while affirming that no act can, in the nature of things, be a religious act, unless it be voluntary—the act of a conscious and intelligent moral agent. Prelates, as did lately Dr. Wilberforce, may say that Dissenters, and amongst them Baptists, are to be preached against; and to this we may not object: and if, while preaching against our alleged "errors," prelates and clergy will teach the people "out of the Scriptures," according to the vows they have taken—remembering, too, the rubric which enjoins dipping as the mode of baptism—prelates and clergy doing this, far be it from us to complain. Be it ours, in meekness and forbearance, and in the fear of God, to exercise that which is the right and the duty of those who are not only citizens of a free state, but who are also the subjects of a spiritual kingdom. The happiness here and hereafter of our fellow-men, and the glory of our Lord, alike call us to labour for them and to advance his honour; and while working out our own salvation with fear and trembling (it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure) appearing to be the sons of God, without rebuke, shining as lights in the world, and "holding forth the Word of Life" (Phil. ii. 16).—*From the Circular Letter of the Oxfordshire Association, by Mr. Worne.*

THE CLAIMS OF THE YOUNG.—Speaking after the manner of men, the church as well as the world needs the conversion of the young. Shortly those who constitute the visible churches of Christ now on earth

emoved to nobler scenes. Memen- ie mortality of the disciples of Jesus) means wanting. We are perpetu- e conversant with the fact, that in the soul is no safeguard against k of death upon the body, and that ch of God is not a sanctuary into ie destroyer cannot enter. The) venerable, and the holy, are laid) beneath his stroke. One genera- · another has seen the visit of the ny, made from pew to pew, from) pulpit, and from dwelling to , carrying away the disciples of the us, and thus producing the indeli- ession that they as well as others). Of all this the history of your ciation affords affecting illustration. hers, where are they? and the pro-) they live for ever? The names red men will at once occur to you. o were long the glory of our de- on, and who were once intimately d with this association, and after- ith others that branched from it, ow not seen in your annual gather- hey are gone to breathe the pure o enjoy the perfect light and glory tter land. The Saviour they loved, se cross they preached with "an rom the holy one," has added them avenly assembly. And year after column for deaths in our circular es the removal of not a few of the of our churches. These are facts ould make us concerned to see the baptized for the dead." Where fied spirits of the departed fathers hren are, you will shortly arrive. the captain of salvation is con- you. You may well rejoice in the of a re-union with those gone ou. But while you rejoice, you rnestly seek to lure the young into r with the Gospel, that when you they may contribute to the advance- hat cause, which, notwithstanding es of death, must prevail in the il it secures to itself a scene of as wide as the habitable globe.— *Letter of the Western Baptist on, by the Rev. E. Edwards.*

IS IT IS.—Were the time of our eseen, what a melancholy character impart to the pursuits and occu- f the human race! If every man moment of his death continually n, how would his thoughts be fixed to the fatal spot; and, upon its near approach, the consideration of it would probably absorb every other. With respect to our fellow-creatures, how would it poison the springs of enjoyment, were parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, able to calculate with certainty the period of each other's lives! We should seem to be walking among the victims of death—the scenes of human existence would lose all cheerfulness, animation, and beauty. The interests of society would also sustain more serious injury. Many great and noble enterprises would never have been begun, could the persons who, in the hope of life, engaged in them, have foreseen that, before they could be concluded, they themselves would be snatched away by the hand of death. Many discoveries, by which great benefit has been conferred on the world, would not have been elicited. No efforts, probably, would be made to attain any object, the consequences of which terminate with the life of the party, if he foresaw that they would be intercepted by death. Who would venture to engage in any lucrative employment, if he certainly knew the benefit would not be even partially realized during the term of his mortal existence? —But happily for mankind, events are concealed—duties only are made known.—*Hall.*

FAITH IN DARKNESS.—Believing, in darkness, on God's bare word, where nothing like fulfilment of the promise is to be seen, is certainly a great and glorious thing, by which God is honoured; and oh, that such a faith were more frequently found amongst us! Alas, even where true faith really exists, it is but too generally in a state of conflict, and seldom triumphant and perfected. You find yourself, for instance, in a critical situation; the cares of this life and domestic embarrassments press you down; you can see no outlet—every human prospect of help is vanished. You now get an insight into the promises of God: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Fear thou not, I am with thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands!" You know that He who thus speaks addresses *you*, and that his word is truth. You take the word as a staff in your hand; you hope the best where, to all outward appearance, there is nothing to hope; you believe in the dark. This is believing the word of God. But have we, generally, such a faith as this?—*F. W. Krummacher.*

Intelligence.

EN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN AID E BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

esday evening, Oct. 14th, the third eeting of this Association was held aptist Mission Library: W. H. Esq., presided; and, after the Rev. John Clark of Brown's Town, Jamaica, had supplicated the divine blessing, briefly introduced the business of the meeting. The secretary (Mr. Thomas J. Cole) having read the report, resolutions approving of the course pursued by the committee during the past year, and urging the continuance of

similar efforts, were proposed by the Rev. C. M. Birrell of Liverpool, S. Davies of Wallingford, G. W. Fishbourne of Bow, Isaac New of Birmingham, R. W. Overbury of Eagle-street, and Wm. Walters of New-Park-street, London. The objects of this Association, as stated in the report, are the diffusing of missionary information, and endeavouring to increase a missionary spirit among young men: the encouraging and aiding Sunday School children, and the young generally, in making systematic efforts on behalf of missions; and the cheering the hearts, and strengthening the hands of the missionaries, in their educational efforts. The committee have carried out these objects during the past year, by the delivery of lectures to young men, the holding of missionary prayer-meetings, and the contributing articles upon missionary subjects to various periodicals. They have also delivered fifty illustrated lectures on India, in the metropolis and the provinces, by means of which, upwards of 23,000 persons were made acquainted with the state and claims of the Baptist Mission in the East. In addition to which, their deputations have attended many juvenile meetings, and visited many country schools, endeavouring to establish juvenile missionary auxiliaries in every direction, and place them upon a secure basis. We are glad to find that the Association is making its efforts tell on the important work of education; much time and thought has been spent in obtaining an exact knowledge of the educational wants of each station; and, by appeals to the juvenile auxiliaries, this Association has obtained permanent support for thirteen of these mission schools, and gives promise of still greater results during the coming year.

STEPNEY COLLEGE.

The opening of the session of this institution took place on the 17th of September. A public meeting was held in the afternoon, in the College chapel, G. T. Kemp, Esq., treasurer, in the chair. Dr. Hoby read the report, which opened with an expression of gratitude to God that the condition of the college was, in all respects, satisfactory. Its usefulness had been increasing, and it was trusted would still increase. The examiners' reports shewed that the students had made great proficiency, which was a matter for rejoicing, while it reflected great honour upon the tutors. The students who had concluded their studies and left the college, had been settled over vacant churches. The number of students now in the college was twenty. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. Dr. Cox, Dr. Peck (of Boston, U.S.), D. J. East, J. G. Pike, S. Cowdy, B. W. Noel, and W. B. Gurney, W. H. Bond, and J. Purkess, Esqrs.; and a deep feeling pervaded the speeches, of the great importance—in these days of restless enquiry, bold speculation, and vain conceit—of a sound scriptural education for our rising ministry. A large company afterwards partook of an excellent tea, which had been provided in the College; and in the evening the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel delivered an address to a large audience in Stepney Meeting (Rev. J. Kennedy's), kindly lent for the occasion. A change having occurred in some of the offices of the institution, all communications for the secretary should be addressed to the Rev. Geo. Wm. Fishburne, 33, Moorgate-street, London, to whom it is requested that all subscriptions may be paid, and post-office orders made payable.

RECOGNITION SERVICES, NEW-PARK-STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

On Thursday, the 16th of October, the Rev. W. Walters was publicly recognised as pastor of the church assembling in the above place of worship. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A. commenced the afternoon service by reading appropriate portions of Scripture and engaging in prayer; after which the Rev. C. M. Birrell of Liverpool delivered a deeply interesting and impressive charge to the minister from Acts vi. 4. The Rev. J. Angus, M.A., President of Stepney College, and formerly pastor of the church, offered up the recognition prayer, and the Rev. J. Aldis affectionately addressed the people. The Rev. R. W. Overbury closed by prayer. At the close of the service a large number of the friends present withdrew to the school-room, where tea had been provided. At half-past six worship was again commenced in the chapel. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., had kindly engaged to preach, but in consequence of the death of a near relative was unable to be present. The introductory services were conducted by the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D.; after which the Rev. C. Stovel preached a searching and powerful sermon to the congregation from 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. The Rev. G. B. Thomas concluded the services of the day by imploring the Divine blessing. Mr. Walters has entered on his labours in this large field with encouraging prospects of usefulness and happiness. May God continue his blessing.

TAMWORTH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

On Monday, September 22nd, a public tea meeting was held in the Town-Hall, Tamworth, by the friends of the Baptist church in this place, when they invited their esteemed pastor, Mr. Massey, to meet them there, to present him with a testimonial of their respect and esteem. About two hundred sat down to tea. After tea, Mr. Bissett, of Birmingham (an intimate friend of Mr. Massey), was called to fill the chair; and the Rev. J. Davis, Baptist minister, of Willenhall, in the name of the members and friends of the church, and in an appropriate speech, presented to Mr. Massey a handsome skeleton spring clock, bearing a suitable inscription. Mr. Massey, in an eloquent speech, acknowledged the testimonial; after which, very interesting and animating speeches were delivered by the Rev. T. Johnson, Independent minister; the Rev. G. Staples, of Measham; and Messrs. T. Watton and T. Argyle, Wesleyans.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

DECEMBER, 1851.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"The Lord helped me."—*Psalm* cxviii. 13.

The Psalmist had been reviewing his toils, his trials, and his dangers; he commemorates his deliverances, his conquests, and his triumphs; and he ascribes the whole to the help of God. If God had not helped him, his faith had failed, his expectations had been disappointed, and his foes had prevailed. Through the Lord he did valiently; and now, with joyful heart, he records the loving kindness of the Lord. How sweet to look back upon the rough road, the bloody battle-field, the scenes of peculiar trial, when we have arrived at some pleasant resting-place, enjoy peace within and around us, and see our trials as past exercises. Then, if ever, gratitude will work within us, and praises will flow from our tongues and pens. Delivered from the mouth of the lion, and the paw of the bear, we thankfully acknowledge, "*the Lord helped me.*"

In looking back we see that we have needed help, and more help than any creature could afford us. The daily cross, the inward conflict, the domestic troubles, the perplexities of business, the state of the church, the affairs of the world, have all combined to teach us, that Divine help was necessary. If God had not helped us, we had fallen into sin, we had disgraced our profession, we had been crushed by our foes, we had fainted under our trials, or we had apostatised from the faith. God only knows what would have been the result, if we had been left to our own resources. We needed help in infancy, in youth, in manhood; we needed help in prosperity and in adversity; we needed help in temporals and in spirituals. We found our own strength to be weakness, and our own wisdom to be folly. The feeblest of our foes would have been more than a match for us, and the least corruption in our hearts would have overcome us. And we need help *now* as much as we ever did; for, except the Lord help us, our foes will yet triumph over us, our crosses will prove to be too much for us, and we shall faint in the day of adversity. We *feel* that we need help at present; we feel it in the field of labour, we feel it on the bed of sickness, we feel it in the church of God, and we feel it at the throne of grace.

The Lord has promised help. He has said, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." And because his people feel themselves to be vile, weak, and incompetent; because their foes despise them, scoff at them, and treat them with contempt, he stoops to speak to them according to their own

views of themselves, and their enemies' representations of them, and says, "Fear not, I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." When the Lord helps, you see a worm can scatter mountains, and conquer the most formidable foes; and the Lord has promised thus to help the poorest, the meanest, the most despised of his people. Oh, precious promise, of a good and gracious God! It extends to all times, it embraces all circumstances, it belongs to all believers, and it ensures us a triumph over all our foes. Nor is it a solitary promise, only once made, only recorded in one place in God's book. No; it is repeated again and again. When his people fancied that he had neglected them; when their hearts were rising against him, and their mouths complaining of him, he comes forth to correct their mistake, to still their fears, and to silence their complaints. He refers to their knowledge of his character and perfections; to his constant dealings with his people; and promises not only to help them, but to do exceeding and abundantly above all that they could ask or think. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, 'My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God'? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." This gracious promise, in all its glorious meaning, belongs to us. Let us understand it, believe it, plead it before God's throne, and expect its fulfilment.

The Psalmist had sought help of the Lord. "In the day of my trouble, I cried unto thee." If God has promised, we should pray. The promises tell us what God is willing to do, and to give; but God intends that we shall believe his word, and apply to him for the needed blessing. When troubles drive us to the Bible, and to the throne of grace, they do us good; they are sanctified to us. This is the effect they are intended to have. Help may be had, but help must be sought. It is sometimes the case that we "have not, because we ask not, or because we ask amiss." God is willing to help us; but he says, "you shall feel that you cannot do without me; you shall come and ask me; you shall believe my word; you shall wait my time; and you shall receive the help you need in my way." We do not always understand what the Lord means, or we do not cheerfully submit to God's method; and therefore we are left for a time without the needed, the desired, help. Let us endeavour to understand God's method, to approve of God's plan, to wait at God's throne, to watch in God's ways; and then, in reference to every trial, trouble, or conflict, we shall have to say, "*The Lord helped me.*"

Help had been received: not once or twice, but all through the writer's pilgrimage. But there were some special seasons in which the Lord displayed his power, and manifested himself as the hearer and answerer of prayer. Just so has it been with us. We have had daily help, for we could not live the christian life without; but we have had special help in times of peculiar trouble and trial. We can look back with David to the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites to the hill Mizar. We can *remember* the lion, the bear, Goliath, and Saul. Times of peculiar *danger* were times when we received special help; and we may say, with

the apostle, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, and I was delivered." And again, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." Where had we been now, but for supplies of the Spirit of Christ? but for special interferences of Divine Providence? but for the necessary communications of Divine strength? Yes, the strength of Jesus has been perfected in our weakness; we have found his grace to be sufficient for us, and to the praise of his glorious grace, in reference to all our trials, troubles, and conflicts, we can say, "*The Lord helped me.*"

Help is here gratefully acknowledged. The least we can do is to be grateful for the help we have received; and yet this is the very last thing which some think of; they pray, receive, and forget to acknowledge, except stirred up by some special event. Few Ebenezers are set up by some professors of religion on the road to glory; they but seldom sing with a grateful heart, "*The Lord helped me.*" Indeed, we are all defective here. Oh, that God would pour out upon all his people a spirit of gratitude, and not teach us the value of our mercies by the loss of them! The help we have received is only introductory to what our God intends to give; for his mercies are like a chain, and every link draws the next nearer to us, until we receive the crowning mercy, even life for evermore. Let us, therefore, look to the Lord as our helper; remember that he is a very present help in trouble; and endeavour to say boldly as the apostle directs us, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." What can man do that shall harm us, if God is with us, and for us? What is the power of the mightiest mortal if matched with Omnipotence? Oh, beloved, it is an unspeakable mercy to have God for our helper; and to be able to look back upon our past course, and trace the helping hand of God working for us, working with us, and working out our deliverances! Let us reflect upon past help, as Paul upon past deliverances, and draw the same conclusion as he did, "He who hath helped us in time past, who doth help us at present, in Him we trust that He will yet help us." And if we honour the Lord by trusting him, he will be sure to honour us, by helping us under all our difficulties, and out of all our troubles. So that to us may be applied the language of Moses, the man of God, respecting Israel; "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, 'destroy them.' Israel shall then dwell in safety alone: the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and of wine; also, his heavens shall drop down dew. Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places."

CHARITY—A MICROGRAPH.*

BY THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, OF SALFORD.

"The greatest of these," says the noble Paul, in speaking of the three Christian Graces—superior, as heaven to hades, to the whole bevy of Mythologic Graces imagined by the Greeks,—"the greatest of these is Charity!" Not the Charity which ostentatiously draws forth a long purse filled with sovereigns, and picks out one as a contribution to a Benevolent

* A Micro-graph is a little sketch, as a Micro-cosm is a little world, and a Photo-graph a light-sketch, *i.e.*, a portrait sketched by the light. The naturalization of such Greek compounds is, from time to time, *enriching* (?) our language,—a sufficient excuse, we hope, to obtain the indulgent reader's pardon for this addition to the tribe.

Institution, which will duly print the donor's name in full, and give him back a tithe of the subscription in the shape of an Annual Report; nor the Charity which tosses a penny to a beggar to get rid of the annoyance; but the Charity which, after coming down from above, becomes a clear bright spring, transforming, where it goes, the desert into a garden, and feeding the life-juices of many a dear flower that else would lose its colour, droop its lovely head, and die. Charity is not any particular act or acts, for then it would be confined to a few, so situated as that they could do them: much less is it a floating feeling that rises and dissolves upon the mind, like a fleecy cloudlet on the brow of a summer's day. Charity is a principle, or sentiment, or passion, of which *disinterested affection* is the essential soul. There is no such phrase in her vocabulary as, "I am charitable because it is my duty." It is thy duty, oh, man, assuredly enough! Thou mightest learn *that* from the inhabitants of the lair and the kraäl! Being a duty, God has not left himself without a witness of it in thy conscience, and a judge, too, whom thou mayest deceive, but not for ever! But thou art charitable only as a duty? Then thou hast not charity at all, nor canst thou perform thy duty. Charity, used to the warm sunliness of heaven, will not fly into a breast like thine. It is too cold for her,—it is an ice-cage. And you would chain her by your notions of duty? She cannot live there and thus, accustomed as she is to sit on the flaming tongues of the angel-host, and to roam at large and lose herself in the broad unfathomable heart of the Deity!

But if Charity consorts not with the man who has an eye, and a dull one, to duty alone,—the very sort of eye to miss the object of its search,—she has almost as little liking for the heart that is always in a sentimental simmer, and exhausts itself in bubbling very prettily about the woes and wants of humanity. Such beings are what they were when born. They have opened their leaves as any plant could do; and if the scent be sickly sweet, and not intolerably rank, they, above all creatures, have no right to glory in themselves. They have only *vegetated:* they are what fortunate natural biases and education have made them; and men should regard them much with the same feelings as they do a kitten, which is not a tiger. But to see such innocent-hearted people anoint themselves with the oil of flattery *because they are not tigers,* is a comico-serious spectacle which nothing but the unalienable immortality of the self-anointers saves from becoming ridiculous altogether. Charity does not reside in doing to a nicety what we think duty requires, but neither does it consist in mere good nature, the product perchance of healthy nerves and a good digestion. Charity is disinterested affection sustained by a consciousness of rectitude. *Sustained,* we say, for we speak of poor frail man, and he needs such support. Sympathy we have none with the Rochefoucault coldblooded sophistry which denies disinterested affection in men;—but full well we know,—I feel it, reader, do not you?—that being Adam's children, the love-glowing sentiment needs to be refreshed by an approving conscience, else it would flag and weary, having such a heavy mass of self-love to impede and harass it. Wherever Charity dwells there must, indeed, be a consciousness of rectitude; but, perhaps, with angels and glorified souls, it is so much their nature to love, that if the moral sense gave no token of approval they would continue loving on; or, to put it more cautiously, Charity is so much a sanctified power and instinct within them, that they have not to depend, as we have, upon the aids and incitements which a commending conscience supplies.

We rejoice in the degree to which Charity prevails in the wide places, and nooks, and corners of our isle, and through the whole of this ocean-*bound sphere.* Disinterested affection for mankind may not be so par-

tially and scantily distributed as we are apt to fancy, judging by the reserve men maintain towards one another, or the vile impositions which are practised on the confiding (yet does not the extent of these impositions teach a cheerful as well as a gloomy tale? are they not the charitable who are deceived?). But what man has perpetual equanimity? who is always the same? and it does happen at times that Charity, without being turned out of doors, is put under lock and key, and the more boisterous feelings get room to puff and blow away. This is unseemly and improper, against which a *nota bene* of warning should be set up; yet, the fact being as we have stated, a liberal discount should be taken from the apparent evidence for the limited prevalence of this transcendent virtue.

And wherein does *christian* charity differ from and excel natural charity? In this—and we write with as much reverence as we hope the reader peruses what is written—that it has the Eternal and Infinite, who is Love, for its supreme object of exercise and desire. It sees Him in the thousand-fold reflecting mirror of nature, and it sees Him in the person of Jesus, where it beholds itself in its most divine and effulgent form;—in the form of mercy, a development of love which took the angels by surprise. Jesus it devoutly loves, and delights in Him; and the faith that is fixed upon Him, working by this love, purifies the heart. Then, having ascended, it must descend,—it cannot pass by the offspring of God. It follows the steps of the Man of Sorrows, who was also the Man of Compassions, and as it tracks Him in his pilgrimages of beneficence, going about doing good, it carries out in its own sphere that immaculate example—striving to take a perfect copy; and where there is suffering to remove, natural or moral evil to expunge, especially the ills that disease the soul, it applies itself arduously to relieve and remedy, working with anxious thoughtfulness to ascertain whether it cannot prevent; for genuine Charity invariably chooses to prevent rather than to cure. Therefore she is practical—the Queen of the Graces—Paul has crowned her so—and yet a veritable "maid of all work." She can never doze and be a dreaming sluggard. She must be labouring, doing her "Father's business." She is not slow or miserly in giving gold and silver and pence, or time and trouble, or clothing and bread, and dingy coals; for Charity, like light, is never sullied by what she comes in contact with,—(and coal, in these winter days, will look bright in the cellars and fire-grates of the poor). She is lavish of all, and niggardly of nothing, and "to do good and to communicate," she forgets not.

Oh, how beautiful is Charity in everything and everywhere! She is "all glorious within,"—more truly glorious than an empress clothed in gold of Ophir. How attractive in the least things! infusing more comfort into a kind word than is contained in a money-bag, and making a note of condolence esteemed of more value than a note issued from the Bank. How charming is she when employed in reasoning and discussion, in judging of the motives of others, and in expelling, with one victorious smile of hers, a horde of the imps of bigotry.

But Charity must be under the guidance of intelligence if she is ever to have her perfect work. Without knowledge and wisdom to direct her, she would, like zeal, make havoc where she ought to heal. To scatter a fire, instead of smothering it, would only extend it; and so Charity, unless allied to Prudence, may augment instead of diminishing the evil that abounds.

A few words more, and we will lay down the pen of the scribe. We were recently witness to one of those experiments, which have been repeated in several places, designed to test the efficiency of "Phillips' Fire Annihilator." A small tank of tar was ignited and furiously blazed, to

when the vapour contained in the machine was applied, the flames flew out with astonishing expedition. A wooden building, erected for the purpose, was also fired, and the devouring element rushed wildly from the roof and window-frames, but as soon as the vapour was brought to bear it retreated and expired with magical despatch. Such a vapour is Charity to the fires of wrath: and what a great fire a little love extinguishes! Anger, with all its wicked and pestiferous consequences, sinks before it. The flames of discord which wrap families and kingdoms in their scorching folds die when it breathes upon them. May Charity, then, extend its holy triumphs; and let our first prayer be, that our hearts may possess it more abundantly, as the fruit of that Divine Spirit which is given to all who ask, believing that they shall receive.

THE SUFFERER'S COMPLAINT.

"All these things are against me."

A grievous mistake the patriarch made when he uttered that complaint! All things *against* him? Was it "against him" to have that favourite boy, Joseph (whose supposed loss he was bewailing), made the lord of Egypt? Was it "against him" that Benjamin was taken from his arms to be brought back again laden with a brother's munificent bounty? Was that all-wise Providence, that he so faithlessly distrusted, working "against him" when it evolved at last such a merciful preservation for him and all his house from famine? The man who had wrestled with God at Penuel, and experienced the deliverances which the brook Jabbok had witnessed, should never have vented such words as those.

But the race of mistrusting Jacobs has not yet passed away. The assurances of the christian's Bible, united to the christian experiences of forty centuries, have not been sufficient to hinder those who have been tried as Jacob was, from complaining as Jacob did, "All these things are against me."

I stand beside the sick-bed of one who is but ill-accustomed to such hours of suffering and pain. His frame is racked with anguish. The fever is drinking dry his blood. On his uneasy bed he tosses to and fro; and as he remembers many requirements of his neglected business, he is ready to say, "All things are against me!" But in that lonely chamber he is brought near to the gates of eternity. The flames of the pit flash in his face. His sins rise with appalling terrors before his awakened conscience. He cries out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" As he rises once more from that couch of suffering, which has been to him the birth-place of his spiritual life, and goes back again into a world now less dear to him than before, his grateful song is, "It was *good* for me that I was afflicted! Blessed be God for that near view of eternity; but for that my soul had been lost!"

Mayhap these lines may reach some one who can recall the remembrance of an earthly idol which once held far too high a place in the temple of her affections. Her life was bound up in the life of the lad. To that idol he was "joined;" but a merciful God would not "let her alone" in her idolatry. At length the trial came. In terror and dismay she saw how the colour began to fade out from the cheek, and the much-loved voice has died into a murmur. Each sweet word fell fainter and fainter from his tongue. The mark of the destroyer grew fatally vivid, and in her wild despair she cried out, "All these things are against me. Let me not, O *God, see the death* of the child!" And when the breath of the departed *one no longer* fanned her cheek, like David has she exclaimed, "Would

God I had died for thee, my son! my son!" But when the first gush of maternal anguish has passed away, she has had time to look about her and see her danger,—a danger from which she is now delivered. Now she beholds with terror and compunction, how ungrateful was that idolatry,—how completely her affections were stolen from the Saviour, how she was leaning on a reed, and how perilous was that guilty idolatry to her soul. It is not, therefore, the melancholy pleasure of knowing that that tender plant,—taken away by angel-reapers from the "evil to come,"—now blooms amid the paradise of God, which alone sustains her, but the sense of *rescue* from a state of guilt and forgetfulness of God, and a rescue, too, by the merciful hand of that very neglected and forgotten Father in heaven. This, more than all, fills the smitten soul with a strange and trembling gratefulness, and prompts the heart-breaking confession, "What have I now to do with idols? Whom have I in heaven *but thee?* and there is none on earth whom I desire beside thee."

The record-book of christian experiences has many such narratives to disclose. In this way earthly bereavements have been sent to save the soul from the worst of all bereavements,—the loss of God's favour. Many a commercial bankruptcy has saved from a bankruptcy of the soul. As the idolized riches of this world have taken to themselves wings and flown away, the disappointed soul has been led to look *higher*, even toward those treasures which no moth can corrupt, and no thief can reach. Many a sick-bed has delivered the sufferer from a bed in hell! "There," said a young man once, as he pointed to a diseased limb that was destroying his life,—"there it is; and a precious treasure it has been to me. It saved me from the folly of youth,—it made me cleave to God as my only portion; and I think it has now brought me very near to my Father's house." It may be "against" the ungodly worldling to go to the house of mourning, but the true saint finds it often a meet preparation for the Marriage Supper. It may go "against" the enemy of God most fearfully, to lay his head on a dying pillow; but to the saint that pillow is one of down,—for

> "While he feels his heart-strings break,
> How sweet the moments roll;
> A mortal paleness in his cheek,
> But glory in his soul!"

All things are indeed "against" the sinner, while he remains a sinner; but in my Bible I find that "all things work together *for good* to them that *love God*, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

THE SOUL'S RECORD.

A HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF 1851.

"We bless thee for all that is past, and trust thee for all that is future."—*Jay's Family Prayers.*

Praise for the Past! its hours of joy,
Their soft, reflected light;
Nor less for days of darker hue,
That waned with lingering flight.
Praise for the past; the mournful hour,
When death itself drew near,
And folded with his shadowy wing
The scenes that once were dear,—
For joy and grief alike were given
To execute the will of Heaven.

Praise for the Present! deep within
These gross, material things,
Is hid the mystery of that will,
From whence our being springs.
Praise for the present; for its toil,
Its duty, and its care;
Praise for its gifts of ceaseless love,
Its privilege of prayer;—
For daily good by God bestowed,
To brighten all life's onward road.

Praise for the future! shadows dark
On coming years may brood;
But to the heart that loves and trusts,
E'en the grief shall work for good.
Praise for the future; here we hail
God's purpose yet unseen;
Unknown, unscanned, yet all unfeared,
We wait with soul serene,
The sweet disclosures of that Will,
Whose fulness all the heart can fill!

Tales and Sketches.

OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress, and he accosted him with—

"Hey! my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

The negro lifted his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied—

"Ah, massa, I'se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I'se fotcht up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat; its bekase I didn't mind de audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Mass Willum werry strick man, and werry nice man too, and ebry body on de place got to mine him; and I break trew de rule; but I didn't tend to break de rule, doe; I forgot mesef, an I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"Oh, no, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Please, massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigga in de wata."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"Oh, yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I hollers too loud."

"And why did you halloo so in your prayer?"

"Kase de Sperit comes on me, and I gits happy fore I knows it, den; den I gone; can't trol mesef den; den I knows nuthin bout massa's rule; den I holler if old *Sattin hissef* come, wid all de rules of de *quisition*."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Oh, yes; no help for me now; all de world couldn't help me now; kase wen Mass Willum say one ting, he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa name Colonel Willum C——."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on de Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"Oh, yes; Mass Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you." And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jis comin to de warf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself, and said—

"I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest, and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I

said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house; and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he begun his prayer, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family conection to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visiters, Moses's prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would set me almost frantic; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses's quarter; I suppose from that he has a family."

"Yes, he has a woman and three children —or *wife*, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Colonel C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B., approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said—

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgy?"

"No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store. I want you to attend on the store, and have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God fer dat! And, Massa, kin I go to meetin sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you choose, and as loud as you choose, and as long as you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or in the church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, and single-handed, too; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "Bress God! bress God all de time, and bress you too, massa! Moses neber tinks bout he gwine to have all dese commondationers; dis make me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt." And after Moses had poured a few blessings upon Colonel C., and bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children, and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

* * * * * * *

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and, to the Colonel's enquiry after Moses, Mr. B.

replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses's prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C., doe I way up hea, I neber ferget you in my prayers; I ollers put de ole massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink bout Joseph in de Egypt agin."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended soon to give Moses and all his family their freedom.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God over-ruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument, in God's hands, of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose he now sings and prays to his heart's content.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

BY DR. KRUMMACHER.

But the apostle likewise speaks of "the accepted time" evidently in a more limited sense, whilst including in it, at the same *time, the pleasing* period of the Corinthian *church, the* days in which the church of the saints was in its growth, in which the apostles addressed them, and in which Paul himself gave them to drink immediately from the heavenly springs of revelation, and was able, with parental kindness, personally to watch over and attend to them. And are you not able, my brethren, to tell of a similar "accepted time?" Oh, think how delightful was the season, when your own religious life first burst the bud, and the glory of the Gospel, so fully laid open to you, shone upon you with all the splendour of its vernal radiance; how delightful, when you knew no sound more welcome than the church bells, and when you hastened, in crowds, with joyful expectation, to the house of God! And the word never returned void. There was a rain of the Spirit which descended upon you,—a shaking amongst the dry bones which ceased not,—and children were born to the Lord, as dew from the womb of the morning. Oh, how vividly do I still remember how animatedly and joyfully we sowed the seeds of our mission in the field of youthful piety,—that germ which is now grown up to a tree, that extends its beneficent boughs far over the ocean! How present it still is to my mind, how, with beaming countenances we celebrated the first festival of our spiritual triumphs,—how a host of youthful preachers presented you with garlands of the most fragrant vernal blossoms of their inward life,—how, from the threshold of our vale to its farthest extremity, the waters of the sanctuary flowed so rapidly, and the spirit of Divine testimony assailed your hearts, against whose force it was necessary for the man to be doubly armed, who would continue in his unbelief! Yes, this was "an acceptable time," during which, our valley became a city set upon a hill, which was seen far and wide. During this period, the holy fire went forth from our churches, surrounded the neighbouring hills, and kindled blazing fires both far and near. During this period, the beauteous crown of reproach for Christ's sake was woven for us by those that were without, and which adorns us even to the present day. And will it be asserted that this "acceptable time" is past? Oh, no, it still continues in more than one respect. In the preaching to which you now listen, certainly, maturer faith is presented to you, than at that time; you are being more deeply initiated into the word of truth; you are more fervently exhorted to be reconciled

to God; and you still attend your places of worship, where souls are occasionally overpowered by Divine grace, and where many a cheering festival is celebrated.

But whilst I am endeavouring to prove to you that "the acceptable time" still shines upon you, a melancholy feeling steals over me, lest that happy period should be already on the wane. But I will say no more; and however inquisitively you may look upon me, I conceal no secret, except that of my mysterious grief,—my sorrowful foreboding. But "the Lord will provide." Suffice it to say, that the present may still be called an "accepted time;" but a more acceptable period has already passed. Abundant grace has been vouchsafed to you. It would be dreadful if you had received it in vain. I know, alas, respecting not a few amongst you, that the droppings of heavenly dew have fallen only on a heated stone, and the solar ray of Divine beneficence has only met with closed doors.

Yes, you need the apostolic exhortation, "We, then, as workers together with Him, beseech you, also, that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." I look upon those amongst you, who saw the stream of blessing to which I previously alluded, rush past them for years together; but their feet alone were moistened by it,—their hearts remained untouched. I fix my eyes on others amongst you, who have listened to the invitations of ardent love, and to those sacred and solemn admonitions which, for years together, proved a witnessing spirit amongst you; but the inward death, which you brought with you into "the accepted time," you also take with you out of it. God be merciful to you! I think also of those who were favoured with being spectators of the rich series of delightful festivals of adoration and triumph which, at one time, bloomed among us, but whose knees have never bent before the Lamb. Oh, that they may not for ever remain unbent! I look likewise upon you who have witnessed so many wonders of Divine grace and spiritual revivals amongst us, but never vitally experienced the reality of that life which is from God, nor of union with Jesus. Oh, how often did the net of Divine truth close around you? but ye rent it, because you "preferred darkness to light." How often did the arrow of conviction pierce you? but you violently wrenched it from your breasts, and healed the wounds with the deadly salve of wilful self-deception, or with the darkness-causing spirit of worldly lust! Oh, how often has the lightning flashed over the abyss, on the edge of which you sleep? How frequently has the fire-bell rung in your ears, and yet your feet are still walking as before, on the road that leads to the eternal flame? You have received "the grace of God in vain;" and worse than this could not have happened to you. Oh, awake, even now, from your lethargy. An evening ray, and perhaps a parting one, of the day of salvation, still falls upon your heads. Grace still invites! Oh, "kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way!"

"GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

Little Willie was a most beautiful child. Strangers, as they met him in the street, stopped Sarah, his nurse, to ask his name and that of his parents. They called him "a noble little fellow," but those who knew him shewed their appreciation of something beyond the wondrous beauty of his infant face, for they always called him "Dear Willie."

His bright, fearless eye, and pleasant smile, and more than all, his frank *heart*-toned voice, were sure passports to the affections of all. His parents lived in a small village on the banks of the M——, of which his father was the pastor, and every body in the whole village, even the poor old ladies who lived in the almshouse behind the hill, and the workmen who toiled all their days down in Mill Valley (as the district round the factory was called) all knew and loved Willie. Whenever his little green waggon was seen, being slowly drawn over the smooth grass of the common, you might see one white gate after another open, and some one coming out, to wait and see "Willie" when he went by. Sometimes it was a little girl with a flower, which she had just had especial permission to pick for "Willie:" sometimes it was a young lady with a new book for "Willie" to read: sometimes it was an old lady with an apple, or else with something she had been knitting, for "Willie" or for "Willie's" mother: sometimes it was one of the grey-headed old deacons, who would stand leaning on his staff, and look down in the child's placid face, till a tear came in his eye, then with a low "God bless that boy," he would turn away.

But as the little waggon was drawn back again, with its load of gifts, up the hill, and down the lane by the church, at a low brown wicket, half hid by struggling lilac bushes, was ever to be seen one, whose heart yearned for the return of the petted child. This was Willie's mother. With a happy heart and a smiling face, she would meet her first-born and her only, and snatching him from the arms of his nurse, would bear him, and the tokens of love which had been given him, lightly up the carpeted staircase, till she paused at a carved oaken door. Her light tap and Willie's shout were answered by a "right welcome all," in the deep tones of her student husband, whose eye kindled with that pleasure which words cannot tell, as it rested on the two beings which were life, and love, and all to him. Soon Willie would fall asleep from the fatigue of his ride, and they went together to lay him on the little couch, which his father would have placed in one corner of his study, in a corner where the sunlight rested warmly, and near the window, through which looked, in spring, the bright eyes of the cherry blossoms. While he slept, his mother sat beside him and sewed, while her eyes were resting, first on her boy and then on her husband, and her heart was full, more than full, of bliss. Thus was "Willie" loved.

One night, a cold night in March, a low stifled cough from Willie's crib awoke both his parents at the same instant. Almost immediately they stood by his side, and with emotions which can be felt but not described, saw that he was suffering with a severe attack of croup. Medical assistance was soon procured, but it was too late. Willie's little limbs were already cold, and the glaze of death on his bright blue eyes. He could not speak distinctly, and his mind was clouded, but with a seemingly confused idea that he was going to bed at night, and with an expression of perplexity on his pale brow, as if he wondered why he could not pronounce the words he framed, he looked up, smiled, said slowly, "Good night, mother," and died.

The graveyard of M—— is on the southern side of a hill, on the summit of which waves a forest of pines. The sun lies serenely all day long upon the many hillocks there, and the blue violets grow wild in profusion around. In one corner of the yard *is a little grave*, on which lilies of the valley *bloom in the spring*, and white roses and snowy chrysantheums in the summer and fall. A path beaten and worn by the frequent tread of loving feet, leads to it from the iron gate, and in the long Saturday afternoons, little groups of thoughtless children are seen going thither and standing by the grave. At sunset every Sabbath, a graceful though bending form kneels by the little mound, and leaning upon the firm arm of her husband weeps bitterly. It is Willie's mother, but she always rises more calmly, and sometimes reads aloud with almost a smile, the simple line which is carved upon the white marble stone, "Good night, Willie."

How many of our hearts are saddened by the ever-present thought of the loved ones who are sleeping! Why do we not remember that we have but bid them "good night;" and rejoice in the anticipations of the joyous morning greetings which we shall exchange with them in the early light of the sun of immortality?

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God! How solemn, how sublime the idea! How tranquilizing! how comforting! how fraught with security and strength! Yet how awful! "Jacob was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place!" And Peter was bewildered and awe-struck, while he exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here!"

Alone with God! Such is the attitude of the christian in prayer. "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray." There are heart-sorrows and plagues which the christian could not bear to tell to his most intimate earthly friend. There are fears which we dare not whisper into any mortal ear. There are hopes and joys too vast and glorious to be imparted. But when the christian has hid his face in the bosom of his Father, he can breathe forth all,—for when words fail, he can resort to the language of sighs and groans; for "He knoweth our thoughts afar off." "He that searcheth the heart, knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." These "groans which cannot be uttered," are the workings of the interceding Spirit in the heart. The Infinite Spirit prompts, the Infinite can alone understand, them. Here there is no fear of betrayal, of contempt, of lack of appreci-

tion and sympathy. For we converse with God, whose name is Love, and who has told us to "pour out our hearts before him."

Wondrous privilege! Does, then, this lowly, mortal, sinful, and suffering state admit of such intercourse with God? Yes; "Our communion is with the Father." Thou mayest at any moment, even at this, in the name of Jesus, stand in the very presence of the "King eternal, immortal, and invisible;" and then make thy requests known unto God,"—sure, yes, absolutely *sure*, of a gracious hearing and a ready answer. For he hath said, "Call upon me and I will answer thee." "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to thee."

Christian, be often thus *alone with God*: for this sweet and holy solitude, though it is much aided by occasional external silence and seclusion, may be attained even in the midst of bustle, and multitudes, and cares. Be often alone with God—and thou shalt never faint in sorrow, nor sink under duty. "Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." Thou shalt begin heaven upon earth. For communion with God is heaven's commencement, and glory's dawn. Thou shalt "dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty,"—and all the promises which follow (read and ponder them well, Ps. xci.) shall be thine, even to seeing "the salvation of God."—*Christian Almanac.*

Correspondence.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Gentlemen,

Deeming the article on Inspiration, in the September "Church," unsatisfactory in several important respects, and not seeing anything in the October number expressive of disapproval of it, I venture to request the insertion of a few strictures, chiefly on the first three paragraphs, in a subsequent number. My object is simply to shew, that the tone of remark on the verbal theorists is objectionable, and that the arguments adduced against the verbal theory are untenable. Brief quotations from those paragraphs will, perhaps, be the best basis of the strictures to which I think they are liable.

"*Having never been able to accept those extravagant views of Inspiration which endanger, rather than strengthen, the faith of reflecting and intelligent christians.*"

Extravagant views on any subject, are views which are not authorized by evidence. But what views of Inspiration are in this sense extravagant? Those which relate to the complete, or those which relate to the partial, Inspiration of the Scriptures? Those which reach only to the import of the Divine messages, or those which extend to the terms on which that import depends? The reference to "good men like Dr. Carson," leaves no doubt of the intended destination of the friendly epithet. But wherein does the extravagance of verbal Inspiration appear? If this had been pointed out, good service would have been done to the cause of truth. But to fall in this, and apply opprobrious epithets to the deliberately formed, and not offensively expressed opinions, of honest and competent writers, is ungenerous and mischievous in the extreme. (1)

"*It is very important to bear in mind what is the real nature and importance of the question, as amongst sincere christians.*"

To bear in mind the real nature and importance of every question is at all times important;(2) and "The Church" is at liberty to lay before sincere or insincere christians, believers or infidels, any views of Inspiration it pleases. But it is not at liberty to take one view of Inspiration, and then condemn, and treat with contempt, writers who have given evidence in favour of another view of Inspiration. Yet this is what "The Church" of September has done, done in defiance of the laws of controversy and the voice of history. Those laws require that that evidence should be examined, and, if deficient, that its deficiency should be clearly set forth; and history's voice declares that the chief object of the Inspiration controversy has been to establish the fact rather than elucidate the nature of Inspiration; and that the treatises which have been written on its nature have been written in order logically to [illegible]

for the fact rather than curiously to pry into the *modus operandi* of this instance of Divine operation.(3) The *is* of the question is more important than the *how*, inasmuch as one is an object of faith, and the other is not. It is the dictum of "The Church" that the Bible is the "word of God, and is a proper object of faith." But how can faith in this object exist, if the words of which the Bible is composed be not, in some sense, the words of God? Is it possible to believe any word to be the word of one whose word it is not in any sense? Is it not literary aberration to affirm that it is? And is it not literally impossible for "reflecting and intelligent christians" to believe the affirmation? Why, then, does "The Church" pursue a train of remark which inevitably leads to this absurd result, and decry those "who contend for the Inspiration of the very letter of Scripture?" Is anything else worth contending for? Is not this the very claim of Scripture? Does not the Divine authority of Scripture depend upon the validity of this claim? And is it not the duty of all who recognize that authority to present to the world the evidence on which it rests? There is no obligation to prove the *permanent* Inspiration of the writers of Scripture, but there is to prove the Inspiration of the writings themselves. With the Inspiration of the writers we have nothing to do, except in relation to the Inspiration of their writings; and, for this purpose, *temporary* Inspiration will answer quite as well as *permanent*. The verbal theory has nothing to do with the permanent, temporary, mechanical, or dictation theories. These, and a thousand other theories, may be right or wrong for ought that concerns it. It simply affirms that there is a sense in which all Scripture is of God, a sense in which all the words of Scripture may be said to be God's words. This is fact as well as theory. If it be not fact it is impossible even for the Spirit of God to make men believe "that the Bible is the word of God."(4) In what way men "recognize the Divinity of God's word by the Spirit of God dwelling within them" is not stated in Scripture, is not explained in "The Church," and is not, in its nature, explicable on any principle which does not make it external evidence. It is true that "religion, as revealed in the Scriptures, is, *to every believer*, as manifestly the moral *work of God* as the starry firmament or the wonders of animated creation are his natural work;" but it is not true that the "evidences" of either of the works are in the believer. The perception of the "evidences" is in him, but the "evidences" themselves are in the works. This is a truism. The evidence of every work is in the work itself, and not in the believer of the work. The faith of every one who believes in the Divinity of Scripture rests on something in, that is, belonging to Scripture, and, in this sense, "on external evidences merely and chiefly." In this matter "The Church" is on the wrong trail.(5)

It is on the wrong trail, too, in reference to its reasoning on "*the unquestionable fact that the language of the books of the Bible is as various as the number of its authors.*"

On what principle of judgment "The Church" makes this *fact* into argument against the verbal theory does not appear. The books of the Bible are both human and divine. This is affirmed in the Bible itself. *Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.* (2 Pet. i. 21.) The books of the Bible must therefore possess all the characteristics of human writings, and also supply evidence that "the impetus was divine and controlling" under which they were composed. If those characteristics and this evidence are not apparent, there is deception, not otherwise. The books assume to be both human and divine; and if they do not supply evidence in substantiation of this assumption, they deceive. But the truth of the assumption is abundantly substantiated, on the one hand, by "the exceeding variety of style and language in the sacred writers;" and, on the other hand, by the series of statements, prophecies, and miracles, the most marvellous and sublime, which they have recorded.(6) Why, on the verbal theory, the language of Scripture should be "of the same character throughout," it is difficult to conceive. It will surely be admitted that God could *move* the sacred writers to write any words which he preferred, in accordance with their individual literary tastes and habits of mind. If "The Church" will not make this admission, it is time for its Biblical page to be cast in a new mould; and, if it will make it, the verbal theory is as compatible with the diversified style of Scripture as any other theory.(7)

It is hoped that "The Church," so remarkable for its quaintness and general

accuracy in the treatment of knotty questions, will be careful to base its future statements on Inspiration upon self-evident truth. The welfare of its numerous juvenile readers especially demands this. They have not all the gift of second sight, and therefore require what is evident at first sight.(8) Although a believer in the verbal theory, I am not prepared to endorse all that has been written in its defence; neither am I insensible to the difficulties with which it is beset; nor do I hold in light esteem the efforts which several eminent writers have made to render its denial consistent with implicit belief in the Divine authority of Holy Scripture. Much that has been set forth as subversive of verbal Inspiration, is not so in reality; while not a little of what its impugners have recorded in support of the Divine authority of the Bible, is valid only on the verbal theory. Pleased with the temper and tendency of the two last paragraphs of the article on which I have animadverted so freely, and hoping that whatever advantages are afforded to one class of theorists will be afforded to another in your valuable periodical,(9)

I remain, yours truly,

W. J. STUART.*

(1) We mean by "extravagant," those representations which seem to place Inspiration in the same light as Transubstantiation; such a view of the subject as could, perhaps, be wrenched from certain passages, but which is so opposed to reason, or to the general tenor of Scripture, as to endanger the doctrine itself, with enquiring minds. Dr. Carson's appears to us quite of that class. If *his* view were essential to Inspiration, *we* should hardly know how to escape scepticism.

(2) Mr. Stuart is an exemplification of the "importance" of our observation; we have limited our discussion of the subject to good men, and amongst such we are confident that the only discussion is about the mode of Inspiration and not about the *fact*.

(3) What can Mr. Stuart mean? Can he be ignorant of the names of Coleridge and Carson, with all the intervening theories, not to mention continental writers? The declamation about "contempt," defiance of laws of controversy," &c., is not worth an answer.

(4) How to reply in reasonable space to these rambling questions we know not. The "is" of the question we, and all our readers, can well assume. We are not writing for sceptics. The "how" is an object of *interest*, though no matter of faith. We most fully and unconditionally believe that the Bible is the *word of God*. Mr. Stuart says that the verbal theory simply asserts that "there is *a sense* in which all the words of Scripture may be said to be God's words." Many an infidel, and all Pantheists, would say as much. We say, further, that they are God's words in a *supernatural* sense, hence supremely authoritative. To represent us as saying that the Bible is "not the word of God in *any* sense," is, indeed, "literary (or letter-writing) aberration." We have affirmed it to be not only in "some sense," but in the sense which claims implicit obedience, *the word of God*. There is this necessity for proving "*permanent* Inspiration," that if the apostles and evangelists did not enjoy it, as they rarely tell us that they write or speak by Inspiration, we should be at an utter loss to know when they did and when they did not. We do not well see how permanent Inspiration agrees *naturally* with verbal Inspiration. It would render the speaker a perpetual machine.

(5) If "The Church" is on "the wrong trail," our blessed Lord must have been so too when he said, "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John vii. 16, 17; 1 Cor. ii. 12, 14, 15): it is absurd even to argue about any one's possessing an internal witness to the truth of that which had no truth in itself. Every one knows what is meant by the *internal* evidences of chris-

* As we do not intend to continue this discussion beyond the year; and as *Editors* are expected to reply to a letter of censure in the same number in which it appears, we append a few remarks on our friend's animadversions.

tianity, and that they consist in those Divine qualities essential to it which are recognized by those who are "spiritual." Mr. Stuart "is on the wrong trail" in denominating those evidences external, which have always been spoken of as internal. In opposition to Dr. Chalmers, *we* rate them far above the external evidences, and hold that the state of mind which appreciates them is *essential* to a person's being a christian.

(6) The first half of Mr. Stuart's third division looks like a statement of our view. We should have almost thought him *inspired* by "The Church." The Human and the Divine in the language of Scripture, is the very thing to be adjusted. On the verbal theory there is really nothing human. The man is but a machine:—"a musical instrument played on by his Creator," is a favourite image.

(7) Yes, God "*could*" move the writers to choose the *words* they would have chosen, had he not dictated the *words*; that is, he could present to us every appearance of the *diction* being that of the writer, while it was in reality his own; so says the Catholic, —the bread has, indeed, every *appearance* of being still bread,—but you are to *believe* that it is flesh and blood. Had the style been the same, from the pens of such different writers, the very miracle would have been evidence that it was verbally inspired. It would have been clear that the *language* was that of one author, of whom the sacred writers were but the amanuenses. The expedient of Mr. Stuart to save verbal Inspiration we think the most dangerous which can be resorted to. We think the *self*-evident truth Mr. Stuart wants us to rest upon, must be difficult indeed to find, if, when things *appear* self-evident, we are yet to be told God *can* have caused all these appearances m though they appear natural. Of *can* deceive *if he will*. To former illustration, God could h all the fossils, skeletons, shells as they are, instead of their they *appear* to be, the remai living beings,—a view once tho sary by some theologians to sav of the Mosaic cosmogony, and "death before the fall,"—God deceive us in creation, and he c in Revelation present appearan to the fact. The grand disa thus calling on the *power* of G it leaves us trembling for his v makes him the deliberate aut appearances, with no means on correcting them.

(8) We thank Mr. Stuart f pliment and admonition. But v friend must have had the gif sight, or he would not have spectre, where, to those who common sight, all is natural an

(9) We also thank him for h clusion. The validity of all th of writers on the question, o shall also decline to guarantee. think the controversy of almo quence, were not our young n posed to a peculiarly danger attack on the part of infidels, not think the verbal theory o that which lays the Scriptures the most dangerous of these such as can, without danger t receive the verbal theory, we s cerely, "Let them receive it them believe that the "*self-evi* man style of Scripture may appears, without detriment to mind and word of God.

A Page for the Young.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

This caution is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one o a character that we think it wi tive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl-street, were particularly intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed are famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that whilst his friend was being the tutor of "Grotto," he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavour to master the French language by the time "Grotto's" education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the warehouse, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length "Grotto" was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of "Grotto" was a little the senior in the house of the other, and of course preceded him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much down-cast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, providing I could speak French, but as 'oui' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this time. What a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why yours, of course, ha! ha! ha! they will put the question all round out of politeness, and as none of us can *parley vous*, ha! ha! ha! why somebody will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation if you could only speak French; but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry, great pity," &c.

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat? perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation very much to the surprise of all present, which, after being kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favourite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation, and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so; but, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching 'Grotto.'"

A new light flashed across the vision of "Grotto's" master. "What!" said he, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, were you studying?"

"Just so; and you now know with what success our time has been rewarded!"

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst, by throwing away time, another, equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

My juvenile readers are looking forward, I doubt not, to the commencement of a new year with joyous expectations. You have begun to think of the merry holidays of its first week, and of the beautiful New Year's presents from your friends and companions, and some of you perhaps have planned visits, excursions, and amusements, far on, for

several months, in the year which you have not yet seen commence; but how many of you are looking back on the year to which you are now to bid a last adieu? So eager will you be to greet the new year, that I fear you will allow the old one to pass away with scarcely giving it a thought; yet this year has been a precious portion of your life. It has been the time with you to gather and store up knowledge and wisdom; it has been the time with you to practise obedience to your parents and guardians, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and companions; it has been the time, *the best time*, to give your heart to God, and strive to obey all his precepts. Has all this been done, my dear young reader? Have you thought that you are an immortal being, having a spirit within you that can never die? This very inclination you have to be always looking forward and never back, shews that your mind cannot stop here. It is stretching itself onward, and still onward, to reach another state of existence.

And now this year of 1851—have all its days been so improved as to prepare you for a better world? Who knows but this one year has been a large part of your life on earth? To thousands it has been the tenth, eighth, or seventh part of their probation. But I suppose the boy or girl whose eyes now pass over this will think, "One year will not be so large a part of my life. I expect to be a man or woman. I have often thought what I shall be and do when I grow up." Yes, my child, and so have all others thought before you; but very many die in childhood. I once had a little friend who was very healthy and active, and I suppose had never thought of dying in childhood. I well recollect his last New Yea He came to me in the morning to sl the present he had just received fr mother. It was a Bible. He was de with it, and said he should use it in Sc school, and at church, and never stu other; but he used it only a few n He was very suddenly called away. year was more than an eighth part of life. A few moments after I saw h closed in death, I went to the bookcase his little library was nicely kept, to l his Bible. It was then not altogeth as I had seen it before, but a little and having in it many marks which h fingers had placed on parts which loved to read, and had learned to His mother was very glad his las Year's present was the best of boo hope you will have such presents on t of the year as will do you the mos and not such as will merely amuse y not suppose I would rob you of you sures, and cast a shadow over the morning of your life. Oh, no, I des you may be truly and for ever happy ral of my juvenile acquaintance w back over this closing year, and ba through an eternal life of happines most blessed of all years, for in the fi of this year they became Christians have just begun to be truly happy. cannot feel that you are now inter the great salvation, do not suffer year to commence without givin heart to Jesus Christ. He is the ch Friend. Love and trust him, and make your future years happy, and, v years are past, he will take you to li him in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

A Cure for Anxiety.—It will give me the utmost pleasure to understand that *the agitation of uncertainty respecting this world's riches*, has led you to draw closer to that "living God who giveth us all things richly to enjoy." It is delightful to think that whatever we ask in prayer *believing* we shall receive. The condition upon which you *get*, is that you *believe* that you shall get it (Mark xi. 24). Now we will observe that this qualifying clause restricts the prayer to certain objects. You cannot pray *believingly* for *riches;* you *cannot pray believingly* for a continuance in *your present* situation; you cannot fasten on another situation, and pray *beli* that God would translate you thei why? Because you know not I things be agreeable to the will o This want of knowledge prevents solute belief, and hence, though pray for the things above specifi may not get them; you may pray f in the following terms, "Lord, if t will," &c. But there are certai objects which you have a full wa pray believingly for, and which, b you may pray absolutely for, and them. You may rest assured that hear, if you ask according to t

John v. 14, 15). Now, there are many ch objects made known to us in the ɔle, and forming the promises, which are ɜa and Amen in Christ Jesus, The ɔly Spirit is one of these (Gal. iii. 14,— ıke xi. 13). Wisdom is another (James 5). The general object of salvation is a ird (1 Tim. ii. 4). Now, what I would :e to impress upon your mind, and all ıo are beset with anxieties about the ture days they have to live in this world, that *daily bread* is one of these objects. is agreeable to *the will of God* that you k it, for it is the very petition which the ɔn of God taught his disciples. You .ve a full warrant for believing, then, that ıu shall get it, and according to the faith your prayers so will it be done unto you. his harmonizes with the precept, "Take ɔ thought," or as it should have been ndered,—"be not thoughtful,"—be not ɪxious about the things of to-morrow. I all only add, that if the most anxious and ıhappy men of the world were examined to the ground of their disquietude, it ɔuld be found in ninety and nine cases ıt of the hundred, that the provision of is day was not the ground of it. They rry forward their imagination to a dis- nt futurity, and fill it up with the spectre melancholy and despair. What a world of unhappiness would be saved if the things of the day were to occupy all our hearts.—the duties, the employments, the services of the day; and as to the morrow, how delightful to think that we have the sure warrant of God for believing, that by committing its issue in quietness to him, when the future day comes the provisions of that day will come along with it. Feel yourself to be in the hands of God, and you will not be afraid because of evil things (Ps. cxii. 7).—*Extract of a letter from Dr. Chalmers to his sister.*

PRAYER.—Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in his great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has not prayer done? —*Ryland.*

Intelligence.

HAMBURGH.

We have been favoured by the Rev. A. rthur, of Edinburgh, with a very interest- g account of a Conference of Baptist urches, which he, in company with other ethren, has just attended at Hamburgh. 'e regret that our space being this month much smaller than usual, we are com- lled to abridge the account into a very ıall compass. There were present, at e Baptist Convention, at Hamburgh, be- ies our brother, four others from England, Brethren Steane and Hinton, from Lon- ɔn, and Angus and Green, from Newcastle. elegates from Berlin, Stetton, Breslau, remen, Memel, Magdeburgh, Copenha- ɜn, Sweden, and other parts of the conti- ɜnt attended, and took part in the delibe- tions. From the reports given by the issionaries and colporteurs planted in fferent localities throughout the land, it ɔpeared that decided indications were erywhere manifested of a desire to hear ıe Word, tracts in large numbers readily ceived, and a far greater demand for bourers in the gospel than could be ıpplied. Many important subjects were scussed in a temperate and christian ɔirit. Among these, the necessity and lvantages of a Union amongst the Ger- an churches, and periodical meetings for aternal counsel and encouragement, were ry fully considered. These were much ɔproved, provided there were no element of authority introduced, but each church remaining independent, and subject to the jurisdiction and government of their spiritual and Divine Head. Arrangements seemed to be contemplated, somewhat resembling the Baptist Associations in England, or the Scottish Congregational Union of Scotland, which have wrought so beneficially in advancing their spiritual good, and extending the cause of the Redeemer around them. At the close of these deliberative meetings, during which the brethren from Britain were occasionally invited to give their opinions, the christian salutations of the convention were most cordially and unanimously voted to the churches whom they represented. The members of the deputation then addressed them,—dwelt on the affectionate interest felt in their prosperity,—their desires for their continued progress and preservation from the wiles of the great adversary,—and promised to make known at home what they had seen of the grace of God. Interesting services were also held on the following Sabbath morning, in which Brethren Lehman, Steane, Green, and Arthur, took various parts. On the evening of this day, Brother Oncken preached, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered. The brethren felt that though they spake in divers tongues, they were one in heart and in blessing. To the churches in Germany, there have been added, during the three last years, upwards of 1700 souls, and the number of

members in fellowship altogether is now nearly 4000. They have a wide field for their operations. It is not marked by a multiplicity of sects as in this country, and which often cast very powerful obstacles in the way of the most faithful servants of the Lord. Many doors are still open on the continent for the admission of the gospel, and more enquiries for the Word of Life than our brethren can answer. Neological sentiments are yet very prevalent in Germany. The work of David Strauss has been re-published in a cheap form, and circulated in immense numbers among the people. Infidelity has thereby become strengthened and increased. What our brethren witnessed, however, of the progress of the work of God in Germany, calls for holy gratitude to the God of all grace. Though they had seen much of the magnificence of this world, yet the emotions inspired by spectacles of mere outward grandeur were entirely eclipsed by those which were excited by scenes of spiritual life, when they beheld so large a company of souls born again of the Word and Spirit of God, and "made meet for being partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

DUNMOW.

The Baptist church, at Dunmow, has been in a feeble and inefficient state for many years, which has been partly owing to a considerable debt remaining upon the chapel, and partly owing to the existence of discordant sentiments among the people. Within the last three years, several persons who hold—or who are represented to hold—Antinomian views, have withdrawn from the congregation; the consequence of which has been, that matters have been conducted more peaceably in the church. Mr. J. King, who has laboured there with great devotedness for some years, has been compelled, through ill-health, to relinquish his pastoral duties. But having been the means of introducing a healthier spirit into the church, he was anxious, before quitting his post, to secure to the people the christian sympathy and support of the neighbouring churches. He therefore induced the friends to seek connexion with the Essex Baptist Association; and, in September last, when the state of his health rendered it imperative that he should at once give up his public labours, Mr. King and his friends united in a request to the ministers of the said Association, that they would kindly supply the pulpit for some time to come, and that they would render to the church such advice and assistance as it might require in its future operations. This request was promptly responded to. The chapel was closed for some necessary repairs in the beginning of October, and on Lord's-day, the 19th, it was re-opened, when sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Davis, of Romford, and on Monday, the 20th, another service was held, when two addresses were delivered by the Rev. D. Rees, of Braintree, and the Rev. E. Davis. There is a chapel and vestries, and some burial ground, which cost about £900. The chapel is substantial, and will accommodate between 300 and 400 persons,—but there is a debt of £250 still remaining. The town, which has a population of nearly 3,000, together with the surrounding villages, afford an interesting field of labour for some devoted and enterprising young man.

BIRMINGHAM—GRAHAM-STREET CHAPEL.

The foundation-stone of a school-room in connection with the Baptist chapel, in Graham-street, Birmingham, was laid on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Thos. Morgan; and the occasion was also appropriated by that gentleman's friends to the commemoration of the jubilee of his ministry in Birmingham. Nearly all the Baptist and Independent ministers in the town were present. The ceremony of laying the stone commenced with a procession from the old school-room to the site of the new one, several hymns were sung and prayer offered, after which the aged and respected minister of the chapel addressed those assembled on the important object for which the building now begun was to be appropriated. An adjournment then took place into the chapel, and speeches were delivered by Josh. Sturge, Esq., the Rev. J. A. James, and others, on topics connected with the jubilee, with Mr. Morgan's long and arduous labours, and with popular education. An address was presented to Mr. Morgan on behalf of the meeting, after which the proceedings closed.

MINCHINHAMPTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Morris, of the Baptist College, Bristol, who has recently been supplying at the above place, has accepted the unanimous and very cordial invitation of the church to become their pastor. He commenced his labours on Lord's-day, Sept. 21, with many promises of happiness and success.

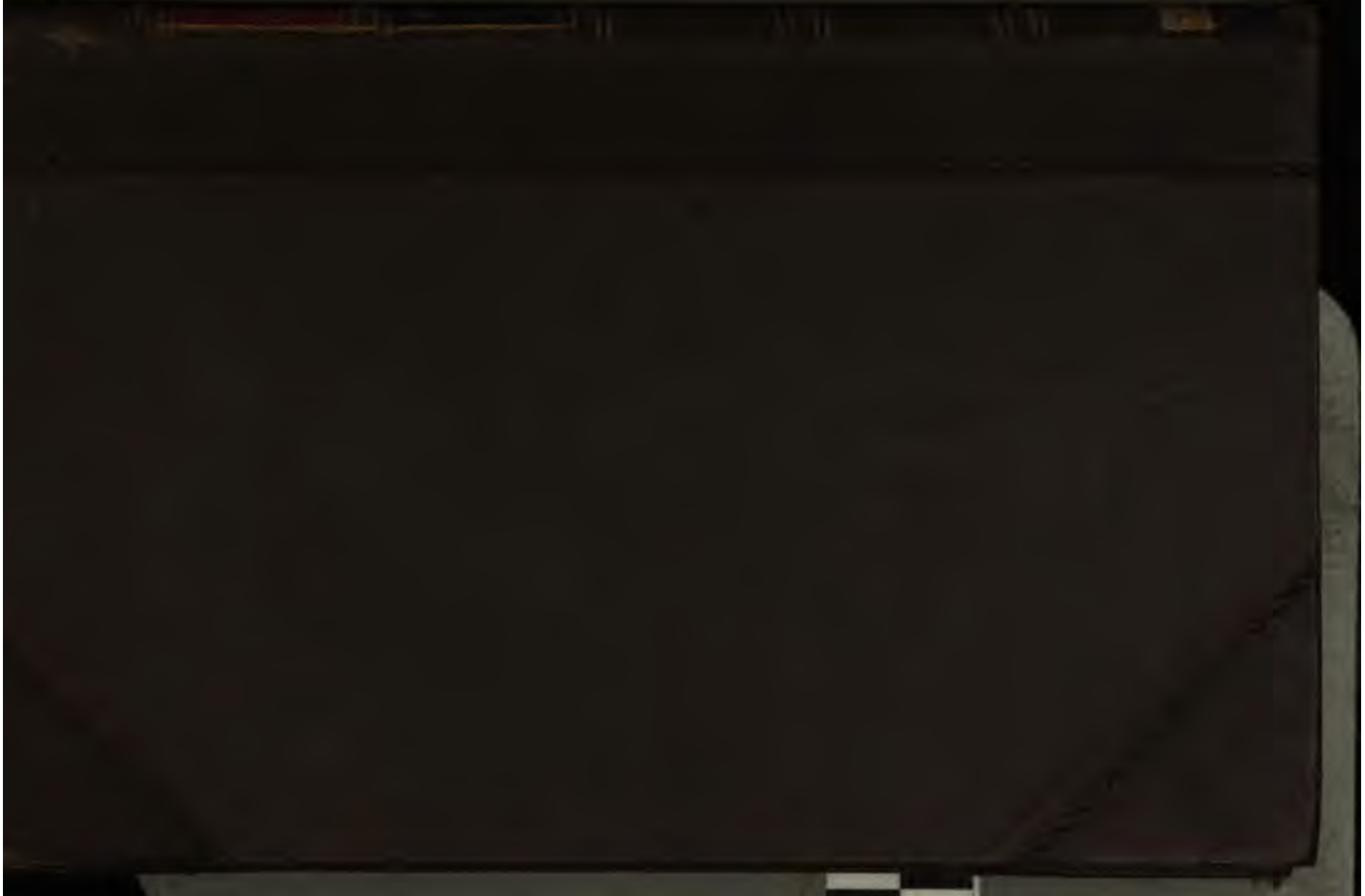
MILDENHALL.

The Rev. W. C. Ellis, late pastor of the Baptist church, Burwell, Cambridgeshire, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at West-Row, Mildenhall, Suffolk, and commenced his stated labours there on the third Sabbath in October.

ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. John Cooper has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in this town, in order to take charge of the Baptist church in Newark, Nottinghamshire, to which place he will be followed by the earnest prayers and ardent good wishes of many among whom he has been accustomed to labour.

GLASGOW.

The Rev. R. Johnston, of Beverley, has accepted an invitation from the church in Blackfriar-street, Glasgow, to become their pastor, and will enter on his labours early in December.

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